DA
948.6
.T6
A3
t.2

DA 946.6
.T6A3

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

Theobald Wolfe Tone.

ADJUTANT GENERAL

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE

1763—1798

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

R. BARRY O'BRIEN

AUTHOR OF "FIFTY YEARS OF CONCESSIONS TO IRELAND," "THOMAS DRUMMOND, LIFE AND LETTERS," "IRISH WRONGS AND ENGLISH REMEDIES," &c.

VOLUME II

London

T. FISHER UNWIN

PATERNOSTER SQUARE

MDCCCXCIII

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

NEWS FROM IRELAND 1

CHAPTER II.

PROGRESS OF BUSINESS IN FRANCE 16

CHAPTER III.

HOPE DEFERRED 37

CHAPTER IV.

HOCHE 74

CHAPTER V.

FRENCH HELP FOR IRELAND 107

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARING TO EMBARK 128

CHAPTER VII.

BANTRY BAY EXPEDITION 152

CHAPTER VIII.

BACK TO PARIS 178

CHAPTER IX.

PLANNING A NEW EXPEDITION TO IRELAND 193

CHAPTER X.

PAGE

WITH THE BATAVIAN REPUBLIC 227

CHAPTER XI.

DEATH OF HOCHE; CAMPERDOWN 269

CHAPTER XII.

BUONAPARTE 276

CHAPTER XIII.

WATCHING AND WAITING 305

CHAPTER XIV.

A LAST EFFORT; TONE'S DEATH 338

APPENDIX 371

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. THEOBALD WOLFE TONE, ADJUTANT-GENERAL . . *Frontispiece*

II. ARTHUR O'CONNOR. From an Original Drawing by a French Artist . . . . . *facing p.* 88

III. LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD. From a Miniature by Horace Hone, copied from a Portrait painted by him in 1796 . *facing p.* 90

IV. WILLIAM THEOBALD WOLFE TONE. From a Drawing by Mrs. Tone . . . . . *facing p.* 338

V. *Facsimile* of a Letter written by Wolfe Tone to his Father, on November 10, 1798 . . . . . *facing p.* 371

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

CHAPTER I.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

April 9, 1796. Sullivan called on me this morning with an English paper of the 31st of March (ten days ago), in which is an article on Ireland, wherein mention is made of Sir Edward Bellew, of Bellewstown, being arrested, as connected with the Defenders. This surprises me, for he is a confirmed aristocrat, and he and all his family have been so devoted to the Government, as even to have the meanness of opposing the Catholics. Such is the gratitude of the Irish Government! But this piece of news is accompanied by another, which gives me the most sincere anxiety on every possible account, public or private: it is the arrest of John Keogh.[1] Poor

[1] [Keogh was not arrested. A singularly sagacious man, he showed great prudence, at all times, in his relations with the United Irish Society. Madden and the younger Grattan give instances of his caution. Upon one occasion he was invited "to preside at a very important meeting of the United Irishmen of the higher class of Dublin leaders at a house on Usher's Quay Island. Keogh, on taking the chair, called for a list of the members who were to attend. After some time, a gentleman, known to be a United Irishman, but whose name was not on the list, entered the room, and took part in the proceedings. Keogh became uneasy; he beckoned to McCormick, and desired him to inquire why persons attended the meeting who had not been invited. The latter made an inquiry, and brought back word that the gentleman was the friend of one of those who had been invited. Keogh was not satisfied. Another gentleman

fellow, this is no place to write his panegyric. I have not got such a shock this long time. If we lose him, I know not where to look for a man to supply his place. I have differed from him at one time, but his services to Ireland have been eminent indeed, more especially to the Catholics; and, in all probability, they will prove his ruin; for, from the state of his health, confinement in the unwholesome air of a prison will be to him death as certain as the guillotine. I am inexpressibly concerned on his account. That infernal Government of Ireland! It is a long time they have been on the watch for his destruction, and I am sure they will stick at no means, however atrocious, to accomplish their ends. I can scarcely promise myself ever to see him again, and I can sincerely say that one of the greatest pleasures which I anticipated in case of our success, was the society of Mt. Jerome, where I have spent many happy days, and some of them serviceable to the country. It was there that he and I used to frame our papers and manifestoes. It was there we drew up the Petition and Vindication of the Catholics, which produced such powerful effects both in

was brought in under similar circumstances. Keogh then whispered to McCormick, 'Dick, men's lives are not safe with fellows who would act in this manner.' And in the course of a few minutes he pleaded an engagement, and quitted the meeting, and from that time never attended one, but continued known to the chief men of the society as an attached friend to their cause" (Madden, 2nd series, vol. ii. pp. 37, 38). Grattan says, "It happened that, in the year 1797, a foreigner got introduced to Mr. Keogh. In the course of their acquaintance they often talked politics, as Mr. Keogh belonged to the Liberal party. This individual was highly pleased: he expatiated on the grievances of the country, he remarked how oppressed the Irish were, and the Catholics in particular, that there were great means of resistance, and that he could assist, and would advise Keogh to take part in resistances to oppression. Keogh told him he was quite wrong, that his plan was most absurd, and that nothing could be worse or more dangerous. The man becoming troublesome, Keogh grew apprehensive that he would do mischief, and at last told him he would complain to Government, and the individual, still persisting, a complaint was accordingly made to the proper authorities, and he was obliged to quit the kingdom" (Grattan, "Memoirs," vol. iv. p. 82). We have evidence from another quarter of Keogh's shrewdness. The informer, Collins, wrote in 1792 to the Under-Secretary Cooke: "Keogh is the principal performer behind the scenes —as the fellow's art is such he does not appear amongst us (United Irishmen), but has a set of fellows to constantly attend and broach his sentiments" Fitzpatrick, "Secret Service under Pitt," p. 166).—ED.]

England and Ireland. I very much fear we shall never labour together again for the good of our native country. I am sure he has been too wise and too cautious to put himself in their power; but what wisdom or caution is proof against forged and suborned testimony, which I know they will never stick at procuring; and in the state affairs are now in Ireland, any evidence will be received. Well, a day will come for all this. If we cannot prevent his fall, at least I hope we shall be able to revenge it; and I, for one, if it be in twenty years from this, *promise not to forget it.* My heart is hardening hourly, and I satisfy myself now at once on points which would stagger me twelve months ago. The Irish aristocracy are putting themselves in a state of nature with the people, and let them take the consequences. They show no mercy, and they deserve none. If ever I have the power I will most heartily concur in making them a *dreadful example.* I am to meet Madgett on this business to-day; but, see the consequences of delay. We have already lost, perhaps, the two most useful men in Ireland in their respective departments, Sweetman and Keogh. Unhappy is the man and the nation whose destiny depends on the will of another. This blow has deranged my system terribly. The Government here insist on sending somebody to Ireland. Keogh was the very principal person whom he ought to see: he is confined in a prison. I observe, in the same paper, that several other persons have been obliged to abscond to avoid imprisonment. I have no doubt but the most active and useful of my friends are of the number. This is a gloomy day. What if this indiscriminate persecution were to provoke a general rising, as in 1641! The thing is not impossible. Oh! France! France! what do you not deserve to suffer if you permit this crisis to escape you! Poor Ireland! Well, it does not signify whining or croaking, and I am sworn never to despair; but the slowness of the people here, if they really have the means to act, is beyond all human suffering; if they have not, we must submit; but it is dreadful to think of. Dined to-day in the Champs Elysées with Madgett and a person of the name of Aherne, a physician, who is to be sent to Ireland. Explained to him my sentiments as to the conduct he should

adopt there, and particularly cautioned him against writing a syllable, or carrying a single scrape of a pen with him ; pointed out to him the persons whom he is to see and speak to, at the same time that I fear many of the most useful are now either in prison or concealing themselves. This comes of delays, but that is no fault of mine. I like Aherne very well ; he seems a cool man with good republican sentiments. He has been already employed in Scotland. Apropos : of Scotland : There is some scheme going on there, as I collected from hints which dropped from him and Madgett, but what it is I know not, nor did I inquire. My opinion is, that nothing will ever be done there, unless we first begin in Ireland. If we succeed, John Bull will have rather a troublesome neighbour of us. We shall be within eighteen miles of him. Aherne is to call on me to-morrow morning, in order to talk over the business of his mission at length, and I am to give him some memorandums, which I will advise him to commit to memory, and then burn them, by all means. I should have observed in its place, that I went at twelve o'clock to Clarke, and brought him the newspaper containing the account of Keogh's arrest, with a translation of the article in French for Carnot, which I got Sullivan to make. Clarke was just going off to the Directory, so I had hardly time to speak a word to him. I wished to speak to Carnot myself, and I could see Clarke was not at all desirous that I should have an opportunity. Damn such pitiful, jealous vanity ! Every man here must do everything himself. I have found this unworthy sentiment in every one of them, except Carnot. First, the Minister is disobliged because I go to Carnot ; then Madgett would be huffed, if he dared, because I go to Clarke ; and now Clarke truly wants to thrust himself between me and his principal. Please God, he shall not, though ! If I want to see Carnot, I will see him, or I will be refused. I am to call on Clarke again to-morrow at one. I think I will then, with all possible deference and politeness, give him to understand my opinion on this point, which, as they manage it, is most excessively provoking, especially at a period when every minute is precious, and my anxiety is so great. Madgett tells me the

Minister has been superseded in this business these fifteen days, and that it has been given entirely into the hands of Carnot. I am most heartily glad of that, because he is given to *organising* a little. He is the man I want; and I hope the measure being given to his management, is partly, at least, if not entirely, owing to my going directly to himself, and to the discourse we had together, *malgré* my execrable jargon, which is neither French nor English. If that be so, as I hope it is, I may say that, in this instance, I have deserved well of my country. I hope I shall deserve better yet. *Nous verrons.*

April 10*th.* Aherne called on me this morning, and I gave him a list of the persons he is to see, viz., Gog, Magog, P. P., C. Teeling, R. S[imms], and S. Neilson, Oliver Bond, W. J. MacNeven, with a query as to J. P. and T. A. Emmet.[1] I also gave him some

[1] [Charles Hamilton Teeling, one of the Northern United Irishmen. He was arrested in September, 1796, by Castlereagh in person. Riding through the streets of Lisburn with his father, Luke Teeling, Lord Castlereagh met them. "He accosted us," says Charles, "with his usual courtesy. We had proceeded up the streets of Lisburn together, when, having reached the house of his uncle, the Marquis of Hertford, we were about to take leave of his lordship. 'I regret,' said he, addressing my father, 'that your son cannot accompany you,' conducting me at the same time through the outer gate, which, to my inexpressible astonishment, was instantly closed, and I found myself surrounded by a military guard." Afterwards Castlereagh visited him in prison. "Fatigued and apparently much dispirited, Lord Castlereagh entered the room. He possessed the most fascinating manner and engaging address, with a personal appearance peculiarly attractive, and certainly not in character with the office he had that day assumed, for though national pride was extinct in his soul, the graces of nature were not effaced from the form, nor the polished manners of the gentleman forgotten in the uncourteous garb of the officer of police. He regretted that in his absence I had been subjected to the painful restraint of an additional guard. It was not his desire that they should have been placed within my room. A slight repast had been prepared for him, of which he pressed me to partake. The wine was generous, his lordship was polite, and the prisoner of state seemed for a moment forgotten in the kinder feelings of the earlier friend." Teeling was kept in prison for about two years, and then released. He wrote an interesting "Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion." Oliver Bond (b. 1762, d. 1798) was a prominent United Irish leader. In 1793 he and Simon Butler were sent to prison, and fined each £500 for reflections on the House of Lords (*ante*, vol. i. p. 55). In 1797 he took an active part in preparing for insurrection, and in 1798 was elected a member of the Supreme Executive of the organisation. The members of the Leinster

trifling anecdotes, known only to ourselves, which will satisfy them that he has seen and conversed with me. When we had done I went to Clarke, who was for the first time denied to me; however, I caught him coming out of his bureau. He seemed, and probably was, in a great hurry. He said he had shown the newspapers to Carnot, who was very sorry the gentleman was arrested; but what could he do? I looked at him very earnestly, and repeated "What could he do!" I then shrugged up my shoulders, and repeated twice in French, "Mauvaise augure." "No," replied Clarke, "you must not look on it in that light—you must not infer anything from thence." We then walked on towards the Directory, where he was going; and I pressed him, if the business were at all attempted, on the necessity of not losing a moment. He interrupted me by asking me, "How do you know that we are losing a moment?" I replied, that was enough; and so we parted. I am to see him again in a few days. From all this I infer, for I ask him no questions, that preparations are actually going forward somewhere, and, indeed, I have it indirectly from other quarters, which I am heartily sorry for; not that the business is going on, but that they talk so much of it. I wish they would be as reserved to others as Clarke is to me. But what do I care for

Directory met at his house. There, in February, 1798, was passed the resolution: "We will pay no attention to any measure which the Parliament of this kingdom may adopt to divert the public mind from the grand object we have in view, as nothing short of the entire and complete regeneration of our country can satisfy us." In March, 1798, Bond was arrested, and in July tried for high treason and convicted. It was to save him and other State prisoners from the extreme penalty of the law that the arrangement with the Government, already mentioned (*ante*, vol. i. p. 35), was made. While negotiations were pending, Bond died suddenly in prison, September 6th. W. J. MacNeven (b. 1763, d. 1841), a physician in good practice in Dublin, and a man of remarkable ability, was also a member of the Supreme Executive. Arrested on the same day as Bond, he signed the agreement with the Government (*supra*), but was detained in prison until 1802. Having, after his liberation, remained for some time on the Continent, he went to New York in 1805. There he resumed his practice as a physician, rising once more to the first rank in his profession. But he was not unmindful of Ireland. He took a keen interest in the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, and "advocated" the question in his new home. He wrote several books, but is best known as the author of "Pieces of Irish History."—ED.]

his reserve! Let them once do the business, and treat me as they like.

April 11th. Sullivan called on me this morning, for it is he that brings my secondary intelligence, to tell me that D'Albarade, the late Minister of the Marine, is to command in the naval department of our expedition, and that a confidential person told him yesterday that he might look for good news soon for his country, for that there was something at that moment doing for her in Holland, by which I presume that it is there their preparations are making. I am glad of that. I mentioned Holland myself to Carnot, Clarke, and the Minister. By the by, the Minister is on the eve of being turned out, but as the business is now in the hands of Carnot himself, I am in hopes that will make no difference as to us. I do not glory at all in the present aspect of things.

April 12th. Blank! How my life stagnates just now! Well, "*'tis but in vain.*"

April 13th. Aherne called on me this morning to tell me that yesterday he was to see Clarke, to whom he was introduced by Ysabeau, one of the *chefs de bureau*, under the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He seems egregiously disgusted with both of them, and especially with Clarke, who I find has been talking sad stuff. They did not conclude anything, but he collected from them that the idea was, that he should go to Ireland, and one or two persons come from that country to *insense* the French Government on the state of affairs. Aherne mentioned the loss of time this would produce, and also that I was on the spot ready and competent to give them every information. Clarke replied, after speaking handsomely of my abilities, that I had now been several months out of the country, and things might have changed since my departure; he also observed that I seemed so earnest in the business that my zeal might probably make me heighten the picture a little, without any intention of deceiving the French Government. To which Aherne replied, that all I had advanced was supported by the recent accounts in the papers relative to Irish affairs. Clarke, however, did not seem satisfied, and so the

affair rested. As to Ysabeau, who knows not one syllable with regard to the situation of Ireland, he has thrust himself into the business, and is to frame the instructions of Aherne. How he will contrive to adapt them to a subject of which he is totally ignorant, is more than I can possibly conceive. This is most intolerably provoking. Here is the liberty of Ireland, shuffled back and forward between two French *Commis*, one of which is under gross prejudices, and the other absolutely ignorant. What is to be done? As to me, how shall I satisfy Clarke that I am not the dupe of my own enthusiasm in the cause, supposing he is gracious enough to give me credit for being sincere? The more earnestness I show to convince him, the more enthusiasm I manifest; so here I am in an unfortunate circle.—By the by, Clarke is just as competent to regulate this affair as I am to be made Lord Chancellor of England, and for my fitness for this station I appeal to all who ever knew me in the capacity of a lawyer. I have not forgot his nonsense about gaining over some of the Irish aristocracy to our side to begin with; such as Lord Ormond, for example; neither have I forgot his asking me, might we not make something of Fitzgibbon? Good God, is it not enough to set one mad to be obliged to listen and keep my temper, not to say my countenance, at such execrable trash? And yet the fate of Ireland is in a certain degree in this man's hands. Well, well, wretched, I again repeat it, is the nation whose independence hangs on the will of another. Clarke has also some doubts as to my report on the influence of the Irish priests, which he dreads a good deal; and this is founded on his own observation in a visit he paid to Ireland in the year 1789. That is to say, a Frenchman, who just peeps into the country for an instant seven years ago, and then in the heat of the revolution sets up his opinion against mine, who has been on the spot, who had attentively studied and been confidentially employed, and to whom nothing relating to Catholic affairs could possibly be a secret. That is reasonable and modest in my friend Clarke. He likewise catechised Aherne as to the chance of our preferring monarchy as to our form of government in case of a successful revolution;

adding that in that case we would, of course, consult the French Government in our choice. This is selling the bear's skin with a vengeance. I wonder does he seriously think that if we succeeded we would come post to Paris to consult him, General Clarke, a handsome, smooth-faced young man, as to what we should do. I can assure him we would not. When he spoke to me on this head he was more reasonable, for he said it was indifferent to the French Republic what form of Government we adopted, provided we secured our independence. It seems now he is more sanguine; but I, for one, will never be accessory to subjecting my country to the control of France merely to get rid of that of England. We are able enough to take care of ourselves if we were once afloat, or if we are not we deserve to sink. So much for Clarke. As to his *confrère*, the other *commis*, Ysabeau, who has got into this business, God knows how, for I do not, it is still more provoking. Aherne tells me he is a blockhead, but if he had ever such talents, how the devil can he give instructions on a subject of which he is utterly ignorant! I suppose he will hardly be inspired on the occasion. Well, poor Ireland, poor Ireland, here you are, at the mercy of two clerks, utterly incapable, supposing them honest; if they be not—and who knows?—it is still worse. Aherne is gone to Ysabeau, to whom, by the by, Madgett gave in a draft of instructions, which he never showed me, I knew not why, and which Ysabeau never condescended to read. I will stop to see what this conversation will produce. . . .

Ysabeau is turned out! A pretty time they choose to entrust him with the secret. Is not this folly incredible? Aherne saw the Minister himself, and spoke his opinion without reserve of Clarke, whom he thinks not honest. I do not know; I remember he told me in our first conversation he was related to Lord Cahir, and the Butler family in Ireland. Lord Cahir is married to Fitzgibbon's niece. Will this explain his anxiety about the aristocracy, and his wish to hook in Lord Ormond, the head of the Butlers, and the monstrous extravagance of his questions about Fitzgibbon? It has a very odd appearance. If he should turn out a scoundrel I will see what is fit for me to do, and if it

is necessary to punish him personally, I will do it; for I begin to dislike him mortally. It seems he told Aherne that he should apprise the people in Ireland to be on the look-out for assistance in September, or it might be November next, in six or seven months; and this he qualified by saying, "unless something should happen in the course of the campaign to prevent it;" a pretty general exception. When Aherne told this to the Minister he seemed astonished, for the fact is, he is utterly unacquainted with the business. He therefore got rid of it by giving Aherne a few queries in writing on the subject of Ireland, the answers to which are already in my memorial; but it was merely to gain time, and said he would see Clarke himself, and let Aherne know the result to-morrow at one o'clock, and then give him his final instructions. Altogether things cannot look worse. If Clarke be not honest, we are blown up. I have determined as to what I will do myself: I will first learn the result of the Minister's conversation with Aherne to-morrow, and what Clarke has said to him; I will then go to Clarke myself, and have an explanation with him, and I will insist upon being in a certain degree informed of what is going forward, which hitherto I have not done; in short, I will endeavour to bring him to something definite. If I find that impossible, I will write to Carnot my opinion fully, as well of the mode of doing business here in general as of Clarke's conduct in particular, without the least reserve, and the grounds on which I found that opinion. I will likewise demand that all my future communications be directly with himself, and that I shall look on the rejection of this request as a symptom that the measure is abandoned. And if General Clarke is offended at all this, let him take his remedy. I suspect most violently that he is secretly counteracting the business to save his noble connections in Ireland; and if so, I should be heartily glad to have an opportunity to punish him personally. After all it is possible he may be innocent, and I will not proceed but upon good grounds, such as will satisfy my conscience. Aherne is *acharné* against him, and so is Sullivan; I am much cooler than either of them. Aherne will denounce him again to the Minister, especially for what he

said as to our consulting France relative to the choice of a monarch, which is, to be sure, most unaccountable in Clarke. Sullivan will set Prieur and Laignelot on his back. For my part, I know nobody, and of course I have not the power, if I had the wish, to intrigue against him, which I disdain to do. If I find him, or have satisfactory reasons to suspect him, to be a traitor in the business, I will denounce him at once to Carnot, and let him then act as he pleases. Aherne and Sullivan, who know the *pavé* better than I do, are satisfied he is betraying us. For my part, I am not convinced, though I see appearances strong against him. I will wait for further proof, and if I am once decided, I will then do what is right. Let us see what the next three or four days will produce, and in the meantime do nothing rashly. Dined at Aherne's with Madgett and Sullivan. Choice champagne—get half tipsy, partly with rage and vexation, at the prospect before me. Have I risked my life, ruined my prospects, left my family and deserted my country, to be baffled by a scoundrel at last? If he prove one, woe be to him!

April 14th. Breakfast with Aherne and Sullivan. They still hold their opinion as to Clarke. I will wait for further evidence. Aherne is to see the Minister to-day, and that will be one step towards demonstration. Agreed to dine together. Dinner. Aherne could not see the Minister; so nothing is done.

April 15th. Went with Aherne to the Minister, and met a most gracious reception. He had seen Clarke, to whom the military part of the business had been entrusted, and who assured him that preparations were actually making in the interior of Holland. With regard to Aherne, he said his instructions would be ready in three or four days. Then we shall see something of the matter. I mentioned to him the arrestation of Keogh, and the embarrassment it must produce in our affairs. He observed, it would only inflame the people's minds the more. I answered, as to them, they were sufficiently inflamed already; but the embarrassment which I saw was in the imprisonment of him and others, inasmuch as they could be of such service in framing a provisional government. I observed, likewise, and begged him

to remember, that the very men I had pointed out as my friends, and as the proper persons to speak to in Ireland, were the very persons now imprisoned and persecuted by the British Government. I also took the opportunity to apologise for not seeing him oftener; that I knew the value of his time too well to take it up in visits of ceremony, and we parted the best friends in the world; he assuring me that in every part of the business wherein he was engaged I might depend on his utmost exertions. I must now wait till I see Aherne's instructions.

April 16th–17th. Blank! Blank! Damn it!

April 18th. Called on Clarke, who is very reserved of late. Let him! He had nothing to tell me of our expedition, but said they had some scheme of introducing Chouannerie in England, and desired I would write a paper fit to be distributed, in case of a landing on that scheme being effected. I told him I could not do it; that I did not know the grievances of England, and could not write in the character of a Frenchman. He said he was sure I could if I would try. So to get rid of the business I said I would make the attempt, but won't. He is plaguy fond of Chouannerie.

April 19th. Blank!

April 20th. This being the first Floréal, I left the Hôtel des Étrangers, where I have been fleeced like ten thousand devils, and removed to the house where Aherne lodges, where I hope I shall live cheaper and more comfortable. Went with Aherne, at one o'clock, to the Minister's, in order to see after his instructions. At last there is a prospect of something like business. The Minister read the draft of the instructions, in which there is a great deal of trash mixed with some good sense. Only think of one of the articles, wherein they say that if Ireland continues devoted to the House of Stuart, one of that family can be found who will be agreeable to all parties! Who the devil is this Pretender *in petto?* It is all one to us, however, for we will have nothing to do with him. I made one or two observations on the instructions to the Minister; he acted very fairly, for he gave them to me, and desired me to make what observations struck me; and as to Aherne, he said that

he must only be guided by such of them as might apply to the state of things he found there, and disregard those that did not; all which is candid. I see the instructions are written by Clarke, for I find in them his trash about monarchy, the noblesse, and the clergy. There is one thing, however, which reconciles me to all this absurdity, which is, that the French Government promise us 10,000 men and 20,000 stand of arms; with that force I have not the shadow of doubt of our success. It is to be escorted by ninesail of the line (Dutch, I believe), and three frigates, and will be ready about the middle or towards the end of May, which is not more than six weeks off. If this be so—but let me not be sanguine. Went to Madgett to communicate this good news, and fixed to dine together, Aherne, he, and I, in the Champs Elysées. Dined accordingly; drank rather enough. Walked out and saw the French soldiery dancing in groups, under the trees, with their wives and mistresses. Judge in the humour I was in, with near two bottles of Burgundy in my head, whether I did not enjoy the spectacle. How often did I wish for my dearest love! Returned to the Restaurateur, and indeed drank off another bottle, which made three, and returned home in a state of considerable elevation, having several delightful visions before my eyes. Well, "*Wine does wonders, does wonders every day.*" Bed, slept like a top.

April 21st. Walked about Paris, diverting myself innocently. "*I 'gin to be aweary of the Sun.*" I wish I could see once more the green sod of Ireland; yet Paris is delightful; but then "home is home." Well, who knows? I may be there yet.

April 22nd. Copied Aherne's instructions, and wrote my observations, which are very short. I barely mention what is necessary, and for the rest I say all is very right; and that when he arrives in Ireland I have no doubt but the people there will execute every part of them which circumstances will admit. Gave them to Madgett to translate. Went to Clarke to apprise him of my having changed my lodgings; asked him had he any news for me. He answered not. I replied that hitherto he had not found me very pressing for information; but that, nevertheless, I expected

that when the time came, I should be properly apprised of everything. He replied, "Certainly." I also said, that as to my own affairs, which I had scarcely mentioned, I hoped and expected that the request which I had suggested once already to him, of being employed in the expedition as an officer in the French service, would not be refused. He answered that I might depend upon that. I then mentioned the old subject of the necessity of losing no time. To which he replied, with an air of great significance, that, if the affair was undertaken, it would be within two years at any rate. He is a puppy, that is the truth of it. This good-humoured irony I dare say he thought extremely diplomatic, but I can assure him he acts the statesman very poorly. He is much fitter to figure away at Ranelagh than in a *bureau diplomatique*, for he is a handsome lad. I then mentioned Pichegru to him, observing that any old woman would make an ambassador for Sweden, where they are sending him, whereas our expedition required a man of great talents and military reputation. He replied, he was sure Pichegru would not undertake it. I said I was not so sure of that; that if glory was an object with him, as doubtless it was, the dismemberment of the empire of England, the destruction of her power, and the establishment of a new republic in Europe of 4,500,000 people, were not ordinary occurrences. That if he was a man to be influenced by interested considerations, there was no doubt but, in case of our success, he would be rewarded by Ireland to the utmost extent of his wishes, as well as every person who was instrumental in effectuating her emancipation. This hint I threw out for the Citizen Clarke himself. He made some vague indefinite answer, which signified nothing; so I dropped the subject, and shall not renew it with him; but I have a little scheme on that score which a few days may develop. He then attacked me about his proclamation for *Chouannising* England. I replied that I had done nothing in it, and that if he would permit me to give my opinion, the measure was unwise and impracticable; that the peasantry of England were not at all in a situation which rendered it likely they would take any part in such a business, for several reasons, which I enumerated; that perhaps in Scotland, which,

however, I was not sure of, it might do, but in England, never. He pressed me, however, to write the manifesto. I replied as before, that I did not know their grievances, and would much rather write one for Ireland, which I did know. He desired me to do that also, and without loss of time. I promised him I would, and so we parted. He is a strange fellow. Does he know that the Minister has told me everything that he is apprised of relative to the business; and, if so, why all this prodigious reserve on his part? I suppose he has heard that secrecy is a necessary quality in a great statesman, and so he is acting this part, to impress me with an idea of his diplomatic talents. He is very much out, I can tell him. Standing, as I do here, I confess I do not see the policy of concealing the measure from me, more especially when I hear it directly from the Minister, and indirectly, which I am very sorry for, from a dozen different quarters. Well, let him go to the dogs, though he is a pretty gentleman. I believe I am, at least, as much interested in the success of the measure as he is, and perhaps a little more. Confound him, I do not like him.

April 23rd. Blank! These blanks are very thick sown latterly on my journals, but that is not my fault.

CHAPTER II.

PROGRESS OF BUSINESS IN FRANCE.

April 24th. Called on Madgett to get my observations, which I gave him to translate. He tells me he has them not. Hell and the devil! Sure he has not lost them. It would be a pretty paper to set afloat just now in Paris, where there are, for aught I know, a thousand English spies. If it be gone, I do not know what may be the consequence, perhaps the blowing up of the whole expedition. Left Madgett in a rage, which I could scarce conceal. *Evening*—he has found the papers. *Ah je respire.* If he had lost them I should never have forgiven him. Get Sullivan to translate them. To-morrow we go to the Minister's. The French have begun the campaign by a splendid victory in Italy; the negotiations between Wickham and Barthélemi have produced nothing, and the cry is now, "*Guerre aux Anglais.*" All this is very good. *Théâtre de la République*, Macbeth, by Ducis, much better than his Othello. Talma, in Macbeth, a most excellent actor. Lady Macbeth by Mme. Vestris, very good, if I had not seen Mrs. Siddons, before whom all the actresses here vanish. A good ridiculous farce, supported entirely by Dugazon, who represents five different characters. *Affairs look so well in the north, that it is impossible to displease me.*

April 25th. Went with Aherne to the Minister's and gave him my observations, which he read and liked very well. He struck out, in consequence, all the stuff about royalty, &c., and returned the instructions to Aherne, in order to his copying them, but kept my observations to show them to Carnot. He tells me Aherne will be despatched in a few days, and that he has every reason to think the expedition will be ready by the latter end of May. I

begin to speak French like a nabob. I astonished the Minister to-day with the volubility of my diction. On leaving De la Croix, who, by the by, has had a narrow chance of being turned out, but is now, I fancy, pretty safe, I met Sullivan, who gave me an English paper, with the quarters of the army in Ireland for this year; I was very glad to get it. I see but nine regiments of dragoons, and two of troops of the line, the rest all fencibles or militia; there is to be a camp of about 2,500 men in the north, and 2,000 near Dublin, which with the garrison will make about 6,500 men. The whole force is about 30,000 men, as I guessed, but I am sure not above 20,000 effective. I have not the least doubt of success if we can land with 10,000 French. Apropos of the French: Two days after the victory mentioned in my journal of yesterday, called the affair of Montenotte, they had a second action at Millesimo with the Austrian and Sardinian armies, whom they utterly defeated, taking everything that was takeable, including one lieutenant-general, and God knows how many officers, colours, cannon, standards, and stores, together with 8,500 men; a pretty moderate victory, being the second in two days. I give up discipline for ever after this, *provided always* that we can raise such a spirit of enthusiasm, which I hope and believe is very possible among the Irish. The French general is Buonaparte, a Corsican. Two French generals were killed at the head of their columns, and a third desperately wounded, leaping with seven grenadiers into the Austrian works, but as I have often told P. P., "*we are certainly the bravest nation in Europe.*" I cannot recall the names of many English generals who have fallen this war, *within*, or, indeed, *without*, the enemy's lines. There was only one killed, Mansel, and he was an Irishman. This piece of news will wonderfully regale John Bull, especially coming close on the heels of a second loan of £7,500,000, which he has cunningly borrowed from himself, in order to put down French principles and preserve the regular governments of Europe. The regular government of Sardinia (which island is in open revolt) is in a hopeful way after the last battle. *The Atheists* are now within fifteen leagues of Turin, and only one strong place in their way; besides that, they creep into

your strong places like cats. Ah! John, thou'rt a deep one. I declare I am in as pleasant a humour as a man could wish to see of a summer's day. One thing I wish to remark here, because it may be of use: If we have any generals killed, leaping in or out of trenches, their families must always be adopted by the Republic. I know nothing, judging by my own feelings, so likely to make men fight with enthusiasm, as the consciousness that their wives and children, in the case of their falling in the public service, will become the objects of national gratitude. I like my new lodging very well, and especially I like being rid of that infernal extorting mansion, l'Hôtel des Étrangers, Rue Vivienne. The villains have hardly left me one louis. Well, "*'tis but in vain*," &c.

April 26th. Wrote a short memorial on the force and disposition of the army in Ireland, as it appears in the English papers, and gave it to Sullivan to translate. I think it is very prettily done, which is not the case with all my productions. I will give it to the Minister to-morrow. Went in the evening to the theatre; Montansier, Mdlle. Ferlon a good actress and pretty.

April 27th. Sullivan brought me my memorial admirably translated. Went at one o'clock to the Minister's, where I met Aherne. The Minister tells us the Directory is just now occupied by very important business, but in two or three days will be disengaged, and then Aherne will receive his final instructions and be despatched; he also told me that matters were so arranged and combinations made, that in a month everything would be ready. All this is excellent, but I am sworn never to believe it till I see it. What makes these notes valuable (that is to say, to myself and to my dearest life and love) is, that they are a faithful transcript of all that passes in my mind, of my hopes and fears, my doubts and expectations, in this important business. The Minister also said he would instantly have a copy made of my remarks, and have them given to Carnot, by which I see, or suppose, at least, that the business is entirely in his hands, of which I am sincerely glad, for he is the man I have all along wished to fix my claws in. By the by, I must see the aforesaid organiser shortly, to wit; in three or four days, because I meditate a little stroke of

politics (being my first); let us see how it will succeed. I intend artfully to insinuate a thing or two to him. I want, likewise, to sound him about Pichegru. As he is a "*shallow Pomona*," I foresee I shall overreach him. This day's paper gives an account of a third victory by the army of Italy. It seems they were too confident on the two former ones, which induced Beaulieu, the Austrian general, though twice beaten, to make the attack with the *élite* of his army, with which he surprised the French right wing, and it was not without the most vigorous efforts of the remainder of the army that he was at length repulsed, which, however, he was effectually, leaving 2,500 men in prisoners only. The French loss must have been severe. In the three battles four generals have fallen, and three desperately wounded; very like the British generals in Flanders, as I have already remarked with great wit and severity. The idea of attacking the French after being twice defeated does Beaulieu's talents great honour, and had it not been for the invincible valour of the French soldiery, it seems very likely that he would have succeeded. As it was, it was a work of great difficulty to repulse him, the battle continuing from daybreak to three in the afternoon. Went in the evening to the Théâtre Feydeau. These are the veterans of the French stage; the Drury Lane of Paris. Molé is an excellent actor; in manner, age, voice, figure, and talents, he puts me strongly in mind of King. Mademoiselle Contat is a delicious woman; she is the Miss Farren of the Rue Feydeau, and in all respects just such another actress. She is forty years of age, and certainly does not appear to be above twenty-five. She has been the mistress of the whole French *ci-devant* nobility, and of course has no great devotion to the Revolution, yet she lives now, I am told, with Legendre the Deputy, who was, and for aught I know is, a butcher in Paris. I confess I am so much of an aristocrat, that I do not glory in that circumstance. It is a scandalous fact, but I am afraid too true, that many deputies have availed themselves of their situation to secure the possession of beautiful women, who submit to their embraces to secure their protection. If so, it is abominable, I do not like to see the Republic pimp for

Legendre. But people here mind those things much less than I do; for, on this topic, I have perhaps extravagant notions of delicacy and refinement, and their manners here are horribly dissolute, by all I can learn. Well, give me my own countrywomen, after all; they are the *matériel* to make wives and mothers. If I wanted a mistress, I would go to Paris or London. Protection! Legendre's protection! I like no protection but the protection of the law; that protects all. I find I am growing angry on this subject, so I will quit it. Maybe I am jealous of Legendre. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Jealous indeed. Marry come up. Well, I am sleepy now, so I will go to bed, and Mademoiselle Contat may do the same if she pleases.

April 28th, 29th. Blank! Blank! Is not this cruel? But what can I do? I have not lost one minute by my negligence since my arrival in Paris; well, that is some comfort, however. Madgett tells me that peace is as good as concluded with the King of Sardinia, and that these late victories will give him a plausible excuse for cutting out of the party like the King of Spain. He tells me also that a revolution is organised in Piedmont and Sardinia, so that it is highly probable the poor *Roi des marmottes* may go and keep company with the Stadtholder; a pretty dialogue they would have in meeting! Voltaire's supper of the six kings (was it six?) seems likely to be realised. But it is sad that I must be writing of revolutions in Piedmont and Sardinia, instead of—— Well! "*'Tis but in vain*," &c.

April 30th. Called on Clarke again; he is a sad puppy, and I am fairly tired of him. Our dialogue is always the same. "Well, General Clarke, I have called to know if you have anything to tell me." "Not a word." "Well, I hope when there is anything going forward, you will let me know." Two or three words of commonplace discourse follow, and so I take my leave as ignorant as a horse. I confess I cannot fathom General Clarke's policy in keeping me so totally in the dark. Moreover, to-day he was not over civil, for he spoke to me *en passant* in the porter's antechamber, being, as he said, in a hurry. If he was in twice as great a hurry, he might have spoken to me in his cabinet. I will not forget it to

him, that I can tell him. I once filled a station as honourable as his, and I hope yet perhaps to fill one far above it, and if I do, I must not give myself airs like General Clarke. The puppy, I am as angry as the devil. One thing, however, I will do: as I have given him, by Carnot's orders, all the directions in my power, and as he will tell me nothing in return, but, on the contrary, evidently shows a disposition to avoid me, I will not call on him any more; I will very gingerly demand an audience of Carnot himself, and see what that will produce. This is sad! and *I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear*, and I cannot help myself.

May 1st. Blank! Thinking of my interview with Carnot; I declare I am literally tired of my life.

May 2nd. Went to the Luxembourg; saw Rewbell giving audience in his costume; wrote a note desiring to see Carnot, and was admitted; he recollected me perfectly. I began by saying, fluently enough, that, in pursuance of his orders, I had been several times with General Clarke, and had given him all the information I was possessed of, as well verbally as by memorials and other papers. He said he knew I had. I then observed that considering General Clarke in an official situation, I had avoided pressing him to give me any information in return; but that, at present, when I learned directly from the Minister, and indirectly from many other quarters, that preparations were in a considerable degree of forwardness for the expedition, I hoped, when he considered the efforts I had made, the risks I had run, the dangers I had escaped in endeavouring to lay the state of Ireland before the French Government, as well as the situation I had once the honour to fill in my own country, that he would not consider me as unreasonably importunate in requesting him to give me such information as he might deem proper, as to the state of the expedition, supposing it were to take place. He replied, my request was not at all unreasonable, but that, before measures were finally determined upon, it would be necessary that the French Government should be satisfied as to the actual state of things in Ireland; and for that purpose a person should be sent to observe everything, and make his report accordingly; for, if the people

there were amicable to the French Republic, the attempt might be made, but if not, it would require a considerable force to conquer the country. This was a staggering blow to me, to find myself no farther advanced at the end of three months than I was at my first audience. However, I recollected myself, and said, that undoubtedly the French Government was in the right to expect every possible information as to the actual state of the country, but that I begged leave to observe that there were few individuals more competent from their situation to give them that information than myself, much more so than any stranger they might send, who would just slide into the country for a moment, and return, if he were lucky enough to escape; that, as to all I had advanced, I hoped he would find my assertions confirmed by the English Gazettes; that, nevertheless, if he doubted my information, or supposed that affairs might be altered since my departure from Ireland, and so thought it necessary to send a confidential person, I begged him to remember that the time was precious, and that there was not one moment to lose. He said he understood that I could not go myself. I answered I was too well known in that country to be there four-and-twenty hours without being discovered and seized; that, consequently, I was the most unfit person in the world, and I took that opportunity to mention that, if the expedition were undertaken, I hoped to be permitted to bear a part in its execution. He replied, that the French Government would in that case certainly avail themselves of my courage and talents (*profiter de votre courage et de vos talents*). But still he did not say whether the expedition would take place or not, though this was the second push I made at him on that head. When I saw he would not give me any definite information, I observed that there was a subject on which I had received such positive instructions on leaving Ireland, that I considered myself bound to mention it to him; and that was relative to the General who might be appointed to the command; that it was our wish, if possible, that it should be Pichegru; that if he remained at the head of the army of the Rhine, I probably should not have mentioned him; but that at

present, when he was not employed in any military function, I hoped I was not irregular in praying him (Carnot) to turn his thoughts on Pichegru for that command, supposing as before that the expedition was to take place. Carnot replied that undoubtedly Pichegru was an officer of consummate talents, but, at the same time, there were many generals not inferior to him in abilities (*aussi forts que lui*). I replied I was satisfied the Republic abounded with excellent officers, but that, in my country, the prejudice as to Pichegru's character was so strong, that I rated him equal to an army of 20,000 men, as to the effect his appointment would have on both parties in Ireland. He replied that he would give every consideration to what I said on the subject, and that, at any rate, I had done perfectly right in suggesting Pichegru to the notice of the Directory. I then observed that as to Pichegru himself, I thought the appointment would add a new lustre to his former glory ; that, if he desired fame, the assisting in creating a free Republic of 4,500,000 people was an object of no ordinary magnitude, and if he was studious of his interest, which I did not suppose, he might rely on the gratitude of my country in its fullest extent, as well as every person who might be instrumental in establishing her liberties. Just at this moment General Clarke entered, and I cannot say that he seemed highly delighted at the *rencontre*. I took my leave of Carnot, and went over to speak to him. I told him in substance our conversation as above written, and when I mentioned Pichegru, he said, "*Pichegru ! Oh, he won't accept it.*" I said I was sorry for it. He then asked me had I finished his proclamation for *chouannising* England. I told him I found it impossible, but that I would finish the one I had begun for Ireland, whose grievances I knew, and with whose local circumstances I was acquainted; of both of which, with regard to England, I was utterly ignorant. He desired me then to finish that one, and bring it to him, without loss of time. I said I would in the course of four or five days, and took my leave. So! "*I have got much by my intended expostulation*," as Sir Peter Teazle says. In the first place, I am utterly ignorant

whether there is any design to attempt the expedition or not; I put it twice to Carnot, and could extract no answer. My belief is, that as yet there is no one step taken in the business, and that, in fact, the expedition will not be undertaken. What signifies what the Minister says! He is on the eve of being turned out every day, and is at this moment at open war with the Directory. They want him to resign, and he will not, but says they may dismiss him if they please. (By the by, the Directory are too fond of changing their Ministers, which shows either want of judgment in forming their choice, or want of steadiness in adhering to it.) They are of course not very likely just now to trust him with their designs. I therefore must regard all he says, and Madgett from him, as of no authority whatsoever, and, that being the case, it is impossible things can wear a more frosty appearance for our hopes. I am pretty sure Carnot has never read one line of my memorials, but has taken them on the report of Clarke, and God only knows what that report may have been. I cannot get it out of my head that that fellow is betraying the cause, or at least doing everything in his power to thwart and oppose it; and what can I possibly do to prevent him? Absolutely nothing! That is hard; I fear all my exertions and sacrifices and hopes will come to nothing at last. Well, if it should be so, I hope I shall be able to bear it, but it is cruel. I begin now to think of my family and cottage again. I fancy it will be my lot at last to bury them and myself in the backwoods of America. My poor little boys, I had almost begun to entertain hopes of being able to rescue them from that obscurity, and above all things to place my wife and our dear Maria in a situation more worthy of them; but, if I cannot, I must submit; it is at least no fault of mine; I think I have left nothing on my part undone, or untried, or unhazarded. If I have to go back to the woods, I must see and inveigle P. P. out with me, otherwise I shall be in great solitude. Perhaps Mr. Wm. Browne is at home before me; at home! And is that to be our home after all? Well, if it must, it must. From this day I will gradually diminish the little hope I had begun to form. I

suppose another month at most will decide our fate, and if that decision be adverse, I will then try the justice and generosity of the French Government in my own particular case. If they make me compensation, so; if they do not, I have nothing to do but to submit, and return in the first vessel to America. At least I shall be sure of tranquillity and happiness in the bosom of my family, especially if I can catch P. P. and Mr. William Browne. I will now wait to see what they will do with Aherne. If they despatch him promptly, the business may yet revive. If they delay him, or send a person of Clarke's choosing, I shall look on it as utterly desperate, and take my measures accordingly.

May 3rd–7th. What signifies my making daily journals when I have nothing to say? The Directory gives me no business, and I am not in spirits to write good nonsense, and I am tired of saying blank! blank! This day wrote an artful letter to Clarke to see if I can list him on the score of his interest. It is also his duty. This is sad work, but what can I do? *Il faut hurler avec les loups.* I engage him £1,000 a year for his life if we succeed, and I rely on the nation to make good my engagement.

May 9th. Saw Clarke; he told me that if he gave me no information it was because he was not permitted; that I might rely on receiving it as soon as it was necessary I should be informed, and that I might also depend on it, that, *if the expedition was undertaken*, everything should be made as agreeable to me, personally, as I could desire. All this is civil, however, but still it is not what I want to come at. I told him, as usual, that I did not mean to press him, and would wait, in submission, for the determination of the Directory. I then asked him had he read my letter? He said he had, but, as to any idea of reward, he was in the service of France, and it must be to her he should look for compensation. I replied, certainly it was just that France should reward him, but that did not preclude Ireland also from manifesting her gratitude; that he might rely on it that every individual in France, who was instrumental in establishing our independence, would be amply rewarded at the conclusion of the war. He replied, "We would not have the means, that we had no money; and, besides that, he did

not much count on the gratitude of nations." To this I answered, that it was true we had little or no money, but that we had abundance of means besides; and as to the gratitude of nations, I did not think quite so humbly of it as he seemed to do; that America was an instance to the contrary, where every soldier and officer was rewarded on the establishment of her independence, and where Lafayette had a provision of 30,000 acres of land, which was all he had to trust to at this moment on earth, and that I hoped we were as capable of gratitude as the Americans. I stopped there, and the discourse turned on Ireland. I told him I had seen the instructions, and that there were two points on which I wished much to satisfy him, viz., the influence of the priests, and the question of royalty, neither of which, I assured him, were at all to be apprehended, and I adduced several arguments, which, as they are already recited in these memorandums, I need not here repeat. I do not know whether I satisfied him or not, but the discourse rested there. He asked me had I finished the proclamation. I said not, but that I would bring it to him in two or three days at farthest. I then took my leave. On the whole I made no great way in this day's conversation, yet I was better pleased with Clarke, I do not know why, than I have been for a long time. He has got my memorandum on the number and disposition of the troops in Ireland. I also saw among his papers, relating to the expedition, one in the margin of which were the names of several towns in Holland and Dutch Flanders: what does that forebode? I cannot decipher, so let me go finish my proclamation; I have not looked at it since the 27th of April. I see I was in a wrong track, so I will begin on a new plan: *Courage mon ami! allons!*

May 10th. Madgett has got orders to find ten or a dozen intelligent prisoners who are to be sent into England. Into England, of all places in the world! What can that mean? He tells me there is to be an expedition there, contemporary with ours, in order to cut out work for John Bull at home, and prevent his distracting his poor head too much about his Irish affairs. He tells me, also, that Hoche is to command in England. If that be so, it looks serious, but Madgett is so terribly sanguine that I know not what

to think. I will say, for the present, in the language of the Gazette, "This news merits further confirmation." At work at my proclamation.

May 11th. At work furiously at my proclamation ; I like it better than my first attempt. Madgett is gone in search of his imps, whom he has orders to send off to Hoche as soon as he has found them. That looks a little serious, but still I am slow of faith. This day the Directoire Exécutif has denounced a grand plot to massacre themselves, the legislative bodies, the État-Major of Paris, and proclaim the constitution of 1793. Above forty persons have been arrested, and, at the head of them, Drouet, who stopped the King at Varennes in 1792, and has lain for three years in a dungeon in Austria, from whence he is returned not above six months. I am sorry for him, for I believe him a sincere republican ; at the same time I would show no mercy to any man, whatever might be his past merits, who would endeavour, in the present position of France, to subvert the existing Government. If the plot had taken place, our business would have been in a hopeful way. I think, in my conscience, the French have, at this moment, an exceeding good form of government, and such as every man of principle is bound to support. It might possibly be better, but the advantages which might result from an alteration are not such as to warrant any honest man in hazarding the consequences of another bloody revolution. The people of this turbulent city seem of the same way of thinking. I do not imagine, from all that I can observe, that it would be easy, or, indeed, possible, at present to excite a serious insurrection in Paris. The Government is strong, the *enragés* are few, and the mass of the people seems disposed for tranquillity at any rate. As a friend to France and Ireland, and as an irreconcilable enemy to England, I am heartily glad of it, for I am not so completely *ultra-révolutionnaire* as some to whom I speak here. As an Irishman, I cannot but rejoice at the discovery of this complot. Had it succeeded, what would have become of us? Apropos : There is a law passed to-day, enjoining, amongst other things, all strangers to quit Paris in three days. I must apply to the Minister, and see what he says on that head.

May 12th. Finished my memorial and gave it to Clarke—I should say my proclamation. It is too long, but let Carnot cut it down as he pleases. Went to the Minister for permission to stay in Paris, *malgré la loi.* The Minister occupied; so I wrote him a short note, in very pretty French, which I left for him. In the evening the spectacle as usual. The French comedians are infinitely beyond the English. Even in the little theatres on the Boulevards they perform admirably, and there is an attention to the costume never seen in England. All the theatres, too, are pretty, and some magnificent. The opera, however, continues to stand first in my opinion. It is a charming spectacle, and I never go there without wishing for my dearest love. But matters are so uncertain here, that I labour to prevent myself wishing for anything. I am a dog—I am a dog, and I lead a dog's life here, dancing attendance perpetually, and in a constant suspense. I have, I know not why, foregone my usual amusements. Sad! sad! "Man delights not me, nor woman neither." What shall I do? the novelty of Paris is worn off, my anxiety about our affairs increases, and I get no satisfactory information. The devil puts it into my head sometimes that I am like Hannibal at the court of Prusias, supplicating his aid to enable Carthage to make war upon the Romans. There is a sort of analogy in the circumstances, excepting that I am not Hannibal, nor General Clarke, Prusias. Well, politics are fine things, *mais c'est quand on en est revenu.* I declare I wish our revolution was effected, and that I was set down once more quietly in the bosom of my family, and that is not very strange, for I dote upon them, and I am here like a fish out of water, and everything frets me. Yet I admire the French, of all things; the men are agreeable and the women enchanting, and, if my mind were at ease, as it is not, I could make it out here very well, for some time longer, but as it is—— well, I can't help myself, and so what signifies complaining! Let me write nonsense, and I cannot write good nonsense when I am not in spirits, and I am never in spirits now. The French women are before the English, far and wide. They are incomparably well made, almost without exception. The English women have handsome faces, but for figure and fashion they do not

approach the French; and then they walk so incomparably, and their language is so adapted to conversation, that they all appear to have wit. For their morality, it is, to be sure, "*a nice morality, split my wind-pipe.*" Paris, in that respect, beats London hollow, and that is a bold word, after what I have seen in London. Well, give me Ireland, after all, for women to make wives and mothers of. For "*casual fruition,*" go to London, or, indeed, rather to Paris, but if you wish to be happy, choose your companion at home. The more I see of this wide world, the more I prize the inestimable blessing I possess in my wife's affection, her virtues, her courage, her goodness of heart, her sweetness of temper, and besides, she is very pretty, a circumstance which does not lessen her value in my eyes. What is she doing just now, and what would I give to be with her and the little *fanfans* for half an hour?

May 13th. Called on the Minister, relative to the law enjoining all foreigners to quit Paris in three days. The Minister very civil; desires me to give myself no trouble, but in case the police should molest me, apply directly to himself or Carnot. This will do for the present. Dined with Madgett at the Champs Elysées, and drank like a fish.

May 14th. Wrote a letter to Clarke, praying him to apply to Carnot for a written order for my stay, in case of accidents. Paris is growing more and more stupid on my hands, and this horrible suspense and delay kill me. There is a sad falling off in my journals, but it is not my fault.

May 15th. Went to the Directory and saw Carnot, who desired me to write a short memorial desiring leave to stay, and bring it to him to-morrow. Saw Aherne; nothing done in his business. This is bad.

May 16th. Delivered my memorial at the Luxembourg, and received directions to apply at the Secretariat-General for a permission. Lounged in the evening to the Théâtre D'Emulation, one of the little theatres of the Boulevards: it was Easter Monday, and being a *fête*, the house was filled with the *bonne bourgeoisie*, all dressed out, and as gay and as happy as possible. I was agreeably surprised to find the piece was the "School for Scandal," extremely

well adapted to the French stage, and very well represented. It had an effect upon me which I cannot describe ; I was alone, and it brought a thousand recollections into my mind. Shall I ever see the " School for Scandal " in an English theatre again ? Well, that is the least of my grievances. The French comedians are incomparable, even in this little theatre of the Boulevards ; they acted admirably, particularly Charles, Sir Oliver, and Lady Teazle ; they excel in the management of their by-play, but they have one fault. In their soliloquies they always address themselves too much to the audience, with the expression as if they were telling them a secret. " *The soliloquy always to the pit ; that is the rule.*" The civic airs were applauded with something like sincerity, a circumstance which I have not remarked for some time. On the whole I was very well amused. But how my life stagnates just now, when I have nothing to write of but the theatres of the Boulevards ! Sad !

May 17th. Blank.

May 18th. This day I had a tiff with my lover Carnot. In signing the memorial which I delivered to him, I had written my name Theobald Wolfe Tone (*dit* James Smith). The permission was made out in the name of T. W. Tone, and of course was refused to me when I applied for it in the name of James Smith. I was therefore obliged, sore against my will, to apply again to Carnot, who spoke very chuff about the trouble I gave him to write a second memorandum. I was damnably vexed, and told him civilly, but dryly, that I was sorry for the mistake, but that it was not my fault. He then wrote a second note to the Secretary, so I suppose to-morrow it will be made out properly. Men in high station ought not to speak short to people who do not deserve it. I take that to be a very pretty political maxim, and so halt here for the present. I have not recovered my good-humour yet.

May 19th. I learn to-day that Carnot was as cross as the devil to everybody yesterday. So it seems I was not singular.

May 20th. Received at last my permission to stay in Paris, *signed* " *Tompkins, Creditor,*" or, indeed, Carnot, President. Only think of the folly of some people ! The first permission, as I saw to-day, was for " Le citoyen Theobald Wolfe Tone, refugié

Irlandais." That was a pretty business to spread on a paper which was to be seen by Lord knows how many clerks and *commis*, as well at the Luxembourg as at the Municipalité. Well, it was no fault of mine, as I told Citizen Carnot yesterday, and besides, there is no harm done, for the paper is cancelled; so that affair is off my hands, and I have nothing to do but divert myself, for the Government here give me no business. "*Fie upon this idle life, I want work.*" It seems the plot, discovered by the Directory, was dreadfully sanguinary. Amongst other features, all strangers were to present themselves, in order to their being imprisoned, *voluntarily, under pain of death.* If the fact be so, it seems I have had, among others, a very good escape, for in times of revolution it is a short journey, sometimes, from the prison to that "*undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns.*" Things are better as they are for France and for us. It is curious to observe how the enthusiasm of the Revolution is entirely abated; even the immortal victories of the army of Italy have not the smallest effect. I observe it, particularly at the spectacles, where they sing (by order of the Executive) "*les chants civiques*," every night, and they are received with the utmost phlegm, and sometimes worse. Enthusiasm is a passion which will not last for six years of a war, which, however glorious beyond all historical example, has been attended with great individual suffering. I observe, too, the young men are the most disaffected part of the nation, which is caused by the dominion of the women, who are aristocrats without exception. This is very natural and very bad. I did expect the rising generation would have been good republicans, but I cannot say that the fact has justified my apprehensions. They skulk as much as possible from the requisition, which they evade by every means in their power. To see them in Paris they are a race of wretched Sybarites, yet these very young men, when they are forced at length to join the armies, see how they fight! This is a curious paradox. I believe if the Republic were to suffer a sudden reverse, for example, if Brunswick were once more at the passes of Argonne, the old spirit of France would revive, but, as it is, there is no enthusiasm here. There is, however, a good succedaneum in a well-

organised Government which, combined with the untamable courage of the armies, does the business sufficiently, as, I believe, General Beaulieu and the King of Sardinia can bear witness. It is very lucky the new Government was established before this absolute decline of public spirit. If the enthusiasm had failed before the present system was organised to supply its place, I know not what might have happened. At any rate, if the combined despots had, in that case, made any progress in France, it would only have once more roused the energy of 1792, and the two succeeding years, so that, at last, it would have come to the same thing. It is the successes of France which have abated her enthusiasm. I believe this is enough of politics for the present; I will only add that, if I was in the place of the Directory, I would forbid the singing of all political airs at the spectacles, for a forced spirit is always a bad one.

May 21st. This morning, on sallying out, the first thing I saw was an affiche of a vessel to sail in ten days for New York. This knocked me in the head for the whole day. I have been planning a thousand schemes. To-morrow I will see Madgett, in order to take his opinion on one or two points. If I can do it with safety to my wife, and our dear, dear babies, I think I will settle in France.

May 22nd. Called on Madgett, and took a serious walk with him in the Tuileries. I told him I had considered my situation maturely, and the result was, I felt a strong inclination to settle in France. That, by a rough calculation, I supposed I could command about 400 louis d'ors, with which I could do very little in America, unless I went very far back, and then I should feel myself helpless, not being inured to labour, and servants not being to be had. That I conceived property would now be very cheap in France, and therefore begged his advice on two points. First, whether he apprehended, as I did not, that there was any danger of a counter-revolution, by which I meant the restoration of royalty, &c.; and next, whether it would be more advisable to purchase national or patrimonial property with the small sum which I could command? Madgett replied, that, as to a counter-revolution, he did not well

know what to say, more than it was an event far from improbable. That the Government was in the most extreme distress for money; that the *mandats* had failed, and what should be substituted he could not pretend to guess; that the approvisionment of Paris was a work of immense difficulty, and if there once came an actual scarcity of food, it was impossible to say what might be the result from the fury of a starving and enraged populace; any one of them might take it into his head to cry *Vive le Roi*, and perhaps the whole mass adopt it; that Pitt was moving heaven, earth, and hell to ruin the finances; that the louis was to-day at 10,500 francs, that things were driven now to that state that a very few days must decide whether the Government could go on or not, and that for himself he wished he was fairly out of it. He added, that perhaps it would be better to purchase patrimonial property, and that, with the sum I mentioned, I might procure an estate of ten times the value, or £4,000. We then fixed to meet in three or four days, and in the meantime he is to make inquiries, and turn the matter in his thoughts. For my own part, whether it is that I am younger and more sanguine than Madgett, or less acquainted with circumstances, I have not the smallest apprehension of a counter-revolution. The present Government is one of extraordinary mildness—perhaps too much so, but, if pressed by an invincible necessity, they must, and I have no doubt will, have recourse to stronger measures. But what decides me is the excellent spirit of the army. The mutiny among the Legion de Police, which now appears to have been a ramification of Babœuf's plot, was quelled in an instant by the other troops, and I see to-day a most excellent address to the Directory, from the privates and non-commissioned officers of the 3rd Dragoons, who form a part of their guard. Whilst the armies continue steady I fear nothing. I believe I can lay out the little money I can command to more advantage here than in America, supposing only the half of what Madgett says to be true; besides, I am here *à portée* of Ireland. I need not recite over my reasons, but, as at present advised, I think I will write an order by this vessel to my love, to convert everything possible into specie, to buy louis d'ors at the Bank of Philadelphia, and set off for Havre with

our family in the first ship that sails. Good God! how happy shall I be if I can fix them in a comfortable cottage in France! For my schemes of ambition I am almost worn out of hope; I act now without expectation, and merely that I may say that nothing on my part has been left untried or undone. If there comes a peace, and I settle here, it will be but a step for P. P. to come visit us, and to be sure we will not make him welcome, and there is no wine in France, &c. I feel my ancient propensities revive a little.

May 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th. After balancing for four or five days, and turning the matter every way in my thoughts, I have taken my resolution, and written this day to my dearest love, to Rowan, and Doctor Reynolds, acquainting them with my determination to settle in France, and desiring them to make preparations for the departure of my family with all possible haste. It is a bold measure, but "*Audaces fortuna juvat.*" If my negotiation here succeeds, it would be best they should be in France; if it fails, still I am satisfied it is more advisable for us to settle here than in America. At all events, the die is cast. It is an epoch in my life. I have decided to the best of my judgment, and, if I fail, I fail. I am weary of floating about at the mercy of events; let me fix myself, if possible, at last.

May 27th. Paris has been in a sort of smothered fermentation for several days, and I suppose a very few must bring it to a crisis. Within a fortnight all the assignats will be called in and exchanged against their value in mandats, which, in other words, is changing at once the whole currency. The small assignats of 100 francs, and under, will be allowed to circulate for the convenience of the poor. A hundred livres in assignats are worth to-day about twopence-halfpenny; their nominal value is £4 3s. 4d. That is a pretty reasonable depreciation. For my part, who am neither financier nor *agioteur*, I do not pretend to understand the question, but I can clearly see it is no ordinary matter to annul, at one blow, the entire currency of a nation, and substitute another in its place, yet it has been done once already in the case of the assignats, which superseded gold and silver, as the mandats will, I have no

doubt, supersede the assignats. Something or other must be done, or the finances here will tumble. I hope the Government will have firmness. They seem lately to have been assuming a higher tone, and I am glad of it, for I sometimes could not help thinking of King Log when I saw them insulted with impunity. If they stand bold, the enemies of the Republic will be put down, but if they go back one step, or even fluctuate, in my mind, they are lost. It is certainly a most critical period. If the Government holds out till the 1st Messidor, which is now three weeks off, and if their new scheme of finance succeeds, to ascertain which nothing seems wanting but firmness on their part, the Republic will be established for ever. As it is, "*we are walking on embers, covered with unfaithful dust.*" Courage! a few days will settle the business, and I doubt not, for my part, prosperously. *Vive la République!* Yesterday I had a visit from the Commissaire de Police of my section, by order of the Bureau Central de Paris, in order to bring me before my betters for remaining in town contrary to the law of the 21st Floréal, concerning strangers. However, "*I jumped suddenly upon him and deprived him of the use of his weapon,*" by producing my permission to remain, signed Carnot, and countersigned Lagarde, Secretary, on which he begged my pardon, dressed a *procès verbal* of the business, which I signed, and so we parted, the best friends in the world. This visit is owing to some blunder in the Bureau Central, where I went the day after I received my permission, to have it viewed by the proper officer, who omitted, I suppose, to make the proper entry. I am glad to find the Government serious in compelling the strangers to leave Paris; they are a pest to France, speculating in her funds and ruining her currency. I am told there is an exception in favour of Americans. If I was the Government I would not suffer one of them to remain, for whom the Ambassador would not engage personally, because of the multitude of English agents and spies, who all pass here for Americans.

May 28th, 29th. Went to the *Fête des Victoires*, which was celebrated to-day in the Champ de Mars. The Directory, the Ministers, the Corps Diplomatique, &c., all assisted, in grand costume. Incense was burning before the statue of Liberty, and the usual

civic hymns were chanted, with two or three new ones, composed for the occasion, and alluding to the success of the army of Italy. It was a superb spectacle, and the spirit of the people seemed much better than I expected, under all the circumstances of the case. There were about 6,000 troops under arms, divided into 14 battalions, representing the 14 armies of the Republic, each of whom received from the hands of Carnot, the President, a standard and a garland of oak, the emblem of victory, which was borne by the handsomest grenadier of the corps. The troops made a very fine appearance, all young healthy men, fit for active service. I was placed at the foot of the altar, in the middle of my brethren of the Corps Diplomatique, but, for particular reasons, I chose to remain *incognito*. Altogether, I was exceedingly pleased with the exhibition, and the tears were running down my cheeks when Carnot presented the wreaths and standards to the soldiers. It was a spectacle worthy of a grand Republic, and I enjoyed it with transport. *Vive la République!*

CHAPTER III.

HOPE DEFERRED.

June 1st, 2nd, 3rd. A faint ray of hope has broke to-day across the impenetrable gloom which has, for some time back, enveloped my prospects. I called on Clarke, *pro forma*, not expecting to find him, in which I was not disappointed. I found, however, a note, informing me that he had read my proclamation (see May 12th), and liked it very well; that, however, it would be necessary to curtail it somewhat, and that he desired to see me for that purpose any time after this day and to-morrow. It is the first time he has desired to see me. Well, that is something. I wrote an answer immediately, appointing the 18th Prairial (June 6th), by which I leave him, out of respect, one day clear. Will anything come out of this? I am glad Clarke likes my proclamation, which I found too long myself. I see he has a correct taste in those things. If the expedition takes place, it will be something to boast of to have written the proclamation. But let me not be "*running before my horse to market.*" I have kept my hopes under a strict regimen all along, and latterly, God knows, on a very low diet. I will not let this little breeze tempt me to spread a deal of canvas, merely to have it to furl again. Things are, however, better to-day than they were yesterday.

June 4th, 5th. A French lover of mine, M. Dugas, took me to-day to Versailles in his cabriolet. It is a pleasant drive of twelve miles from Paris, the environs of which are certainly before those of London, but far inferior to those of Dublin, which are beautiful beyond description, owing to the two great features of the sea and the Wicklow Mountains. The chateau of Versailles is truly magnificent, and the gardens of a vast extent, but of a most tiresome

uniformity ; all in the old school, straight alleys, clipt hedges, round basins, marble statues, and systems of terraces. It is a detestable style. There are some admirable paintings yet remaining, particularly one of Charles I. of England, by Vandyck, which has been engraved by Strange, and one of Charles XII. of Sweden, which is a striking resemblance of Lord Llandaff. All the furniture has been removed or sold, excepting a most magnificent cabinet, which belonged to Marie Antoinette, and in which she kept her jewels. Nothing can exceed the extravagant flattery displayed in the ceilings, which are all painted in allegories, alluding to the different events in the reign of Louis XIV. who is represented in them, one time as Hercules, another as Mars, and again as Jupiter ; what makes it still better is, that all these paintings were executed by his order. I was particularly struck with one, where there is a group of four figures, Louis XIV., his brother Orleans, the Grand Condé, and Turenne, certainly not ordinary men. Portraits of illustrious characters are the kind of painting which I like best. There is also a good portrait of Mme. de Maintenon. It would take a week to examine the palace and gardens, and I did not remain much above an hour. I saw, however, enough to satisfy me that the King of France was magnificently lodged, but, for my part, I should die of the spleen in a week if I were confined to the Chateau de Versailles. It is the same with all the palaces I have ever seen, which are not many. Hampton Court in England is magnificent, but it would be lost in Versailles. From the chateau we walked to Trianon, which is about half a mile distant. The pavilion is beautiful, viz., the outside, which is all I saw, being all built of coloured marble. The gardens are like those of Versailles, equally monotonous, but less extensive. It is an abominable style. We then went to the Petit Trianon, the favourite retreat of Antoinette. It is a most delicious spot, completely finished in the English style. After the dreary regularity of the two other gardens, I was enchanted, and even the French acknowledged the infinite superiority of taste manifested in laying out the grounds. Trianon would be beautiful in England, but in France it is like fairy ground. There have been some pretty frolics executed here. I

could not help making many profound reflections whilst I walked through it, "*de vanitate mundi et fuga sæculi.*" I do not wonder the Queen regretted to fall from the station she once held. Altogether it made me melancholy.

June 6th. Called this morning by appointment upon General Clarke. Found him more cordial in his manner than ordinary. He told me he had read my proclamation, and found it extremely well done; that, however, it would be necessary to curtail it considerably, for the first point in these compositions is to ensure their being read, and, for that, it is necessary they should be short; that there would be a longer one prepared for those who studied politics, but that mine was destined for the people and soldiery. I thought there was good sense in all this, and I can safely say that, in all the public papers I have ever written, I am above the personal vanity of an author, as I believe Gog can witness. I therefore told him I would mince it *sans remords*. He then told me I might rely on it, they had not lost sight either of the business itself or of my share in it. We then talked for a few minutes of the gigantic successes of the army of Italy, and so, having fixed to return, in a few days, with my proclamation cut down to a reasonable size, I took my leave. I liked Clarke very well to-day. On my return I met Sullivan in the horrors. Madgett has told him that affairs were reduced to such a crisis, that the Directory and Legislative bodies were actually thinking of removing to Fontainebleau for their personal security. Madgett has always news extravagantly good or extravagantly bad. I told Sullivan plump that I did not believe it; but that, if they took such a pusillanimous resolution they were undone for ever. I added many fine observations, stolen from Shakespeare, on the folly of fearing death in public situations, and made, on the whole, a most eloquent harangue, by which I convinced Sullivan and myself there was no danger. I do not, however, like these reports. After all, there may be something in them, and if the Government here were to blow up, it would be terrible. I have been since as melancholy as a cat. I think it is growing my prevailing habit. "*Hope long deferred,*" saith the Scripture, "*maketh the heart of man sick.*" I am sure mine just

now is not in rude health. But I am sworn never to despair, so "*Courage! Allons!*"

June 7th, 8th. Called to-day upon Monroe, whom I have not seen for above two months. Found him extremely civil. Stayed and chatted with him above an hour, on American politics. He had the delicacy not to mention my business, for which I was obliged to him. He also told me that B. had written him word that they had heard in America of my safe arrival, so that my family are out of all anxiety on that account. I am heartily glad of that circumstance.

June 9th. At work cutting and slashing my proclamation. I will bring it to something at last. I am just like Jack, in the "Tale of a Tub," altering his coat.

June 10th. Madgett tells me an odd piece of news. One of the clerks in the bureaux assures him that the landing of the French in Ireland has been effected, and that he has it from a member of the legislative body, who has it directly from one of the Directory. If it be so, it is most extraordinary that neither Madgett nor I were favoured with the smallest information on the subject. Madgett has been with the Minister to inquire. The Minister said he did not believe it, and that the news must be *premature*. This, however, leaves it possible that it may be true. I know not what to think. I have finished my proclamation, which is cut down to a frigate, and will go with it to Clarke to-morrow. If there be anything in the report he will probably mention it to me, and if he does not, I will conclude it is unfounded.

June 11th. Called on Clarke, whom I met running to his bureau, in a violent hurry to General Lacuée, who was waiting for him. I had just time to give him the paper, and he did not say one word about the landing, so I presume the story is, as the Minister says, premature. Evening. Madgett with me again. The report seems to grow more serious. It stands now as follows: Grandjean, Chef de Bureau in the foreign affairs, told him this day that the French were landed in Ireland to the number of 15,000 men; that they had been perfectly well received

by the people, who were flocking about them in thousands, when the despatches were sent off; that he had this from Beffroy, a member of the Cinq-cent, who had it directly from one of the Directory. All this is very circumstantial and precise, and, I confess, staggers me extremely. There must be something in it, or how would Beffroy and Grandjean come to think of Ireland at all? A frigate (the *Atalante*) has also, certainly, arrived at Brest, within these few days, after accompanying a fleet of transports, &c. After all, if it should be to Ireland. Madgett is as sure of it as of his existence, and is most terribly chagrined at its being kept a secret from him. For my part, the main point to me is that the landing be effected; my concern in the business is the least part of it. Yet I should be mortified to the last excess not to bear a part in it. "*Quoi les Français en Irelande—et Montauciel n'y est pas.*" "*I am lost in sensations of troubled emotions.*" On the whole, I think it very unlikely that the report should be true, yet it is certainly possible; and there are strong circumstances in its favour. Among others, it is now a month since Madgett sent off fifteen Irish prisoners to Hoche, by Clarke's orders, who said they were intended for England, which, by the by, I did not believe (*see* May 11th). But then why should the Directory conceal such a piece of good news from the public, and why should Clarke conceal it from me? If the report be true, they have not kept faith with me, for both Carnot and Clarke assured me, if the expedition were undertaken, I should be of the party, and Clarke repeated it in our last conversation; and I confess it would give me great pain to be left out of the business here, after having laboured successfully thus far. Notwithstanding all that, I wish to God the report were true. That is the main point; my interests are of little consequence, and besides, in the long run, the truth will come out, and justice be done to all parties. Madgett is a thousand times more enraged than I am, though, I think, with less reason, for he has neither done nor suffered as much in the business as I have. Once for all, I do not yet believe it. A very few days must ascertain the truth or falsehood of the report, and, in the meantime, I think I

will take no steps whatsoever. The Directory have received to-day the news of two victories, one in Italy, being, I believe, the tenth, at least, this campaign, in which Beaulieu has been again totally routed before Mantua, with loss of all his baggage, cannon, stores, and his whole État Major prisoners. That, I think, will settle the affair in Italy. The other is on the Rhine, being the second (the first was gained two or three days before, but I forgot to insert it). I have not seen the details, but I learn it is a complete victory. The Emperor is like to make a worthy campaign of it. To be sure the military exertions of the French are beyond belief. Only think of the Government, maintaining fourteen armies, nearly 1,000,000 of men, absolutely without money or credit. It is inconceivable. It is true Buonaparte has raised a little cash in Italy, for he has given notice to Citizen Carnot to draw on him for seven millions, at sight, payable at the Bank of Genoa. I wonder how John Bull would like to discount his bill. However, after all, here am I in Paris, in a most critical period, and in a state of anxiety which baffles all description, writing nonsensical memorandums. I wonder where is P. P. If the French are in Ireland, I think I can give a guess. "Confusion! *Tête, ventre, sang—Mille bombes!*" Are the sans-culottes in Ireland, and I here? Oh, Citizen Carnot, can it be that you have broke faith with me? "*White cat, white cat, thou hast deceived me! and instantly he felt the scratch of a cat's paw on his hand.*" Well, if the worst comes to the worst, my friends in Ireland will not forget me.

June 12th. Drank punch last night with Madgett. He is come off his confidence a little, as to the landing. "*Goodman Verges speaks a little off the matter; an old man, and his wits are not so blunt as, Heaven help, I could desire they were.*" He does bore me sometimes most confoundedly. Moreover, I think I see by his discourse that he has his eye on the ambassadorship of Ireland, that is to be. He has not talents for that station; and besides, age is beginning to make inroads on his faculties. Yet Madgett is a good fellow, and has, undoubtedly, a strong

claim on the gratitude of his country, if she succeeds ; but he is not to be her ambassador to the French Republic. His misfortune is, that he thinks it is he does everything, and moves everything, and knows everything, and I can see that he knows no more of what is going forward than my boot ; it is laughable enough to see him sometimes hiding his ignorance and want of importance under a veil of great mystery and reserve, in which I always indulge him by telling him, like a dog as I am, that I do not want to press on his official delicacy, &c. He tells me to-day that, in consequence of a memorial which he gave in some months ago, containing what passed in the Privy Council of England, with his remarks thereon, Spain will have a fleet at sea, and will break with England in fifteen days. "*Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh.*" I quoted that already, but no matter. *Nous verrons.* It would be a great point gained if Spain would declare against the common enemy of the liberties of mankind.

June 13th, 14th. Called on Clarke this morning, for want of other idleness. Saw him for two minutes, mentioned Madgett's report of the landing, adding that I did not believe it. He assured me it was utterly unfounded. So there is an end of that business. I observed it was dreadfully indiscreet in whoever had set it going. He agreed, but observed it was sometimes impossible to prevent the indiscretion of people. He also told me he had not yet had time to read my proclamation as cut down. I fixed to call on him the 1st Messidor, in four or five days, and so we parted. Clarke was civil enough. I want to consult him as to what I am to do concerning trade affairs. My finances are reduced to a state truly deplorable. I am worth to-day about thirteen louis d'ors, which will not last me more than a month, and I must not let myself be run to the last sol. I might have been, perhaps, something more economical, but not much, all things considered. Paris is, after all, much more reasonable than Philadelphia, and I need not say a million of times more pleasant. Yet it is absolutely impossible to lead a more comfortless life than I do here. It is

dreary. It is pitiful. All my habitudes are domestic, and here am I, isolated in the midst of Paris, in which there is not a single soul interested in my well or ill being. At home or abroad it is all one, and I cannot express how this sinks my spirits. I am as much in a desert, for all purposes of happiness, as if I were in the midst of Caffraria. The opera is my only resource, and that will not do at all times. I always go alone, and have nobody to whom I can communicate the pleasure I sometimes feel, or the observations which strike me. After the friendship of P. P. and the inestimable happiness of my dearest love's society, judge how I feel here, where neither man nor woman cares if I were in the moon. "*Oh sad! oh sad! I declare I pity the poor Draper! After this he goeth on and saith*," &c. The only thing that consoles me, and it is a powerful consolation, is the unparalleled success of the French arms. I think England must tumble, and, if so, we rise. I see, in the *Morning Chronicle*, which I get from time to time from Sullivan, that the journey of Lady Bute to Madrid, where her husband is ambassador, is suspended until it is known what turn affairs will take in Spain. I see, likewise, that there is a camp forming at St. Roch, and a levy of 60,000 men ordered in that country. That looks warlike. It is certain that Beaulieu is flying before Buonaparte, who gives him no respite; that the French are making a progress nearly as rapid on the Rhine as in Italy; that the Austrian armies are in the greatest disorder, and utterly dispirited and sick of the war, a circumstance of the last importance; that the Emperor has sent Count Metternich to London, most probably to announce his determination to make peace instantly, and, if so, the battle will remain to be fought out between France and England. *Alors, nous verrons!* Madgett (but he is no great authority, as appears from divers parts of these entertaining and instructive memorandums) always informs me that we are waiting on the Dutch. Carnot tells me nothing, Clarke nothing, and the Minister knows, I am sure, no more than Madgett. Nic Frog, to be sure, is always plaguy slow in his motions, yet he contrived to steal a march

on John Bull already. Would to God he were after stealing a second. My very soul is sick with expectation. I cannot think it possible but England must tumble, and I have the greatest faith in the talents of the Government here, and in their *acharnement* against the English. It is said to-day that two deputies from the Emperor are actually arrived *incognito*, to treat of a peace. That young gentleman has made prodigious acquisitions in the French territory, in virtue of his alliance with John Bull. It is said, likewise, that Richery has sailed from Cadiz, with his seven sail, and twelve sail of Spanish ships of the line under Solano, but nobody knows where. If they fall in with the British, that will probably bring matters to a crisis; but John Bull will thrash them both at sea, to the end of time, if they do not inveigle Pat out of his hands. I wish to God Carnot was as sensible of this as I am. Well, here I am, and here I must remain, and I am as helpless as if I were alone, swimming for my life in the middle of the Atlantic. 'Tis terrible —however, "*'Tis but in vain*," &c.

June 15th. Got a parcel of English newspapers from Sullivan. Strolled out into the fields, all alone, and laid down under a hedge to read them. Melancholy as ten thousand devils, and no wonder. I see the Americans have ratified the English treaty, after all, by a majority of fifty-one to forty-eight. The Dutch fleet which gave John Bull the slip, put into Teneriffe, March 26th, in bad condition, to look for provisions. It consists of two sixty-fours, one fifty gun ship, four frigates, and two sloops of war. They are bound for the Cape of Good Hope. I wish they were well there, and after driving the English out, but I fear it. Query, Are the troops on board French or Dutch? Because on that circumstance the event will probably turn. I see Combe is returned for the City of London, and Fox is first, on the 7th June, for Westminster; he is opposed by Admiral Gardner, who is within a dozen of him; Horne Tooke is the third candidate, and is above one thousand behind both of them. Fox and Tooke made admirable speeches from the hustings. From the little I can observe, being nearly uninformed, the new Parlia-

ment will probably be as hollow with Pitt as the old; I mean the counties; for as to the boroughs, there is no doubt of them. There are three war members, for example, returned for the City of London. So best! The more warlike they continue the better. Reading these papers has left me as dull as ditch-water, and I did not need that.

June 16th, 17th. Called to-day for the first time, God knows when, on the Minister. He was busy and could not see me. That is no good sign, nor is it very bad; altogether, I do not much glory in it. The news to-day is, that the King of Naples has made his peace, paying 30,000,000 livres, *en numéraire*, and withdrawing his cavalry from Beaulieu, and five sail of the line from the British Admiral in the Mediterranean. That will strengthen the Emperor and John Bull prodigiously. This news is not yet confirmed, but if it has not yet happened, it soon must, for the petty Princes of Italy are, as the French say ("*en queue pour faire la paix*"). This is an excellent metaphor taken from a crowd, who stand one behind another in order to be served in their turn, as the poor of Paris, for example, at the baker's. There cannot be a more ridiculous image.

June 18th, 19th. Called on Clarke by appointment. Found his aide-de-camp copying my proclamation, as abridged. Clarke seemed glad to see me, and begged me to make a copy myself, as he wanted it immediately. I accordingly sat myself down at his desk, and he went about his lawful occasions. In about half an hour I had finished, and he returned. I told him in three words the position of my affairs; that I had gone on thus far entirely on my own means, and calculated I had about as much as would enable me to carry on the war another month, in which time I should be "*à sec*," as the French say; finally, I asked his advice on the premises. He answered me friendly enough; he said they must provide for me in the military line, for which I had expressed an inclination, and in the cavalry, where the pay was most considerable; but added, that the pay of all ranks were below their necessities. He then asked, had I ever served? I answered, No; that I had been a Volunteer in the Belfast

regiment, which I considered as no service, but was fond of a military life, and in case of anything being done for Ireland, it would be the line I should adopt. He then said my not having served might make some difficulty, but that he would see about it, and let me know the result in three or four days, adding that I might be sure something would be done. He then took me in his carriage to the Minister's, with whom he had business. On the way I told him it was extremely painful to me to apply to the Republic for any pecuniary assistance, but that circumstances compelled me ; that I was not a man of expense, and that of course a moderate supply would satisfy me ; and added, that being engaged here in the service of my country, any sum advanced to me was to be considered as advanced on her account, and as such to be repaid, with all other expenses, at the conclusion of the business. He laughed at this, and said we would have no money. I said that was true, or, at least, we should not have much, but we would have means, and I instanced the quantity of English property which would, in that event, be forfeited to the State, and assured him we would have enough to pay our debts of justice, of honour, and of gratitude. As to want of money, which I observed to him, he seemed to dwell on a little ; France had given and was giving a splendid example of what could be done, even without money, when a people were in earnest. The conversation then turned on the expedition. He said it would be absolutely necessary the General-in-chief should speak English. I said it would, undoubtedly, be convenient, but not absolutely necessary. He then observed it would be hard to find an Irishman qualified for the command. I answered we would prefer a Frenchman, on account of the effect it would produce on public opinion, and especially a General whose name had figured in the Gazettes. (This is a circumstance I never miss to suggest when an opportunity offers.) He then mentioned three or four names of Irish Generals, Kilmaine Harty, Lynch, and O'Keefe, with his opinion on their situation and talents in very few words. I repeated I would wish to see a French General at the head of the business, and that these

officers might be employed under him. He seemed at length to be of my opinion. In the course of this discussion I asked him why he might not command the expedition himself? He answered that if he were to make the offer, he was sure the Directory would not accept it, as they could not spare him from the department where he was placed. This discourse brought us to the Minister's, where we parted, and I am to return in a few days; in the meantime he is to see into my affair, and let me know the result. And now, what is to be the end of this? When I made the offer and request of being employed in a military capacity, I certainly limited it in my own mind to the expedition, but here it is generalised. If I were a single man I should not hesitate an instant, as I look upon the situation of an officer in the service of the French Republic to be the most honourable in the world; and besides, it is my passion. But when I think of my wife, and our three children, and, perhaps, by this time, a fourth, depending on my life for their existence, it staggers my resolution, and I know not what to determine. I have written to her to come to France, and am I to leave her and them to chance, and go, perhaps, to be knocked on the head at the frontiers? If I were an officer it would be only my duty, and I would have no choice; but as it is.—In the service of my own country I hope I would avoid no danger which came fairly in my way, and if I fell, I would leave my family to the public gratitude, which would, I have no doubt, preserve them from want; but here I have no such prospect. I am extremely embarrassed. I will take these four days to consider. After all, if I should turn out a captain of French dragoons, it would be droll. "*It is a life I have desired; I will thrive.*" Assuredly, if I were single I would embrace the offer on the instant; but my fears for my wife and my poor little babies perplex me in the extreme. This offer makes no part of my original system, nor does it come in the strict line of my duty. I declare I know no more what to determine than a horse. Certainly, "*To give a young gentleman right education, the army's the only good school in the nation.*" But then, Matty; and——and the darlings. Well, "*I*

am lost in sensations of troubled emotions." Besides, I must do something, and that speedily; for "*money, money, money is your friend.*" What would I give that my family were here to-day! Well, "*Let the world wag;*" I have four days yet to reflect. I fancy I will state my difficulties to Clarke, and hear what he says. *Allons! Courage!*

June 20th. To-day is my birthday—I am thirty-three years old. At that age Alexander had conquered the world; at that age Wolfe had completed his reputation, and expired in the arms of victory. Well, it is not my fault if I am not as great a man as Alexander or Wolfe. I have as good dispositions for glory as either of them, but I labour under two small obstacles at least—want of talents and want of opportunities; neither of which, I confess, I can help. *Allons! nous verrons.* If I succeed here I may make some noise in the world yet; and, what is better, the cause to which I am devoted is so just, that I have not one circumstance to reproach myself with. I will endeavour to keep myself as pure as I can, as to the means; as to the end, it is sacred—the liberty and independence of my country first, the establishment of my wife, and of our darling babies, next; and last, I hope, a well-earned reputation. I am sure I am doing my very best here, as, indeed, I have endeavoured to do all along. "*I am not idle, but the ebbs and flows of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.*" I will push everything here as far as I can make it go. I have taken it into my head to-day that our expedition will not take place, if at all, until the winter, because of the Channel fleet. Howe is to have the command, with twenty-eight sail of the line, and they are moving heaven and earth to man them. I would not be surprised if our business was the cause of these great exertions. I cannot doubt but Pitt is informed of everything which passes here, and, of course, of my arrival, obscure as I am. Perhaps it may be fear of Spain, with whom it seems likely the Republic is about to form a treaty of alliance. At all events, if the Channel fleet be once at sea, there is an end of our expedition for the summer, as I told the Minister long since. Well, there is no remedy but patience. John will

thrash them all at sea to the end of time, whilst he is able to press poor Pat into the service; and this is what I labour (God knows with what success) to impress on them here. If we were independent in Ireland, all parties, friends and enemies, would soon feel the difference.

June 21st. I walk almost every day to the Tuileries to see the guard relieved. There are about four hundred infantry and from fifty to eighty dragoons. The grenadiers attached to the national representation are, I am satisfied, for appearance, and, I have no doubt, for courage, the first corps in Europe. I am more and more pleased with the French soldiery, notwithstanding the slovenliness, to speak out, of their manœuvres and dress. Every one wears what he pleases; it is enough if his coat be blue and his hat cocked, and even that I have seen dispensed with; the essential part is, that they all seem in high health and spirits, young, active, and fit for immediate service. Their arms they keep in *tolerable* order, but there is nothing of that brilliant polish of arms and accoutrements which I have seen in England. Their bayonets are too short, which is a fault, and their muskets are much lighter than ours. Their grenadiers are noble fellows, and, luckily, Jourdan has twenty-two thousand of them in one corps on the Rhine. They are fond of ornamenting themselves, particularly with flowers. One scarce sees a sentinel without a little bouquet in his hat or breast, and most frequently in the barrel of his firelock. I like that, and I do not know why, but it pleases me. I believe I have a small prejudice in favour of the French, especially the army, which is the flower of the nation. Their dragoons are fine fellows, but ill mounted, which is a pity; both they and their horses are slovenly, like the infantry; but that does not prevent them from fighting like tigers, for the truth of which I appeal to the slaves of the despots, whom they are driving before them (thank God) in all quarters. It is said, to-day, the Emperor sent Commissaries to the Directory, to amuse them and gain time, but the Directory smoked the contrivance, and refused all suspension of arms. They were quite right. Beat him well, and he will negotiate in good earnest. "*Si vis pacem,*

para bellum." John has been defeated in his first attempt this campaign in the West Indies. He sent four thousand men to take Leogane, but it seems they came back without their errand. Much good may it do his poor heart, because I have a regard for him.

June 22nd. Bad news to-day. Jourdan has received a check, and, I fancy, a pretty serious one, which has compelled him to repass the Rhine, and Kléber to fall back on the Sieg. He says it is but an affair of posts ; but an affair of posts would not lead to such consequences. We have lost men, cannon, ground, and character, which is worst of all. I fear this will force Moreau, whose advanced guard is under the walls of Mannheim, to retreat also. Bad! bad! Well, "*'Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain.*" One thing, however, it will encourage John Bull in his warlike propensities; and the King will meet his new Parliament with the successes of the Emperor in his mouth. So, out of evil comes good. Madgett showed me to-day a private letter which he just received, indirectly, from London, informing him that a rupture with Spain was looked upon there as inevitable, and that the Admiralty were actually issuing letters of marque against the Spaniards. I hope to God it is true. Clarke has likewise applied to him for the names of such persons as he would wish to be employed in our business, and Madgett concludes, from circumstances, that there will be two embarkations, one from Holland and one from Brittany. I do not, however, build much on Madgett's inferences, which he often takes up on very slight grounds.

June 23rd. Called on Clarke in the morning, and found him in high good humour. He tells me that he has mentioned my business to Carnot, and that within a month I may expect an appointment in the French army. This is glorious! He asked me would I choose to serve in the cavalry or infantry. I said it was equal to me, and referred it to him to fix me in the most eligible situation. I fancy it will be in the cavalry, "*for a captain of horse never takes off his hat.*" He then told me that he was at liberty to acquaint me so far as that the business, and even

the time, were determined on by the Directory, and the manner only remained under discussion. There is good news at last. I observed to him, after expressing the satisfaction I sincerely felt at this information, that I wished to remind him of the great advantages to be derived from the landing being effectuated in the North, particularly from the circumstance of framing our first army *of the different religious persuasions*, which I pressed upon him, I believe, with success. I then asked him, had he many Irish prisoners remaining, as I thought they might be usefully employed in case of the landing being effected. He laughed at this, and said, "I see you want to form your regiment." I said I should like very well to command two or three hundred of them, who might be formed into a corps of Hussars, to serve in the advanced guard of the army, not only as soldiers, which I knew they would, and with sufficient courage, but as *éclaireurs* to insense the country people. He seemed to relish this a good deal, and I went on to say that, in that case, they should be as an Irish corps in green jackets, with green feathers, and a green standard with the harp, surmounted by the cap of liberty. He bit at this, and made me draw a sketch of the device, and also a description, which he took down himself in French, from which I infer the standard will be made directly. All the world (viz., Matty, and Mary, and P. P.) will laugh heartily at this council of war, because it savours of the *État Militaires*, and P. P. in his wisdom will remind me of my famous button for the National Volunteers, which did such mischief in Ireland. *But I will jump suddenly upon him, and deprive him of the use of his weapon*, by reminding him that I swore solemnly then never to quit until I saw that button upon every soldier's coat in Ireland, in which declaration, "*clenching a fist something less than the knuckle of an ox, Mr. Adams declared he would support me.*" After that, I think he will be reduced to a state of silent mortification which will be truly deplorable. To return to Clarke: he desired to see me regularly every fifth morning, and assuring me again that he would charge himself with my business, we parted. I fancy, in the

upshot, I shall be sent to Lisle to recruit, and, in that event, I will make "reeling Bacchus call on Love for aid;" or, in the language of the vulgar, I will attack Pat with women and wine, which defy every care; and, because I know he has an ear for music, I will also bring a fiddle with me. I understand John Doyle's Irish heroes (the 87th) are there to a man; and, as many of them are from Prosperous in my own county, and many more from Glasmanogue, and not a few from Mutton Lane and Crooked Staff, I think I shall be able to make something of them. I will make, I hope, as good a colonel as John Doyle, though he is a brave man and a tolerable officer. Whilst I was with Clarke Madgett called on him, and I stepped into the next room whilst he gave him audience. It was to recommend Aherne to be employed as a military man in this business. Clarke seemed, I thought, disinclined. He asked me did I know Aherne? I answered, that I saw him merely officially by the Minister's orders, but that I knew nothing whatsoever to his prejudice; and that, as to Madgett, I had a very good opinion of him, and, of course, supposed he would not recommend an improper person; that, however, I could say nothing from myself, for or against him, further than what I had mentioned. N.B.—I do not wish to hurt Aherne, but I had rather he was not employed in Ireland *at first*, for he is *outré* and extravagant in his notions; he wants a total *bouleversement* of all property, and he has not talents to see the absurdity and mischief, not to say the impossibility of this system, if system it may be called. I have a mind to stop his promotion, and believe I must do it. It would be terrible doctrine to commence with in Ireland. I wish all possible justice to be done to Aherne, but I do not wish to see him in a station where he might do infinite mischief. I must think of this. I told Clarke I had written for my family, and was determined at all events to settle in France.

June 24th. "*I've now not fifty ducats in the world;*" but, hang it, that does not signify; am I not going to be an officer in the French service? I believe I might have been a little more economical, but I am sure not much. I brought with me one

hundred louis to France, and they will have lasted me just six months, by the time they are run out; after all, that is no great extravagance. Besides, "*a fool and his money are soon parted*," and poor Pat was never much noted for his discretion on that point, and I am in some things as arrant an Irishman as ever stood on the Pont-neuf. I think I have made as good a defence as the nature of the case will admit, and I leave it to all the world whether I am not fairly excusable for any little *dédommagement* which I can lay hold on, seeing the sacrifices I have made thus far, the services which I hope I shall at last have rendered my country, and especially the dreary and tristful solitude to which I have devoted myself in Paris, where I have not formed a single connection but with the persons indispensably necessary to the success of our business.

June 25th. There has been a damned lie in circulation these two days, that the advanced guard of Buonaparte's army in Italy has been cut to pieces, to the number of fifteen thousand men; and there are scoundrels in Paris base enough to seem not sorry for it. However, to-day it is formally contradicted, by a letter of Buonaparte's just published, which bears date thirteen days later, and makes no allusion to any check whatsoever. My heart was sunk down to my heels at the bad news, and I was as melancholy as a cat; for I have everything dear to me embarked on the fortune of the Republic, and I would as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as come croaking to me with their evil tidings. "*I am now a little better, but very faint still.*" I wish I was after getting my brevet. Madgett tells me to-day he has orders from Clarke to find him some twenty-five recruits in fifteen days, to be sent after the first fifteen to Hoche; and, in our last conversation, Clarke told me they were not for Ireland. Where the devil are they for, then?

June 26th. I go regularly every day to the Tuileries at twelve o'clock to see the guard relieved: it is one of my greatest relaxations. I take pride in the French troops, though they are neither powdered nor varnished, like those of the other states of Europe. I frequently find the tears gush into my eyes

whilst I am looking at them. It is impossible to conceive a body of finer fellows than the guards of the legislative body, who are, by-the-by, perfectly well dressed and appointed in all respects. They are all handsome young men, six feet high, and well proportioned. They have, as I believe I remarked already, the air of officers in soldiers' coats, and look as if they were *set up* by the dancing master rather than the drill sergeant. As to the courage of the French soldiery, I believe it is now pretty well understood in Europe; nevertheless "*one Englishman is always able to beat five Frenchmen*," which is very consoling to John Bull. I wonder what figure poor Pat will cut upon the sod. I fancy he will not be much amiss. Well, let me once see myself in Ireland, buckled to a long sabre, and with a green coat on my back, and a pair of swinging epaulets on my shoulders, "*Allors nous verrons, Messieurs de la Cabale.*" The Whig Club, I see, are taking up the condition of the labouring poor. They are getting frightened, and their guilty consciences will not let them sleep. I suppose they will act like the gentry of Meath, who, for fear of the Defenders, raised their workmen's wages from eightpence to a shilling per day, but took care at the same time to raise the rent of their hovels, and the grass for their cows in the same proportion, so that at the end of the year the wretched peasant was not a penny the richer. Such is the honesty of the Squirearchy of Ireland. No! no! it is we who will better the condition of the labouring poor, if ever we get into that country; it is we that will humble the pride of that execrable and contemptible corps, the country gentlemen of Ireland. I know not whether I most hate or despise them, the tyrants of the people and slaves of the Government. Well, I must not put myself in a passion about them. I have not, however, forgot the attack made on my honour by Mr. Grattan, nor that intended on my life by Mr. G. Ponsonby. I fancy I shall stand as high one day as either of those illustrious Whigs. If I do, I hope I shall act as becomes me. I am in a good humour to-day, I do not know why. Huzza! generally, *Vive la République!* Went in the evening to the Théâtre Feydeau, to

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

see the "Festin de Pierre." Incomparably well performed. I remember P. P. was delighted with Don Juan, who is the archetype, as he observed, of Lovelace. Fleury, who played the part, is an admirable actor. He is the Lewis of the Théâtre Feydeau, but Lewis is not worthy to be his *valet de chambre*. D'Azincourt is the Sganarelle, and a most excellent one. I saw this piece already at the Théâtre de la République, with Baptiste and Dugazon in the same characters. It is hard to say which is best. I believe I prefer Fleury to Baptiste, and Dugazon to D'Azincourt. They are all four inimitable actors. The English comedians are beasts by the French, but this I have already said a thousand times. I have likewise seen lately the Barbier de Séville, with Fleury in Almaviva, D'Azincourt in Figaro, and Mlle. Lange in *Rosine*. It is not possible to conceive better acting. D'Azincourt is the original Figaro of Beaumarchais, and Mlle. Lange is a charming woman who has ruined several young fellows, and one in particular, twice over. I have also seen at the Théâtre de la République, *Robert, chef de Brigands*, a translation of the Robbers of Schiller. It acts very well, and Baptiste is admirable in Robert. I am writing here like a *Muscadin* (N.B.—*Dandy*) about the theatres, and all that kind of thing. But what can I do? I must write something to amuse myself, and I have nothing more serious. When I have, I will not be found to neglect it for the spectacles. After all, give me the opera.

June 27th. A sad rainy day, and I am not well, and the blue devils torment me. Hell! hell! Allah! Allah! Allah! To-morrow I will go and see Clarke about my commission. Will it not be extraordinary to see me in the service of the Republic? That will console me for the exile I lie under from my native country. It is raining now like ten thousand devils.

June 28th. Called on Clarke by appointment. I told him I had two things to mention: first, that as we had the Pope now in our grasp, I wished him to consider whether we might not artfully seduce him into writing to his legate, Dr. Troy, in

order to secure at least the neutrality, if not the support, of the Irish Catholic clergy. He objected that this would be recognising the authority of the Pope, and said he was sure the Directory would make no public application of this sort, besides that it would be making the matter known in Italy. I replied that undoubtedly it was not a matter for an official application, but for private address; and, as to making it known, it need not be applied for until the last stage of the business; nevertheless, I merely threw it out as a hint for his consideration without pressing it, as I expected no formidable opposition from the priests in Ireland. The other thing I had to mention was, that Madgett told me last night there was a person going to London officially as commissary of prisoners, and pressed me very much to write to my friends by that opportunity; that I had only said I would think of it, as I did not consider myself at liberty to take such a step without his approbation. That I wished to know whether I should write or not, and, if I were to write, what line I should follow? That if I were to allude to our business, I must beg him to give me such information as he might think fit to communicate, without at all wishing to press him on the subject. That if I were not, I thought it best not to write at all, as I was in general disinclined to writing even where it was necessary, and much more so in the present instance, where all I would have to say would be, that I was alive and well in Paris. Clarke answered, "As to that, your friends know it already." I replied, "Not that I knew of." He answered, "Aye, but I know it, but cannot tell you at present how." He then went on to tell me he did not know how to explain himself farther, "for," added he, "if I tell you ever so little, you will guess the rest." So it seems I am a cunning fox without knowing it. He gave me, however, to understand that he had a communication open with Ireland, and showed me a paper, asking me did I know the handwriting. I did not. He then read a good deal. It stated very briefly that fourteen of the counties, including the entire North, were completely organised for the purpose of throwing off the English yoke and establishing our independence;

that in the remaining eighteen the organisation was advancing rapidly, and that it was so arranged that the inferiors obeyed their leaders without examining their orders, or even knowing who they were, as every one knew only the person immediately above him. That the militia were about 20,000 men, 17,000 of whom might be relied on ; that there were about 12,000 regular troops, wretched bad ones, who would soon be settled in case the business were attempted. Clarke was going on, but stopped here suddenly, and said, laughing, "There is something there which I cannot read to you, or you will guess." I begged him to use his discretion without ceremony. He then asked me, did I know of this organisation? I replied, that I could not with truth say positively I knew it, but that I had no manner of doubt of it; that it was now twelve months exactly since I left Ireland, in which time I was satisfied much must have been done in that country, and that he would find in my memorials that such an organisation was then begun, was rapidly spreading, and I had no doubt would soon embrace the whole people. It is curious the coincidence between the paper he read me and those I have given here, though, upon second thought, as truth is uniform, it would be still more extraordinary if they should vary. I am delighted beyond measure with the progress which has been made in Ireland since my banishment. I see they are advancing rapidly and safely, and, personally, nothing can be more agreeable to me than this coincidence between what I have said and written, and the accounts which I see they receive here. The paper also stated, as I had done, that we wanted arms, ammunition, and artillery; in short, it was as exact in all particulars as if the same person had written all. This ascertains my credit in France beyond a doubt. Clarke then said, as to my business he was only waiting for letters from General Hoche, in order to settle it finally ; that I should have a regiment of cavalry, and it was probable it might be fixed that day ; that the arrangement of the forces intended for the expedition was entrusted to Hoche, by which I see we shall go from Brittany instead of Holland. All's one for that, provided we go at all. I returned Clarke my acknowledgments, and he went on, desiring

me not to mention all this to Madgett, of whose discretion he had no opinion (in which he is very right), but rather to train him off the scent, by appearing to think the business not likely to be attempted, which I promised I would take care to do. We had then some good-humoured laughing at Madgett, who is literally the greatest P. P. I ever saw. In fact, the "*Cinq*" are but five puppets whom he dances, and Carnot, a soft youth, who never opens his mouth but to utter the words which he puts into it. He amuses me often by this, as I have already remarked in those wise and engaging memorandums. Clarke then said, he supposed they would see me again here as Ambassador. I replied, that if the business were undertaken, I was ready to serve my country where and in what manner she thought I could be most useful; that if my services were necessary in France, I should undoubtedly be highly honoured by the station, but I rather thought, from the circumstance of my being perhaps the only man so intimately connected with both Catholics and Dissenters, from the station I held with the one, and the friendship which I might say the others bore me, that I would be detained in Ireland in order to cultivate and ensure that spirit of harmony and union so essential to the success of our affairs. I took this opportunity to mention to Clarke, that, on my departure, I should have a request to make to the Directory, viz., that if they were satisfied with my conduct here, they would be pleased to signify it by a letter addressed to me from the President, or a resolution, or such means as they might think proper, in order that I might have on my return a testimonial to show my countrymen that I had, to the best of my power, executed their instructions. Clarke said he was sure the Directory would readily accede to my request, which was but reasonable, and in fact I think so myself.

"Such services rendered, such dangers incurred,
He himself thinks he ought to be better preferred."

I have a fine spot of ground here clear before me for castle-building, but I will not be in too great a hurry to lay the first

stone. I have not got my commission yet, and it will be quite time enough when I am colonel to begin dreaming of being an ambassador. "A colonel of horse in the service of the Republic!" Is it not most curious? Well, after all, I begin to believe my adventures are a little extraordinary. Eighteen months ago it was a million to one that I should be hanged as a traitor, and now I am like to enter the country in which I was not thought worthy to live at the head of a regiment of horse. It is singular. P. P. used always to be foretelling great things, and I never believed him, yet a part of his prophecy seems likely to be verified. He said that I had more talents, and would make a greater figure than Plunket or Burrowes. For the talents, "*negatur*," but for the figure, the devil puts it into my head sometimes that he was right. I am very well pleased with myself this morning, as I believe the track of these memorandums will prove. My name may be spoken of yet, and I trust there is nothing, thus far, attached to it of which I need be ashamed. If ever I come to be a great man, let me never forget two things—the honour of my masters of the General Committee, who refused to sacrifice me to the requisition of Mr. Grattan, and the friendship, I may say, of the whole town of Belfast in the moment of my departure into exile. These are two instances of steadiness and spirit, under circumstances peculiarly trying, which do honour to them, to me, and to our common nature. *I never will forget them.* Affairs look rather well in the North to-day, and Moreau has passed the Rhine on three points near Strasbourg, and I cannot foresee the consequences, for Madgett tells me *he* has organised a revolution in Swabia; and, if the poor Emperor Francis loses that, after Brabant and the Milanese, what will he do? To be sure the French are going on miraculously this campaign. It must be Providence itself which guides them for the common liberties of man. Surely, surely our poor country cannot be fated to remain much longer in slavery to England. The Milanese have three commissioners now in Paris to negotiate the establishment of a Republic and the subversion of the Austrian tyranny. Well, poor Ireland has a sort of a commissioner too, at Paris, on pretty much a like business. Oh! if the

British were once chased from Ireland, as the Austrians from Milan! Well, who knows? But their damned fleet torments me. And it is we ourselves, miserable rascals that we are, that are fighting the battles of the enemy, and riveting on our own fetters with our own hands. It is terrible! There is a report to-day that the Piedmontese are in open insurrection; that the King of Sardinia has been forced to fly from Turin, and take shelter under the French flag at Coni, one of his *ci-devant* fortresses. It is by no means improbable. Thus, all the world are emancipating themselves but Ireland, notwithstanding which, as I have always told P. P., "*we are undoubtedly the bravest nation in Europe.*" I wish I could see a little more of it, though. Well, perhaps I may by-and-by. "*I hope to see a battle yet before I die.*" But I am running on with nonsense. Let me return to General Clarke. I mentioned to him that it would be highly necessary somebody should be sent to Ireland without delay, to apprise the people there of what was going forward. He said he was surprised Aherne did not go. I answered that he had not the means, the Government having not yet paid up his arrears. Clarke said, as to that he knew nothing, but as to the sum necessary for his departure, he could have it at once. I observed that it seemed to me highly indiscreet to trust a man so far as the Minister had trusted Aherne, even to giving him his instructions, and afterwards to break with him, in which Clarke concurred. And certainly it is strange conduct in De la Croix, though I am not sorry on the whole that Aherne does not go to Ireland. From an expression of Clarke I am led to suppose it possible that he may be himself of the expedition. He has relations here in the French service, one of whom, at least, will go for Ireland, and he observed that he had some doubts how others of them, who remained in Ireland, would act; "*but I believe,*" added he, "*when they see Elliot*" (his cousin) "*with me they will most probably join us.*" The words *with me* struck me, but I did not ask him for any explanation. The thing will soon explain itself. He told me Moreau's plan for crossing the Rhine had been arranged for six months back in the Directory, and the secret kept all the time. That is surprising. As for

our business, it is what the French call "*Le secret de la Comédie*," but I cannot help that.

June 29th. Madgett tells me to-day that he has heard from Duckett, who is, I understand, a great blackguard, who has heard from a Mr. Morin, who is I know not what, that there are to be two expeditions to Ireland, one from Flushing, commanded by General Macdonald, an Irishman, and the other from Brest, commanded by General Hoche. Madgett added that he had endeavoured to put Duckett off the scent by saying that he did not believe one word of the story, but that Duckett continued positive. The fact is, it seems likely enough to be the truth, and probably is so; but it seems most terribly provoking to have the subject bandied about for table-talk by such a fellow as this Duckett, to whom, by-the-by, Charles De la Croix revealed in confidence all that he knew three months ago, for which he ought to be damned; happily at present he knows nothing as I believe, so I presume he will keep the secret. I took this opportunity to train off myself a little from Madgett, in consequence of the hint which Clarke gave me yesterday, by saying that I was weary and sick of expectation when I saw nothing done, and that my belief was that nothing would be done; that I wished I had my family in France, and that I were settled quietly in some little spot, and well quit of the business. He exhorted me not to despair, at which I only shook my head significantly, like Lord Burleigh, and so we parted. I am to-day on my last five louis, which is a circumstance truly amusing. My regiment, if I get it, comes just in the nick of time. But hang money! I hate to think of it; and yet there is no doing without it in this vale of tears. "*Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum*," as the learned Lilly saith in his grammar. If that be so, I shall soon be on the high-road to virtue, for I am like to be shortly quit of all temptation to vice. But hang it for me, as I have said archly enough above. (Sings) "*Oh! money, money, money is your friend.*" "*Passion of my heart and life, I have a greater mind for to cry.*" (Sings) "*When as I sat in Pabylon; and a thousand vagrant poesies, &c., &c., &c.*

July 1st. (Sings with great courage) "*Oh, July the first in*

Oldbridge-town, there was a grievous battle." We made no great figure that day; that is the God's truth of it. Well, no matter; what is past, is past. We must see and do better the next time; besides, we pulled up a little the year after at Aughrim, and made a most gallant defence at Limerick. But I am writing a history of the wars in Ireland, instead of minding my business. Suffice it to say (God forgive me for lying) that *we are undoubtedly the bravest nation in Europe.* There are, however, some brave men scattered here and there through the French army; but let that pass. *I hope to see a battle yet before I die;* huzza! generally!

July 2nd. Clarke has been confined to his room, and I believe to his bed, for these four days; he is cut down by continual labour in his bureau. This delays my affair a little. I saw his aide-de-camp to-day, who told me by his orders "that he hoped to see me the day after to-morrow; that he wished to consult me on an affair of great importance, on which he must also see another person besides, and that when we met we should arrange certain matters,' &c. This is a flourish to amuse the aide-de-camp, or perhaps he has translated Clarke into his own language; "*else why do we wrap the gentleman in our rawer breath?*" My friend Fleury is, however, a fine lad, and I have no doubt would fight like a tiger. Apropos! I desire my readers (viz., P. P., Miss Mary, and my dearest love) to take notice that I recant every word I have said heretofore in these memorandums to the prejudice of General Clarke. *No. I lie! I lie!* "*He is a tall, handsome, proper young man, with a face like a cherubim.*" I would blot out all the passages which reflect upon him; but, upon second thoughts, I will keep them as a memento to prevent my forming hasty judgments of people. In fact, it was Aherne, Sullivan, and even Madgett, but particularly the two first, that turned me against him, for I am myself "*magnanimous, artless, and credulous,*" as P. P. used to say, whereas they have been used, I will not say to intrigue, but at least to look at people intriguing here of a long time, which is some excuse for them. However, I have now made him the only recompense in my power, by retracting on the same ground where I gave the offence, for my remarks to his disad-

vantage have not travelled beyond my memorandum book. I think that is handsome.

July 3rd. I see to-day that the Channel fleet is preparing at Spithead, to the number of twenty-one sail of the line (damn and sink them!) with God knows how many admirals; that the camps are not yet formed in Ireland, but that vast quantities of arms and ammunition are daily imported into that country, as also tents and camp equipage. I am glad of that, because I hope it will appear in the event that it is for us that the worthy John Bull is putting himself to all this expense and trouble. I see likewise that the British have taken three of our best frigates, being the entire of a flying squadron, sent to cruise in the chops of the Channel; that is damned bad. But then again the French are defending themselves in St. Lucie like devils incarnate; that is good. There are also news to-day of another victory on the Rhine by Moreau, "*but this gentleman will tell you the perpendiculars*," which are not yet published; I hope it is true. *Vive la République!*

July 4th. Called to-day on Clarke. He has not yet left his room, so that I did not see him; but I saw Fleury, his aide-de-camp, who brought me word, as before, that the General expected to see a person in order to arrange my business, and begged I would call the day after to-morrow. I wrote him a polite and tender note, praying him to lose no time, and which I gave Fleury, and so we parted. Confound these delays! I am sick of them. I want to change my domicile. I am lodged in the house of a little "*bossue*" (Anglicè, a hunchback), and she wants me to go to bed to her, and I won't, for my virtue forbids it, and so she is out of humour and very troublesome sometimes. To tell the God's truth, I have no great merit in my resistance, for she is as crooked as a ram's horn (which is a famous illustration) and as ugly as sin besides; rot her, the dirty little faggot, she torments me. "*I will not march through Coventry with her, that's flat.*" Moreover, I see to-day official news (Buonaparte's letter) that the King of Naples has concluded an armistice, withdrawing all his troops from Beaulieu's army, which will impugn the latter gentlemen considerably, particularly in the article of cavalry; he likewise withdraws his

ships from Hotham, in the Mediterranean, which will tend somewhat to the edification of John Bull; and, finally, he sends Prince Pignatelli to Paris to negotiate a peace with the Directory: I like that dearly. The French always oblige the enemy to come to Paris to negotiate, which, besides the triumph, gives them prodigious advantages. I hope they may make as good and as haughty a peace with him as they have done with the King of Sardinia. *Imprimis*, I hope they will take care to secure the fleet; that is what they want. I see likewise that his Holiness has at last been obliged to submit, and Buonaparte has granted him an armistice, and he also sends an ambassador to Paris to negotiate. There is a pretty batch of Italian ambassadors just now here. Salicetti mentions in his letter to the Directory that in the conditions granted provisionally to the Pope he did not neglect to avail himself of the terror which the French arms had inspired through all Italy. I dare say not indeed; who doubts him? I am heartily glad that old priest is at last laid under contribution in his turn. Many a long century he and his predecessors have been fleecing all Europe, but the day of retribution is come at last; and besides, I am strongly tempted to hope that this is but the beginning of his sorrows. Well, I must see if we cannot make something out of him touching our affair, as I hinted to Clarke already. It is also said, with confidence, that the French have taken possession quietly of Leghorn. I hope that is true for fifty reasons; among others, John Bull, I know, has generally a bale or two of broadcloth and a few cases of hardware stored up there, and the Republic perhaps has occasion for them, and he has passed sundry wise and humane laws touching French and Dutch property: I want to see how he will like a little confiscation in his turn. I do not see where he will victual and water his Mediterranean fleet now, unless it be in his kingdom of Corsica, which, by all accounts, is in a fair way to be speedily reduced to the circumference of Bastia and its environs. Sir Gilbert Elliot, the viceroy, has found that the air of Corsica disagreed with him, so he is gone to England for his *health!* It would not, to be sure, be decent for the King's representative to fall into the hands of

republicans and rebels. What would I give that another of his sacred Majesty's representatives found himself suddenly attacked with the same complaint! Well, all in good time, we shall see. I hear nothing of Moreau's victory, mentioned in yesterday's memorandum, so I suppose it is premature.

July 5th. "*'Twas a sad rainy night, but the morning is fine.*" I think it rains as much at Paris as in Ireland, and that kills me. I am devoured this day with the spleen, and I have not settled with Clarke yet, and everything torments me. Time! Time! I never felt the *tædium vitæ* in my life till the last two or three months, but at present I do suffer dreadfully, that is the truth of it. Only think, there is not at this moment man, woman, nor child in Paris that cares one farthing if I were hanged, at least for my sake. I may say the Executive Directory are my nearest connections, Charles De la Croix, my chosen of ten thousand, and General Clarke, the friend of my bosom; certainly I respect them all, and wish them sincerely well on every account, but I would rather spend an hour talking nonsense with P. P. than a week with any one of them, saving at all times my business here. I do not speak of the loss of the society of my dearest love and our little family, for that is not to be replaced. Well, if ever I find myself at Paris, Ambassador from Ireland, I will make myself amends for my former privations; "*I will, by the God of war!*" And I will have P. P. here too, and I will give him choice Burgundy to drink *ad libitum*, and Matty, and Miss Mary, and he and I will go to the opera together, and we will be as happy as the day is long. "*Visions of glory, spare my aching sight.*" This is choice castle building, but what better can I do just now to amuse myself? Trifling as these memorandums are, they are a great resource to me, for when I am writing them I always fancy I am chatting with P. P. and my dearest love. I wish I had my commission, though; I long to see myself in regimentals. (Sings) "*Zounds, I'll soon be a brigadier!*" That is choice.

Evening, 5 o'clock. It was not for nothing that I have been in the horrors all the forenoon. On the 26th of May I wrote to my wife, to Rowan, and Dr. Reynolds, respecting the immediate

removal of my family to France; and to-day I see in an English paper given me by Sullivan, that the vessel which carried my letter, an American, the *Argus*, Capt. Fanning, was carried into Plymouth on the 25th of June last and is detained. That is *pleasant!* This event throws my private affairs into unspeakable confusion, and I am too angry just now to see how to rectify them. I was this very morning counting that my dearest love would have my letter in about a fortnight. Was there ever anything so distressing? These are the fruits of the American treaty, but it is hard my poor little family should suffer for it. See how their fifteen stripes are respected by England! I am infinitely embarrassed by this event. One thing consoles me: in all my letters I have hardly mentioned one word of politics, or of my business here, and the little I have said is calculated to mislead; for at the time I wrote, appearances were as gloomy as possible. Well, this is the second time in my life I am indebted for a serious evil to Master John Bull. He hunted me out of my own country first, and now he is preventing me from bringing my family to France; and does he think I will forget all that? No! that I won't, no more than his attempt to press me for a sailor on my passage out to America. Well, it does not signify cursing or swearing; I am in too great a fury to write any longer. God knows now when my family will get my letters, or whether they will ever get them.

July 6th. Saw Clarke this morning; he is almost recovered, and tells me my business is delayed solely by the absence of General Hoche, who is coming up with all privacy to Paris to confer with the Directory; that on his arrival everything will be settled; that I must be introduced to him, and communicate with him, and most probably return with him to the army where my presence would be necessary. All this is very good. I shall be glad to be introduced to Hoche; it looks like serious business. Clarke also told me he wanted to have my commission expedited instantly by the Minister of War, but that Carnot had decided to wait for Hoche. I told him it was the same to me, and also begged to know when he expected Hoche. He replied, "Every day." I then took occasion to mention the state of my finances,

that in two or three days I should be run out, and relied upon him to prevent my falling into difficulties. He asked me could I carry on the war some little time longer? I answered, I could not, for that I did not know a soul in Paris but the Government. He seemed a little taken aback at this, by which I see that money is not their forte at present. Damn it for me! I am sure I wish there was not a guinea in the world. So here I am, with exactly two louis in my exchequer, negotiating with the French Government, and planning revolutions. I must say it is truly original. "*Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*" That is not true as to me, for my passion increases as my funds diminish. I reckon I am the poorest Ambassador to-day in Paris, but that gives me no great concern. Huzza! Vive la République! "*When Christmas comes about again, oh, then I shall have money.*" To be sure I am writing most egregious nonsense, *mais c'est égal.* I told Clarke of the miscarriage of my lettters, by way of precaution against certain unknown apprehensions which I felt. How lucky it was that I hardly mentioned a word of my business to any one! Well, Lazarus Hoche, I wish you were come with all my soul. Here I am "in perplexity and doubtful dilemma," waiting your arrival. Sad! sad! I am gnawing my very soul with anxiety and expectation. And then I have a vision of poverty in the background which is truly alarming. "*O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum.*" I think I will stop, for the present, with this pathetic appeal to the citizen Directors. I had like to forget that after leaving Clarke I sat down in an outside room and wrote him a note, desiring him to apply to Carnot for such assistance in the premises as he might think fit; adding that any money advanced to me was to be considered as advanced on public account, and that I would call on him the day after to-morrow. In the meantime I will devour my discontents, "*and in this harsh world draw my breath with pain.*" Maybe my friend Lazarus, "*who is not dead, but sleepeth,*" may make his appearance by that time. It is, to be sure, most excessively ridiculous, "*vu les circonstances actuelles,*" that I should be run out of money. Clarke told me Jourdan had recrossed the Rhine at Neuwied and gained another victory;

Moreau's victory is confirmed ; he is now beyond Offembourg, and has cut off the communication between Wurmser and the Archduke Charles. Vive la République !

July 7th. In order to divert myself, and get rid of a little of my superfluous cash, I went last night to the opera, where, by the by, I go most frequently. I am more and more pleased with that spectacle. Nothing can be more perfect in its kind than the representation of *Œdipe à Colone.* It is a complete Greek tragedy, represented in music. Adrien is Œdipus ; Rousseau is Polynices ; Lays, Theseus, and Madame Cheron, Antigone. I have seen it now I believe a dozen times, and am every time more pleased with it, which is a rare thing to be able to say of an opera. I am not sure that the Œdipus of Adrien is not the first piece of acting I ever saw on any theatre without exception. He reminds me in many places of Kemble, but Adrien is superior. Madame Cheron is a delightful actress ; without being handsome she is excessively interesting. *Le Déserteur* was the ballet, which I have also seen I know not how often. It is the triumph of Goyon in Montauciel, and of Millot in the "*Grand Cousin.*" The theatre is a charming delusion. "*It soothes my soul to mortal anguish,*" as P. P. says ; if it were not for that, what should I do in Paris? I think I will go now and scold Monroe about the capture of the *Argus*, and miscarriage of my letters. Sat with Monroe above an hour, and like him very much. Drank a bottle of wine and prosed with Madgett in the evening at the Champs Elysées. Stupid enough, God knows.

July 8th. Called on Clarke. He tells me my commission will be made out in two or three days. I returned him my acknowledgments. As soon as I receive it, must call on Carnot to thank him. Fixed with Clarke to call on him regularly every other day. Lazarus is not yet arrived, and be hanged. The moment he comes Clarke is to let me know. I am surprised at the *sang-froid* with which I view this affair of my regiment, but it is my temper. I am sure if I were made an emperor it would not in the least degree elevate my spirits, though on some points I am susceptible enough. Is that in my favour or not? for I'll be hanged if I know. No

matter ; "*Je suis, comme je suis*," and that is enough about myself for the moment. Moreau has had what other nations would call another victory, but what we content ourselves with calling an advantage. The French troops scaled the highest of the Black Mountains, and stormed a redoubt on the summit: the General, "*whose name I know not, but whose person I reverence*," being the first to leap into the fosse. Remember that, Mr. le Colonel! If a man will command French troops, he must be rather brave ; and besides, I shall have the honour of the sod to support. Well, I will do my best. Horne Tooke had good reason to say that the French Generals not only gave the command, but the example to their soldiers. They are noble fellows, that is the truth of it. Pray God we may imitate their glorious example. But I have no doubt we will. The Irish are a very brave people, and we have a famous good cause to support. I see in the papers that Lady Elliot is ordered by her physicians to the baths of Lucca, the air of Corsica disagreeing with her also, as well as with her spouse. These removals bode ill for the kingdom of Corsica. I see also the poor Emperor has made an application to the Empress of Russia for assistance ; and what assistance, in God's name, do you think she has given him? A declaration, addressed to the petty princes of Germany, calling on them, poor devils, to assist the head of the empire, and telling them it is a *shame for them not to support him better; and that she is quite surprised at them for her part, &c.* After all it is a more decent declaration than Brunswick's, but I do not believe it will have a prodigious effect on the army of the Rhine, or that of Sambre and Meuse. But to return to our own affairs. I reminded Clarke about the Pope, and told him that the Legate for Ireland was Cardinal Antonelli, and that if we could artfully get a line from him to Dr. Troy, it might perhaps save us some trouble. Clarke promised to think of it. He also told me that my proclamation had been translated into French, to lay before the Directory. If they adopt it, it will be a decisive proof of the integrity of their principles as to Ireland, for I have worded everything as strongly in our favour as I knew how, and have made no stipulations for any return as to France, but left

everything to the justice, honour, and gratitude of the Irish people. I am sure it is with regard to France herself the wisest course, and therefore I hope they may adopt my proclamation.

July 9th. By dint of perseverance I am getting through the remainder of my cash. When I am near being run out, I am always more extravagant; and, like the "Old Batchelor," run into the danger to avoid the apprehension. Last night I was at the Théâtre Vaudeville, where I was exceedingly amused by "*Hazard fils de son père*," a parody of "*Oscar fils d'Ossian.*" Laporte, who played Hazard, imitated Talma in Oscar incomparably. He beats Jack Bannister for mimicry, all to nothing, and that is a bold word. But I am always alone at these theatres, and that kills me. I wish my dearest love were here, and P. P. To-day I scaled Mount Martre, all alone, and had a magnificent view of Paris under my feet; but it is terrible to have nobody to speak to, or to communicate the million of observations which "*rise and shine, evaporate and fall*" in my mind. Money! Money! Money! I declare for my part I believe it is gone clear under the ground. I have this day six crowns in silver, being "*of dissipated wealth the small remains.*" Sad! Sad! I hope Citizen Carnot may "*bid his treasurer disburse six pounds to pay my debts.*" Otherwise the consequences, I fear, will be truly alarming. In the evening lounged all alone, as usual, to the Champs Elysées, and drank coffee by myself. It is dismal, this solitude. For society, I might as well be in Arabia Deserta, not Arabia Felix. Well, as Kite says, *it is all for the good of the service.* If I have not passed almost six tedious months in France, I wonder at it. I am sure my country is much my debtor, if not for what I have done, at least for what I have suffered on account of her liberty. Well, I do not grudge it to her, and if ever she is able she will reward me, and I think by that time I will have deserved it at her hands. To-morrow I will go see Clarke, and hear what he has to say for himself. He assures me, for I asked him a second time for greater certainty, that my friends in Ireland know I am here. I am heartily glad of it. I was dreaming all last night of Plunket and Peter Burrowes and George Knox, and I believe it is that which has

thrown me into the blue devils all this day. I remember Swift makes the remark as to dreams, that their complexion influences our temper the whole day after, and I believe he is right. Perhaps the marvellous state of my finances may a little contribute to plunge me into a state of tender melancholy; for Shenstone says there is a close connection between the animal spirits and the breeches pocket. Aristotle has many fine things on that subject. O Lord! O Lord! these are but sickly jokes. It won't do. "*Croaker is a rhyme for Joker, Poor Dick!*" *I find I have a prodigious affection for the Louis.* That is not so bad. I think I will leave off, while I am well. I have made divers ineffectual efforts to sing in this day's journal, all for the amusement of Matty and Miss Mary and P. P. What are they doing this evening? Oh that I had them all with me, and everything arranged to my mind. I wish I had my commission, though.

(*Sings*) Oh says this Frog, I will go ride, Kitty alone, &c.
Oh says this Frog, I will go ride, Kitty alone and I.
Oh says this Frog, I will go ride, with sword and pistol by my side,
Cock ma Kary, Kitty alone, Kitty alone and I.

That quotation I take to be inimitable; I do not recollect anything from P. P. which exceeds it. I know green envy will gnaw his soul at the perusal.

July 10*th.* It is in vain to deny it, my journal of yesterday is as dull as a post. I think I have not seen anything more stupid, and there is a sort of pert affectation of being witty, for which I deserve to be kicked. "*Gentle dulness ever loved a joke.*" Well, let me mind my business. It is raining all this blessed day like ten thousand devils, so that I could not go to Clarke's till an hour and a half after the proper time, and he was then gone out. I saw Fleury, however, who had nothing to tell me but that the citadel of Milan had surrendered, with 2,800 prisoners, and 150 pieces of cannon. Mantua alone remains to the Austrians, and it is closely besieged by 60,000 men. The French are certainly in Leghorn, but the official despatches are not yet arrived, and this is all the

news. I left word I would call to-morrow, and took my leave. I am sick as a dog of these delays.

July 11th. Called on Clarke, who took down my name, and the day and place of my birth, in order to have my commission filled up, which he expects to have done to-morrow. He was very civil, and mentioned that if it rested with him the business would have been done long since. He then asked me did I know one Duckett? I answered I did not, nor did I desire to know him. He asked why? I answered, I understood from Madgett and others that he was a blackguard. He seemed a little taken aback at this, and said, "Ay, but he is clever." I answered I knew nothing more about him, that it was disagreeable to me to speak ill of anybody, especially of a person whom I knew merely by report, but in a business of such consequence as ours I felt it my duty to speak without the least reserve. Clarke said, "Undoubtedly," and so the matter rested. I am to call the day after to-morrow, at which time I hope my eternal commission will be ready. Bought the "*Règlement pour le service de la Cavalerie*," and sat down to study it. I must get a sensible *sous officier* (non-commissioned officer) to drill me a little before I join the regiment. I am tired now of tactics, so I think I will go walk a little to refresh me. Evening. Tactics! Tactics! I wish I was as good an officer of cavalry as Marshal Schweidnitz. I may say or sing with my friend Montauciel,

Maudit l'infernal
Faiseur de grimoire,
Dont l'esprit fatal
Mit dans sa mémoire,
Tout ce bacchanal.

Sans cette écriture,
Et sans la lecture,
Ne peut on, morbleu,
Manger, rire et boire,
Marcher à la gloire,
Et courir au feu.

I glory in those lines; they are the veritable sentiments of a French dragoon. Huzza! I shall be a dragoon myself one of those days.

(*Sings*) Oh, there was a captain of Irish dragoons,
Was quartered in the town of Kilkenny, oh!

CHAPTER IV.

HOCHE.

July 12th. Battle of Aughrim. As I was sitting in my cabinet studying my tactics, a person knocked at the door, who, on opening it, proved to be a dragoon of the third regiment. He brought me a note from Clarke, informing me that the person he mentioned was arrived and desired to see me at one o'clock. I ran off directly to the Luxembourg and was shown into Fleury's cabinet, where I remained till three, when the door opened and a very handsome, well-made young fellow in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons, entered, and said, "*Vous êtes le citoyen Smith?*" I thought he was a *chef de bureau*, and replied, "*Oui, citoyen, je m'appelle Smith.*" He said, "*Vous vous appelez, aussi, je crois Wolfe Tone?*" I replied, "*Oui citoyen, c'est mon véritable nom.*" "*Eh bien,*" replied he, "*je suis le Général Hoche.*" At these words I mentioned that I had for a long time been desirous of the honour I then enjoyed, to find myself in his company. "*Into his arms I soon did fly, and there embraced him tenderly.*" He then said he presumed I was the author of the memorandums which had been transmitted to him. I said I was. "Well," said he, "there are one or two points I want to consult you on." He then proceeded to ask me, in case of the landing being effectuated, might he rely on finding provisions, and particularly bread? I said it would be impossible to make any arrangements in Ireland previous to the landing, because of the *surveillance* of the Government, but if that were once accomplished there would be no want of provisions; that Ireland abounded in cattle, and, as for bread, I saw by the Gazette that there was not only no deficiency of corn, but that she was able

to supply England, in a great degree, during the late alarming scarcity in that country, and I assured him that if the French were once in Ireland, he might rely that, whoever wanted bread, they should not want it. He seemed satisfied with this, and proceeded to ask me, might we count upon being able to form a provisory government, either of the Catholic Committee, mentioned in my memorials, or of the chiefs of the Defenders? I thought I saw an open here, to come at the number of troops intended for us, and replied that that would depend on the force which might be landed; if that force were but trifling, I could not pretend to say how they might act, but if it was considerable, I had no doubt of their co-operation. "Undoubtedly," replied he, "men will not sacrifice themselves when they do not see a reasonable prospect of support; but, if I go, you may be sure I will go in sufficient force." He then asked, did I think ten thousand men would decide them? I answered, undoubtedly, but that early in the business the Minister had spoken to me of two thousand, and that I had replied that such a number could effect nothing. "No," replied he, "they would be overwhelmed before any one could join them. I replied I was glad to hear him give that opinion, as it was precisely what I had stated to the Minister, and I repeated that, with the force he mentioned, I could have no doubt of support and co-operation sufficient to form a provisory government. He then asked me what I thought of the priests, or was it likely they would give us any trouble? I replied I certainly did not calculate on their assistance, but neither did I think they would be able to give us any effectual opposition; that their influence over the minds of the common people was exceedingly diminished of late, and I instanced the case of the Defenders, so often mentioned in my memorials, and in these memorandums. I explained all this at some length to him, and concluded by saying, that in prudence we should avoid as much as possible shocking their prejudices unnecessarily, and that, with common discretion, I thought we might secure their neutrality at least, if not their support. I mentioned this merely as my opinion, but added that in the contrary event I was satisfied it would be absolutely impossible for them to take the people out

of our hands. We then came to the army. He asked me how I thought they would act? I replied, for the regulars I could not pretend to say, but that they were wretched bad troops; for the militia, I hoped and believed that when we were once organised they would not only not oppose us, but come over to the cause of their country *en masse;* nevertheless, I desired him to calculate on their opposition, and make his arrangements accordingly; that it was the safe policy, and if it become necessary, it was so much gained. He said he would, undoubtedly, make his arrangements so as to leave nothing to chance that could be guarded against; that he would come in force, and bring great quantities of arms, ammunition, stores, and artillery, and, for his own reputation, see that all the arrangements were made on a proper scale. I was very glad to hear him speak thus; it sets my mind at ease on divers points. He then said there was one important point remaining, on which he desired to be satisfied, and that was what form of government we would adopt in the event of our success? I was going to answer him with great earnestness when General Clarke entered, to request we would come to dinner with Citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conversation to the apartment of the President, where we found Carnot and one or two more. Hoche, after some time, took me aside and repeated his question. I replied, "Most undoubtedly, a Republic." He asked again, "Was I sure?" I said as sure as I could be of anything; that I knew nobody in Ireland who thought of any other system, nor did I believe there was anybody who dreamt of monarchy. He asked me was there no danger of the Catholics setting up one of their chiefs for king? I replied, "Not the smallest," and that there were no chiefs amongst them of that kind of eminence. This is the old business again, but I believe I satisfied Hoche; it looks well to see him so anxious on that topic on which he pressed me more than on all the others. Carnot joined us here, with a pocket map of Ireland in his hand, and the conversation became pretty general between Clarke, Hoche, and him, every one else having left the room. I said scarcely anything, as I wished to listen. Hoche related to Carnot the substance of what had passed between

him and me. When he mentioned his anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed, and said, "There is plenty of beef in Ireland; if you cannot get bread, you must eat beef." I told him I hoped they would find enough of both; adding, that within the last twenty years Ireland had become a great corn country, so that at present it made a considerable article in her exports. They then proceeded to confer, but I found it difficult to follow them, as it was in fact a *suite* of former conversations at which I had not assisted, and besides, they spoke with the rapidity of Frenchmen. I collected, however, if I am right, that there will be two landings, one from Holland, near Belfast, and the other from Brittany, in Connaught; that there will be, I suppose, in both embarkations, not less than ten, nor more than fifteen thousand men; twelve thousand was also mentioned, but I did not hear any time specified. Carnot said, "It will be, to be sure, a most brilliant operation." And well may he say so if he succeeds. We then went to dinner, which was very well served, without being luxurious. We had two courses and a dessert. There were present about sixteen or eighteen persons, Madame Carnot, her sister and sister-in-law, Carnot, his brother, Hoche, Truguet, the Minister of Marine, Clarke, two or three officers, and Lagarde, the *Secrétaire-Général.* I sat by Hoche. After coffee was served we rose, and Carnot, Hoche, Truguet, Lacuée, and Clarke retired to a cabinet and held a council on Irish affairs which lasted from six to nine o'clock. In the mean-time I walked with Lagarde in the gardens of the Luxembourg, where we listened to a symphony performed in the apartments of La Reveillière Lepaux, who is lodged over Carnot. Lagarde tells me that La Reveillière has concerts continually, and that music is his great resource after the fatigues of his business, which are immense. At nine the council broke up, and I walked away with Clarke; he said everything was now settled, and that he had himself much trouble to bring everything to bear, but that at last he had succeeded. I wished him joy, most sincerely, and fixing to call upon him to-morrow at twelve we parted. This was a grand day; I dined with the President of the Executive Directory of France, beyond all comparison the most illustrious station in Europe. I

am very proud of it, because it has come fairly in the line of my duty, and I have made no unworthy sacrifices to obtain it. I like Carnot extremely, and Hoche, I think, yet better.

July 13th. I cannot help this morning thinking of Gil Blas, when he was Secretary to the Duke of Lerma. Yesterday I dined with Carnot, and to-day I should be puzzled to raise a guinea. I am almost on my last louis, and my commission is not yet made out, though Clarke tells me it is done; but I will never believe him till I have it in my hand. I will push him to-day, that is positive. *Allons!* Saw Clarke; nothing new; my commission not yet come. "*Damn it for me; Lord pardon me for swearing.*" I charged Clarke with great vigour, and he promised positively for after to-morrow at farthest. So I must wait, and I am tired waiting. Hoche called for a moment on Clarke to say that he had no further questions to propose to me. So matters rest! I wish, however, I was after *studying the language of the birds.*

July 14th. Taking of the Bastile, 1789. No business! Hoche yesterday praised Sir Sydney Smith, now prisoner in Paris, as a gallant officer; he said, "*Il à une rude réputation en Bretagne*," and that there was hardly a cape or headland on the coast which was not marked by some of his exploits. I like to hear one brave man praise another. Carnot said they would take care of him for some time, and that he should certainly not be exchanged. I am glad of that too, for one or two reasons. Hoche also spoke of the ignorance of the Bretons; he says they know no more of the real state of the Revolution than the inhabitants of Tartary; that they always call the Government the Convention, and had a report, when he set off, that the Convention had ordered the Pope to the bar. I think there is no part of Ireland more ignorant by his account. Carnot said he was satisfied that Babœuf's plot was the work of the Orleans faction. When I walked in the garden with Lagarde, whom I found very conversable, we spoke of the astonishing successes of the armies, particularly of the army of Italy. He assured me that before the opening of the campaign he trembled for the event; that the reluctance of the *jeunesse* to join their colours was almost insurmountable; that the Government was

obliged to employ the most rigorous measures, even to tying them neck and heels, and transporting them in that manner on carts to the army ; and yet, said he, you see how they fight for all that. It is, to be sure, most astonishing. Hoche yesterday told Clarke, speaking of me, that he had got me by heart. Was that by way of compliment? "*Ha! there may be two meanings in that!*" Either that he had studied my memorials diligently, which is good, or that he had fathomed me in one conversation, which is not quite so flattering. I fear he does "*spy into the bottom of this Justice Shallow.*" No matter! no matter! Let me see and get the business done. If that is once effected, it is of very little consequence whether I have any talents or not. Huzza! I am in a good humour to-day.

July 15th. Blank! Dull as a post all day.

July 16th. Saw Clarke. He tells me the *arrêté* of the Directory for my commission will be signed to-day, and that he will write to the Minister at War to send back the brevet to him, so that I shall have it by to-morrow at twelve o'clock. All that is very good; but still, as I have said already six-and-fifty times, "Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh." He tells me, also, that there is a change in the arrangement. The cavalry of the *ci-devant Legion de Police* has been formed into a regiment of dragoons, the twenty-first. The Colonel had given the Directory to understand there were supernumeraries of men and horses enough to form a second regiment, which was intended for me. It appeared, however, on inspection, that the contrary is the fact, for the twenty-first is even ten men short of its complement. In consequence I am to serve in the infantry, with the rank of Chef de Brigade, which answers to that of Colonel ; and Clarke tells me the pay and rank are the same, with less trouble. One must not look a gift horse in the mouth ; so I said, of course, I was perfectly satisfied, and we parted the best friends in the world, and I am to return to-morrow at twelve for this weary brevet. Called on Madgett on my way home to desire him to find me two louis d'or in two days at farthest, for I am just now run out, and I shall have my lodgings to pay for in three days from this, which is most fearful, for I

dread my little *bossue* of a landlady more than the enemy a thousand times ; but Madgett has promised to supply me, and so—

> "Hang those who talk of fear ;
> Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn."

I forgot to mention in its place that Hoche has a famous cut of a sabre down his forehead, eyebrow, and one side of his nose. He was pretty near the enemy when he got that, and luckily it does not at all disfigure him. He is but two-and-thirty, Jourdan five-and-thirty, Buonaparte twenty-nine, Moreau about thirty, and Pichegru, who is the oldest of all, about six-and-thirty. The French have no old generals in service ; it is their policy to employ young men, and the event has shown they are right. Moreau and Jourdan continue to drive the Austrians before them in all quarters. Every Gazette brings new victories, so that now we are beginning not to mind them. In the evening the opera : Tarare (which I have seen twenty times). It is brilliant, but the music by Salieri very inferior to that of Gluck. Adrien, in the Sultan, was magnificently dressed in the Indian costume ; everything, down to his slippers, was completely Indian ; but I have already remarked fifty times the scrupulous attention the French actors pay to costume. Rousseau, in Calpigi, and Mademoiselle Gavaudan, in Spinetta, are incomparable. They are the originals of Beaumarchais. Lainez was Tarare, Mde. Ponteuil, Astasie ; altogether, it is a charming spectacle. In one of the ballets there is a charming *pas de trois*, by Nivelon, Duchemin, and Coulon, to the air of the *Folies d'Espagne*. It is almost as good as the Pas Russe, by Nivelon and Millière, in Panurge.

July 17th. Called as usual on Clarke. My eternal brevet not yet come from the War Office, but he gave orders to Fleury to write again to the Minister to have it sent directly. He tells me Hoche will leave town in two or three days, and that he will endeavour to give me a corner in his carriage if possible. I answered, it would be highly flattering to me to have the honour of travelling with him ; at the same time, I hoped he would give

me a few days' notice, as I had no clothes but *habits bourgeois*, &c. He said he could not be sure to give me four-and-twenty hours' notice, and as to regimentals, I could get them made up at quarters. I replied, as to myself, I was ready at a moment, and the sooner the better. He then desired me to call every day at twelve, and we parted. So, here I am, at single anchor, ready to cut and run. As to money matters, I am extremely embarrassed; I have not a guinea. I think I must write to Carnot and demand a supply. I am sure I have reason to expect that much from the French Government; at the same time, God knows whether I shall get it or not, and at any rate it is cursed disagreeable to be obliged to make the application, but what can I do? Damn the money, for me; I wish it was in the bottom of the sea. This embarrassment is a drawback on the pleasure I should otherwise feel at the promising appearance of our business. Sat down and wrote two pages of a letter to my dearest life and love, informing her very obscurely of my success here, and of my having obtained the rank of *Chef de Brigade*, desiring her to sell off everything, and embark in the first vessel for Havre de Grâce. I will not finish my letter for a day or two, till I see how things turn out on one or two topics. I do not write to Rowan or Dr. Reynolds, because, as my last letters were intercepted and carried to England, I do not like to run any more risks. I forgot to mention in its place a trifling anecdote. The day I dined with Carnot, Hoche's aide-de-camp came up to me and asked me how I liked my reception in France. I vented some compliments on the nation: "Yes," replied he, "but you have been well received particularly." I answered, the French were ever remarked for their politeness and hospitality to strangers. He then struck at me directly: "Yes," said he, "but you are here on some private negotiation; you are accredited?" I looked up in his face with infinite good-humour and did not reply one word. He repeated his question, and I continued to smile on him with all possible stupidity; so he found he could make nothing of it, and, turning on his heel, left me. He was, I thought, a sad, impudent fellow.

July 18*th*. Rose early this morning and wrote a threatening

letter to Citizen Carnot, telling him "*if he did not put five pounds in a sartin place*——!!" It is written in French, and I have a copy. God forgive me for calling it French, for I believe, properly speaking, it is no language; however, he will understand that money is the drift of it, and that is the main point. Called at twelve on Clarke. At last he has got my brevet from the Minister at War. It is for the rank of Chef de Brigade, and bears date the 1st Messidor (June 19th). It remains now to be signed by Carnot and Lagarde, which will be done to-day, and to-morrow, at nine, I am to pass muster. "*To-morrow, I swear, by nine of the clock, I shall see Sir Andrew Barton, Knight.*" Clarke embraced me on giving me the brevet, and saluted me as a brother officer; so did Fleury, and my heart was so full, I could hardly reply to either of them. I am as proud as Punch. Who would have thought this, the day I left the Lough of Belfast? I would have thought it, and I did think it. That is manly and decided, as P. P. used to say. I now write myself Chef de Brigade, "*in any bill, bond, quittance, or obligation—Armigero.*" Huzza! Huzza! Let me have done with my nonsense and huzzaing, and mind my business. Clarke asked me, would we consent, in Ireland, to let the French have a direct interference in our Government? adding, that it might be necessary, as it was actually in Holland, where, if it were not for the continual superintendence of the French, they would suffer their throats to be cut again by the Stadtholder. I answered that undoubtedly the French must have a very great influence on the measures of our Government, in case we succeeded, but that I thought, if they were wise, they would not expect any direct interference; adding, that the most effectual way to have power with us, would be to appear not to desire it. I added that, for that reason, I hoped whoever was sent in the civil department, would be a very sensible, cool man, because a great deal would depend on his address. Clarke replied, "*We intend to send nobody but you.*" That stunned me a little. What could he mean? Am I to begin by representing the French Republic in Ireland, instead of representing the Irish Republic in France? "*I am puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors.*"

I must have this explained in to-morrow's conversation. Clarke then went on to say they had no security for what form of government we might adopt in case of success. I replied, I had no security to offer but my decided opinion that we would establish a Republic. He objected that we might establish an aristocratic Republic, like that of Genoa. I assured him the aristocracy of Ireland were not such favourites with the people that we should spill our blood to establish their power. He then said, "Perhaps, after all, we might choose a King; that there was no security against that but information, and that the people of Ireland were in general very ignorant." I asked him, in God's name, whom would we choose, or where would we go look for a King? He said, "Maybe the Duke of York?" I assured him that he, or his aide-de-camp, Fleury, who was present, had full as good, and indeed a much better chance, than his Royal Highness; and I added, that we neither loved the English people in general, nor his Majesty's family in particular, so well as to choose one of them for our King, supposing, what was not the case, that the superstition of royalty yet hung about us. As to the ignorance of our peasantry, I admitted it was in general too true, thanks to our execrable Government, whose policy it was to keep them in a state of barbarism; but I could answer for the information of the Dissenters, who were thoroughly enlightened and sincere republicans, and who, I had no doubt, would direct the public sentiment in framing a government. He then asked, was there nobody among ourselves that had any chance, supposing the tide should set in favour of monarchy? I replied, "Not one." He asked, "Would the Duke of Leinster, for example?" I replied, "No: that everybody loved and liked the Duke, because he was a good man, and always resided and spent his fortune in Ireland, but that he by no means possessed that kind of character or talents which might elevate him to that station." He then asked me again, "Could I think of nobody?" I replied, "I could not; that Lord Moira was the only person I could recollect who might have had the least chance, but that he had blown his reputation to pieces by accepting a command against France; and, after him, there

was nobody." "Well," said Clarke, "maybe, after all, you will choose one of your own leaders; who knows but it may be *yourself?*" I replied, we had no leaders of a rank or description likely to arrive at that degree of eminence; and, as to myself, I neither had the desire nor the talents to aspire so high. Well, that is enough of royalty for the present. We then, for the hundredth time, beat over the old ground about the priests, without, however, starting any fresh ideas; and I summed up all by telling him, that, as to religion, my belief was we should content ourselves with pulling down the Establishment without setting up any other; that we would have no State religion, but let every sect pay their own clergy voluntarily; and that, as to royalty and aristocracy, they were both odious in Ireland to that degree, that I apprehended much more a general massacre of the gentry, and a distribution of the entire of their property, than the establishment of any form of government that would perpetuate their influence; that I hoped this massacre would not happen, and that I, for one, would do all that lay in my power to prevent it, because I did not like to spill the blood, even of the guilty; at the same time, that the pride, cruelty, and oppression of the Irish aristocracy were so great, that I apprehended every excess from the just resentment of the people. The conversation ended here. Clarke gave me Hoche's address, and desired me to call on Fleury to-morrow, at nine, and that he would introduce me at the War Office, where I must pass review. From Clarke I went to the Luxembourg, where I had an audience of Carnot. I told him I was come, in the first place, to return him my acknowledgments for the high honour conferred on me by the Directory, in giving me the rank of *Chef de Brigade* in the armies of the Republic; and I mentioned that, as General Clarke had told me that I should probably be ordered to join my regiment at a day's notice, and as my resources were entirely exhausted, I had taken the liberty to address a short memorial to him, requesting a supply. He asked me, "Had I spoken to Clarke?" I said, not explicitly on that subject. He then ran his eyes over my letter and desired me to give it to Clarke, and that he would report upon it to him, and see what

was to be done. I then took my leave. Carnot's manner was very friendly, but I see no great certainty of the cash. I returned to Clarke, and wrote him a note enclosing my memorial, and requesting his good offices, &c.; adding, that if ever I reached my own country, and had it in my power to render any service to a friend of his, he might command me. That is a little stroke of intrigue. "*I have a thing in me that you want; you do me, I do you*," as Lofty says. All fair! All fair! Went in the evening boldly to the opera, as usual. Pleasant enough. Renaud and the Ballet de Psyche. Rousseau excellent in Renaud, as he is in everything. Poor little Chevigny fell in the ballet and sprained her ankle. I was in a fright, like a good soul as I am, for I thought she struck her breast against the steps of the altar, and that would have been a thousand pities, for she is a charming dancer.

July 19th. I am writing those memorandums at four o'clock in the morning, for sometimes I cannot sleep. I missed a famous quotation yesterday, in the manner of P. P. When I said that Carnot would collect that money was the object of my letter, I should have added, "*That I made him a harangue, of which the waiter understood not a single word but Brandy, on which he disappeared and returned in an instant with the noggin.*" Called on Fleury at nine o'clock, and walked with him to the War Office. When we arrived, found, like a couple of wise heads, that we had forgot my commission; so that business is postponed till to-morrow. He tells me the pay is 35 francs in cash, and 600 in mandats, per month, with three rations of meat, amounting to one and a half pounds, and three of bread, to four and a half, besides haricots, salt, and wood, to I know not what amount. But in God's name what shall I do with bread and meat? After all I fear I must consult Madgett, and that is what I do not wish to do. Well, well, I will wait, at all events, till to-morrow, when I will see what impression I can make upon Clarke concerning trade affairs. "Oh, if *the States General would but pay me what they owe me!*" I am exceedingly embarrassed with my rations. Went muzzing with Madgett in the evening. As we were walking through the Tuileries, who should we meet, full plump, but my old friend

Stone, of Hackney, walking with Helen Maria Williams,[1] authoress of the "Letters on France." I was fairly caught, for I have avoided Stone ever since my arrival, not that I know anything to his prejudice, but that I guard the *incognito*. He made me promise to call on him to-morrow, and as he is already acquainted with almost the whole of my history, I will tell him that I am here memorialising the French Government for some compensation for what I have suffered in their cause, and that if I succeed I mean to settle in France. That is the truth, but not the whole truth. Went on with Madgett, and drank punch; told him of my commission, having first sworn him to secrecy. What shall I do with my rations? To-morrow I will see Clarke, and learn what report he makes on my letter to Carnot. If they would pay me those £150, if would set me at my ease, but I doubt it very much. I want money sadly.

July 20th. Called at Clarke's, and saw Fleury, who gave me my brevet, signed by Carnot, and so now I am to all intents and purposes Chef de Brigade in the service of the Republic. Fleury is to bring me to-morrow at nine to the Commissaire Ordonnateur, to pass review, and from thence to the Treasury, to receive a month's pay, so *Vogue la galère!* Fleury also told me by Clarke's orders, another thing not quite so agreeable, viz., that Carnot's answer to my memorial was that he thought a month's pay, in advance, a handsome compensation; nevertheless, if I thought otherwise, he desired that I might signify to Clarke what I deemed reasonable. I desired Fleury to tell Clarke I would consider of it, and let him know the result to-morrow, or the day after. I do not think it at all a compensation. What is a month's pay; £3 2s. 6d. sterling. It is absolutely nothing. I will put it to Carnot, as a debt of honour, and let him pay it or not, as he pleases. As to my rations, I am quite at a loss to know how I shall manage with them. A Frenchman would soon settle it, but it is a different thing with a foreigner.

[1] [Helen Maria Williams (b. 1762, d. 1828) wrote several books about France: "Letters from France" (in favour of the Girondists), 1790–93; "Politics of France," 1795; "Manners and Opinions of the French Republic," 1801; "Narrative of Events in France," 1815.—ED.]

July 21st. Went to pass my review, with the Commissaire Ordonnateur; obliged to return for an order from the Minister of War, to receive my pay at Paris. Wrote to Clarke, putting my compensation to Carnot as a debt of honour, and gave my letter to Fleury.

July 22nd. Called at Clarke's on Fleury; coming out met General Hoche, who desired to see me to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock, in order to talk over our business, and settle about my leaving Paris. That looks like business. Huzza! huzza! I am always huzzaing, like a blockhead. Went to the Commissaire and passed my review; and from that to the Treasury, where the forms are terribly slow. I received for my month's pay, 35 francs in cash, 600 in mandats, worth to-day 24, and 300 in assignats, worth, I suppose, about 6d. It is no great things, but hang the money. Dined very pleasantly with Stone and Helen Maria Williams. All our politics English. Stone was very hearty, but H. M. Williams is Miss Jane Bull completely. I was quite genteel and agreeable. Wrote to Monroe, to know if I might, in case of necessity, draw on him for £50. Bed very early; thinking of my interview with Hoche.

July 23rd. Called on Hoche, at seven, and found him in bed, talking with two generals, whom I did not know. One is going to Italy, very much against the grain. General Sherlock called in. I collect, from what he said, that he is to be of our expedition, and that he does not know it himself yet. After they were gone, Hoche asked me, "When I would be ready to leave town?" I answered, I was at his orders, but wished, if possible, to have four or five days to make some little arrangements. He said, by all means; that he proposed leaving town in seven days himself, and that, if he could, he would give me a seat in his carriage, but if not, he would settle that I should travel with General Chérin, his most particular friend, who was to have a command in the business, but to whom, as yet, he had not opened himself on the subject. I made my acknowledgments, and asked him, at the same time, whether my appearance at headquarters might not give rise to some suspicions, from the circumstance of my being a foreigner? He replied, he

would settle me in a village near Rennes, his headquarters, where I should be *incognito*, and, at the same time, within his reach. I asked him then, was he apprised of the Directory having honoured me with the rank of Chef de Brigade? He replied he was, and made me his compliment. I then observed to him, I presumed I should be of most service in some situation near his person; that I spoke French, as he might observe, very imperfectly; nevertheless, I could make myself understood, and as he did not speak English, I might be useful in his communications with the people of Ireland. He replied, "Leave all that to me; as soon as you join, and that your regiment is formed, I will apply for the rank of Adjutant-General for you; that will place you at once in the État-Major, and besides, you must be in a situation where you may have a command, if necessary." I returned him a thousand thanks; and he proceeded to ask me, "Did I think it was likely that the men of property, or any of them, wished for a revolution in Ireland?" I replied, "Most certainly not," and that he should reckon on all the opposition that class could give him; that, however, it was possible that when the business was once commenced, some of them might join us on speculation, but that it would be sorely against their real sentiments. He then asked me, "Did I know Arthur O'Connor?"[1]

[1] [Arthur O'Connor was born at Mitchelstown, near Bandon, in the county Cork, in 1763. Educated at Trinity College, he was called to the Bar in 1788. Possessing independent means, he gave up his profession, entered Parliament in 1791, allied himself with Grattan and the popular party; but, despairing of constitutional redress, flung himself into the revolutionary movement in 1796, and became a member of the Executive of the United Irish Society. He took an active part in negotiating an alliance with France, and visited the Continent for that purpose with Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Twitted before the Secret Committee of the House of Lords in 1798 for his conduct in calling in foreign aid, he said, "The Executive were decidedly of opinion, that by the principles of the constitution, as established by the Revolution of 1688, they were justified in calling in foreign aid, and in resisting a Government which had forfeited all claims to obedience." The alliance with France was formed in August, 1796. In February, 1797, O'Connor was arrested for seditious libel, and imprisoned in Dublin Castle for six months. Then released he founded the *Press* newspaper, the organ of the United Irishmen in Dublin. Among his colleagues on the *Press* were William Lawless (afterwards a general in the French army), Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Oliver Bond. In January, 1798, O'Connor set

T. W. Hulfish

ARTHUR O'CONNOR.

From an Original Drawing by a French Artist

I replied, I did, and that I entertained the highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism. He asked me, "Did he not some time ago make an explosion in the Irish Parliament?" I replied, he made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that ever was made in that House. "Well," said he, "will he join us?" I answered, I hoped as he was "*foncièrement Irlandais*," that he undoubtedly would. So it seems O'Connor's speech is well known here. If ever I meet him, as I hope I may, I will tell him what Hoche said, and the character that he bears in France. It must be highly gratifying to his feelings. Hoche then went on to say, "There is a lord in your country (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing as I do what stuff our Irish peers are made of), he is son to a duke; is he not a patriot?" I immediately smoked my lover, Lord Edward Fitzgerald,[1] and gave Hoche a very good

out on a mission to France. In February he was arrested in Margate. On his person was found a military uniform, the key of a cipher correspondence with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and £900. He was tried for high treason at Maidstone in May. A brilliant array of witnesses came forward to testify to his character, and to protest their belief in his innocence—Lord Moira, Fox, Grattan, Sheridan, Erskine, and the Duke of Norfolk. He was acquitted, but immediately arrested on a new charge of treason, and ultimately sent back a prisoner to Dublin. He remained in prison until 1802. On his release he went to France, entered the French army, and became a General of Division in 1804. In 1807 he married the daughter of Condorcet, purchased an estate near Némours, and gave himself up to peaceful pursuits. He died at Bignon in 1852.—ED.]

[1] [Of all the United Irishmen, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was and is the popular idol. Robert Emmet comes next; but the first place belongs to the ill-fated Geraldine. Phillips, in "Curran and his Contemporaries," tells an anecdote illustrative of the affection in which Fitzgerald was held. "Many years after his death I saw a respectable-looking farmer gazing most earnestly after a youth who was riding down Sackville Street. His eyes soon filled with tears. Struck with the scene, I asked him who the young man was. '*Lord Edward's son*, sir,' was the answer. Poor fellow! he thought every one must know Lord Edward." Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the twelfth child of the first Duke of Leinster, was born in London in 1763. Entering the army, he became a lieutenant in the 26th Regiment in 1780. Soon afterwards he exchanged into the 19th, and in 1781 sailed with his new regiment for America. He distinguished himself during the American War, and was appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Rawdon. In 1783 he returned to Ireland and entered Parliament, living for the next two years at Blackrock, in the county Cork. In 1786 he entered the Military College at Woolwich; in 1787 spent some time in Spain and Portugal, and in 1788

account of him. He asked me then about the duke. I replied that I hoped for his assistance, or at least neutrality, if the business were once commenced. He then mentioned Fitzgibbon, of all men in the world. I endeavoured to do him justice, as I had to the others he spoke of, and I believe I satisfied Hoche that we will not meet with prodigious assistance from his Majesty's Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. He then asked me, "What quantity of arms would be necessary?" I replied the more the better, as we would find soldiers for as many firelocks as France would send us. He then told me he had demanded 80,000, but was sure of 50,000. That is a piece of good news. I answered, with 50,000 stand to begin with, we should soon have all the arms in the nation in our hands,

joined the 54th Regiment in Nova Scotia. Cobbett, who was a sergeant-major in the 54th, wrote of him in later years: "Lord Edward was a most humane and excellent man, and the only really honest officer I ever knew in the army." In 1790 he was once more in Ireland, and again a member of Parliament. In 1792 he visited France, sympathised with the Revolution, drank rebellious toasts, renounced his titles, and was dismissed the army. In the same year he married the beautiful Pamela, the ward, probably the daughter of Madame de Genlis. In 1793 he was once more in Ireland, and from his place in Parliament denounced the coercive measures of the Government. "The disturbances of the country," he said, "are not to be remedied by any coercive measures, however strong; . . . nothing can effect this, and restore tranquillity to the country, but a serious, a candid endeavour of Government and of this House to redress the grievances of the people." Despairing of constitutional agitation, he gradually drew towards the United Irish organisation, and in 1796 formally joined the movement. He immediately took a foremost place in the Society, and became in fact the military commander. Arrangements for taking the field on May 23, 1798, had been completed when a few days previously the house in which Lord Edward had for some time lay in concealment was surrounded by soldiers. Major Swann entered Lord Edward's room. He lay in bed suffering from temporary illness. Swann called on him to surrender. He refused. A fierce struggle ensued. Fitzgerald, dagger in hand, struck Swann to the ground. Captain Ryan came to the rescue of his comrade, levelled a pistol at Fitzgerald, it missed fire, and the second police officer fell mortally wounded by the desperate United Irishman. A third officer, Major Sirr, arrived upon the scene as Fitzgerald, still struggling in the grasp of Swann and Ryan, who had seized him around the legs, was forcing his way to the door. Sirr fired with effect, and Lord Edward, hit seriously in the shoulder, was disabled. He was conveyed under a strong guard of cavalry to prison, and there, after lingering in much pain from his wound, died on June 4, 1798.—ED.]

LORD EDW^D FITZGERALD.

from a Miniature by Horace Hone Copied from a portrait painted by him in 1796.

adding, that I had the strongest hopes that the militia, who composed the only real force in Ireland, would give us no opposition. "*Oh*," said he, "*pour l'opposition, je m'en f——;*" which the reader will not expect me to translate literally; but it was as much as to say that he disregarded it. He then asked me very seriously, did I apprehend any royalism or aristocracism in Ireland? I assured him I did not; that in case of a change we should most undoubtedly establish a Republic; and I mentioned my reasons, which seemed to satisfy him. He observed, however, as Clarke had done before, that even if Monarchy in Ireland were to be the result it would not alter the system on which France was proceeding, as the main object was to establish the independence of Ireland, under any form of Government, though undoubtedly she would prefer a Republic. We then spoke of the aristocracy of Ireland, and I assured him, as I had done Clarke, that what I apprehended was, not the aggrandisement, but the massacre of that body, from the just indignation of the people, whom they have so long and so cruelly oppressed, adding that it was what I sincerely deprecated, but what I feared was too likely to happen. He said, certainly the spilling of blood was at all times to be avoided, as much as possible; that he did conceive, in such explosions as that which was likely to take place in Ireland, it was not to be supposed but that some individuals would be sacrificed, but the less the better, and it was much wiser to secure the persons of those I mentioned, or to suffer them to emigrate to England, as they would, no doubt, be ready to do, than to put them to death; in which I most sincerely agreed, for I am like Parson Adams, "*I do not desire to have the blood even of the wicked upon me.*" Hoche mentioned also that great mischief had been done to the principles of liberty, and additional difficulties thrown in the way of the French Revolution by the quantity of blood spilled; "for," added he, "when you guillotine a man, you get rid of an individual, it is true, but then you make all his friends and connections enemies for ever to the Government." A sentence well worth considering. I am heartily glad to find Hoche of this humane temperament, because I hope I am humane myself, and trust we shall be able to prevent unneces-

sary bloodshed in Ireland, which I shall most sincerely exert my best endeavours to do. He then desired me to call on him every two or three days, at seven o'clock, at which time I might be sure to find him disengaged, adding that he did not wish to mix me with the crowd, and after several expressions of civility and attention on his part, all which I set down to the credit of my country, we parted. I like Hoche more and more. He is one of the finest fellows I ever conversed with, with a fine manly mind and a fine manly figure. On my return I found a very friendly answer from Monroe, inviting me to dinner for to-day in order to settle about trade affairs. I should have mentioned that Hoche asked me whether the Defenders had ever sent any one to France to make representations. I answered, I could not positively say, but I believed not, they being, for the most part, the peasantry of Ireland, and of course not having the means nor proper persons to send. At twelve I went and saw Clarke. We were both a little out of humour about my application for money; but our ill-temper was pointed against the Directory rather than against each other. He said he was sure they would give me nothing. I asked him then how was I to leave Paris in five or six days, as General Hoche had that morning given me orders to hold myself in readiness to do? This was "*Gr Gr Grimgribber*," to him. "Well," said he, "but you ask too much." So far from it, said I, that I ask nothing. I barely state how much I have spent of my own money, and leave it to Carnot's honour to determine what he thinks reasonable. "But I do not see," continued he, "how it is to be done, or on what fund." I answered, I came by order of De la Croix, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and of Adet, the Ambassador of the Republic in America; which last had offered me money for my expenses—an offer which I had refused; some proof that I did not want to extort on them; that the natural way was, therefore, to give an order to De la Croix, to make me such compensation as the Directory might think fit. Clarke then "*began to complain of the scarcity of silver, which I improved by complaining of the scarcity of gold, and we both agreed that money never was so scarce as at present.*" Damn it, sempiternally for money! I am sure I wished a thousand times

that there was not a guinea in the world. At last Clarke said he would speak again to Carnot, but I confess I see no great hopes, which is pleasant. I made many fine reflections in my own mind, during this spar, on the gratitude of nations, &c. However, after all, I am a Chef de Brigade, about to be an Adjutant-General. By what I see, however, we are like to reap more glory than profit in this business. "*I beseech you, Sir John, let me have* 500 *out of my* 1,000." "*That may not be, Master Shallow.*" Well, my own country will pay me, some time or other, so *allons!* I then took Clarke up on our conversation of the 18th, relative to a direct interference on the part of France. I said if he meant, by that, to admit a representative of the Republic into any part of our Government, it was what France ought not to expect, nor we to grant. That France would certainly have a great influence, but the surest way to keep it would be not to assume it. That what he said of Holland did not apply to us. The French had conquered Holland, and had a right, if they pleased, to throw it into the sea, but it was not so with Ireland. We rather resembled the situation of America in the last war. Clarke seemed satisfied with all this, and I proceeded to ask him, had they thought of a person to reside near the future Irish Government? He said General Hoche would be there. I replied, he would be moving about, but I meant a sort of Chargé d'Affaires, who should be stationary. Clarke replied, undoubtedly a proper person would be sent. I said I hoped the French Government would be very delicate in their choice, and send a man of great temper and discretion, as much would depend on his conduct. I then observed that Clarke had often asked me what security Ireland would give that, if her independence was once established, she might not forget her obligations to France, and perhaps hereafter be found leagued with her enemies. To which I offered him as the only security our honour as gentlemen. Now I begged leave, in return, to ask him what security he had to give us, that if England offered to renounce everything, provided France would sacrifice us, France would not accept the offer? He answered in my own words, "Our honour as gentlemen," and assured me, in the strongest manner, France would be, as I believe myself, incapable of such

conduct. I asked him then, whether he thought, if our Government was once organised, we could borrow money in Spain or Holland? He said he doubted it very much, that Holland had no money, and Spain very little. If so, we must only make assignats, and then mandats, like our betters. It is now two o'clock, and I must go dress for dinner at Monroe's. "*Fine times, Mr. Rigmaroll.*" Nothing but generals and ambassadors. Well, I shall be one or the other, and perhaps both, one of these *odd come shortly's*. Dinner at Monroe's. Very pleasant. Mrs. Monroe, a pretty little woman, with very white teeth. After dinner, went with Monroe into his cabinet. He tells me he is just now poor, but he offered to supply me to the amount of £50, in sums of ten or fifteen as I might want it, or else desired me to go to Skipwith, the Consul for the United States, and see if he would give me cash for my bill on Philadelphia, which he would guarantee, or for one to the same amount on himself, at a short date, which he would accept. He offered me at the same time ten louis for my current expenses. All this is very handsome in Monroe. After thanking him, I told him I would avail myself of his permission to try Skipwith, but that I was not in any difficulties for some days to come, and consequently refused, with many acknowledgments, the money he offered me. He goes out of town to-night for two days; on the third I am to call on him, and, in the meantime, see the Consul, so called *a consulendo*, because I mean to consult him. Once for all, damn the money for me! I will make no more memorandums about it, that's flat. It degrades the dignity of my history. This is a long day's journal, nine pages, and it is now but six o'clock. I have run through a good deal of business to-day besides writing these nine pages. I had like to forgot that Hoche showed me my proclamation printed and signed by himself. It is the one intended for distribution, and I think it will be found to be an honest one.

July 24th. No business. In the evening the opera, as usual. *Œdipe à Colone.* More and more delighted with that piece, and especially with Adrien in Œdipe. *Psyche*, the ballet, with Duchemin, a charming little woman in *Psyche*. I do love the spectacles of Paris dearly, and how much more should I enjoy them if I had

the society of my dearest love! Well, I hope I shall not die till I find myself in a *loge* with her, Miss Mary, and P. P.; that may happen yet.

July 25th. Running about all this morning on trade affairs. Damn it! Saw Clarke; he tells me I am to travel with Hoche, and that we set off the 30th, in five days. Huzza! To be sure I am not proud of that. Called at Monroe's; the Secretary tells me there is a person arrived this week, who has a letter for me. My heart is up in my mouth. Please God I will run off the minute I swallow my dinner. I am in a frenzy till I get my letter. I have not had one line since I left New York, now six months. How is my dearest life and soul, and our darling little babies? The little things; my life lies in those children. Well, I hope I shall hear news of them to-night. Poor little Will, and my Fantom, and my girl that I dote upon, and their darling mother. Oh that I had my letter! Oh that I had my letter! (*Evening.*) My lover gone out; left a note, that I would call to-morrow at eleven, and desiring him to leave the letter for me in case he should be obliged to go out before that time. I know nothing that agitates me so much as an incident of this kind. I am projecting all possible kinds of accidents and misfortunes; it is terrible; I will not torment myself any longer, that's flat. I will go walk in the Champs Elysées to dissipate my chagrin. Home; early bed!

July 26th. Up at six, and called on Hoche at seven; he was gone out, so I had my walk for nothing. "*I hope my early rising will do me no harm.*" I want to settle with him about our journey. Called at eleven on Colonel Fulton, and got my letter, which is from Hamilton Rowan; it is dated March 30th, nearly four months since, at which date all my family were well. He tells me also that my brother Matthew arrived in America in December last; that gives me most unspeakable satisfaction, as he will be a protection for my wife and family during my absence, or in case of the worst happening to me in this contest wherein I am about to embark. My mind is now as much at ease as I can rationally expect it to be for some time to come. I look on this letter as a good omen before my departure. Met Aherne for the first time

God knows when. He tells me that rascal Duckett is telling all the world that there is to be an invasion of Ireland, and that he has it from Clarke and General Hoche, with whom he is in confidence; and is not this most dreadfully provoking! Here I have doomed myself to a rigorous solitude for six months, to avoid the possibility of alarm, and now a blackguard is sounding the trumpet, and proclaiming the business to all the world. I will call on Clarke to-morrow, and abuse him for his indiscretion in opening himself, as I know he has done, and I believe Hoche also, to such a scoundrel. It is vexatious beyond all bearing. I am in a rage. Met my *compagnon de voyage*, D'Aucourt, with whom I lodged on my first arrival: he was very civil, and tells me he is applying for the rank of Chef de Brigade, to be sent out to the West Indies. Well, other people are Chef de Brigade as well as he, but he does not know that. In the evening the opera, as usual. *Iphigénie en Aulide*, by Gluck; it is the best of the operas here. Madame Cheron is delightful in Iphigénie, but I have praised her already. *Télémaque*, the ballet. Vestris took leave of Paris for some time, as he goes, I am told, to London. He exerted himself of course, and was, to be sure, astonishing. Madame Gardel (*ci-devant* Millière), in Eucharis, made her first appearance after a long indisposition; she is incontestably the first female dancer in the world; I am delighted with her, and she is as ugly as possible. Heigho! I shall soon bid "*adieu to the village delights.*" I know not how it is, I have spent five dreary months in Paris without forming one connection, male or female, that I care a farthing about, or that cares a farthing about me, yet I find myself low-spirited, now that I am about to quit it; that is curious enough, but I have often had occasion to remark the same sentiment. I am as dull to-night as a cat.

July 27th. Clarke tells me this morning that the Directory have ordered me three months' pay. That is "*tant de pris sur l'ennemi*," but I am forced to borrow £50 from Monroe, which grieves me sorely, for it is breaking in still more on the sacred funds of my little family. It is, however, unavoidable, and so "*what can't be cured must*," *&c.* I cannot go down to quarters without some

money in my pocket. Went to the Champ de Mars to see the Fête de la Liberté: very superb, but I am not now in a humour to relish *fêtes*. I want to be off, and my impatience is growing greater the more the time approaches. Paris is as bad to me now as Havre was the first week of my arrival. "*Pardonez princesse à mon impatience.*" I hate to be going; apropos, it is extremely attentive of Hoche to take me with him; I believe I am not sufficiently sensible of it. The fact is, I am surprised myself at the *sang-froid* with which I regard the progress of my business here, so infinitely beyond my expectations. I had very little expectation of success the day I left Sandy Hook, and in fact I came merely to discharge a duty. Things have turned out miraculously, to be sure. Think of my being at a council of war with Carnot, and Hoche, and Clarke, of my rank of Chef de Brigade, of my travelling now with Hoche, besides what yet may follow! It is absolutely like a romance. There is one thing I must say for myself. On reviewing my conduct in France I do not see an indiscretion with which I have to charge myself. I think in my conscience I have conducted myself very well. I have, to be sure, laboured very hard in this business. "*Damn me, I was none of your guinea pigs; I have served all offices aboard, from cook's shifter to the command of a vessel. Here, you Tunley, there's the hand of a seaman, you dog.*" There is another thing I wish to remark here. I owe unspeakable obligations, and such as I can never repay, to my masters of the General Committee; I have, in consequence, never lost sight of their honour or their interests here, as will appear from my memorials delivered to the Executive Directory, in which I have endeavoured to make them the basis of the National Legislature. If that succeeds, I shall have been instrumental in throwing a great game into their hands, and I hope and believe they will have talents and spirit to support it. At any rate, I have, I think, done my duty by them, and in part at least acquitted the debt of gratitude I owed them. I will never forget their behaviour to me in the hour of my persecution, and their heroic refusal to sacrifice me at the requisition of Grattan and the Whigs. If I contribute to seat them in the places of the aforesaid Whigs, it will be a proof that with parties, I

may say with nations, as well as with individuals, honour and honesty will ever be found to be ultimately the true policy. But let me not be preaching so much about myself. I want to be off! I want to be off! "*I think there be six Richmonds in the field.*" I do not see what the deuce that applies to, but no matter. "*A horse! A horse! my kingdom for a horse!*"

July 28th. Called on Hoche early, and saw him for a minute. I travel with him, and we set off on the 31st. That is a day later than I hoped. I am to see him again the day after to-morrow. Saw Clarke. Nothing new there. I am to get my order for three months' pay to-morrow. Called at Skipwith's, the American Consul, who gave me £50, for which I gave him a bill on Doctor Reynolds, in Philadelphia, for £55. I would have given one for £65 rather than go without the money. I am now ready to march. I see the Orange-boys are playing the devil in Ireland. I have no doubt it is the work of the Government. Please God, if I get safe into that country, I will settle those gentlemen, and their instigators also, more especially. *Fête de la Liberté* in the evening. The crowd most astonishing. I never saw anything like it, and I was heartily glad to remark that every one seemed perfectly pleased and satisfied. It is the first *fête* I have seen into the spirit of which the people seemed fairly to enter.

July 29th. Running about all the morning, making arrangements for my departure.

July 30th. Called on General Hoche. He tells me I am to travel with General Chérin, Chef de l'État-Major, and that we set off about the 12th of next month. I had rather set off this morning. He desired me to call on Chérin, and present myself as the person of whom he had spoken, which I did accordingly, but Chérin was gone out. Called at the War Office, and got an order for three months' pay. Dined with Madgett, and went in the evening to the opera. *Castor*, a dull piece, and very heavy music, by Rameau. I did not like it at all. I should have mentioned that I gave yesterday to Skipwith a packet directed to Holmes and Raines, Philadelphia, containing two letters, one for Hamilton Rowan, and the other for my dearest love, in which I repeat my

orders for the removal of my family and property with all possible speed to France. Skipwith promised me to put them in a way of going with speed and security, so I am in hopes they will have better fortune than my last.

July 31*st. Received my pay,* "*and are all as drunk as so many swabbers.*" I insist upon it that is a very good quotation, from Rigdum Funnidis. The monotony of my life just now will appear from the stupidity of those memorandums, and especially from the dulness of my jokes. I cannot express how much I long to be "*en route.*"

August 1*st.* (Sings) "*Oh, merry be the first, and merry be the last, and merry be the first of August.*" This is a sprightly beginning, however. I am plaguy musical this morning, but God knows the heart. Called on Clarke from mere idleness, did not see him; but, coming out, met General Hoche, who took me in his carriage to General Chérin, with whom I am to travel. On the way I told Hoche that I hope the glory was reserved for him to amputate the right hand of England for ever; and I mentioned the immense resources in all respects, especially in men and provisions, which Ireland furnished to that country, and of which I trusted we were now on the eve of depriving her. Hoche observed that his only anxiety was about finding subsistence for the troops. I replied that, as to that, I hoped there would be no difficulty; that it was Ireland which victualled the navy, the West Indies, and the foreign garrisons of England; and I reminded him of what I had before told him, that, in the late scarcity, so far from difficulties at home, she exported vast quantities of corn to that country. I might have added, but it did not occur to me, that we are now on the eve of harvest, so I am sure we will find abundance of everything. I went on to say that my difficulty was not how to subsist, but how to get there, for that I dreaded that eternal fleet. Hoche laid his hand on my arm and said, "*Ne craignez rien, nous y irons; vous pouvez y compter; ne craignez rien.*" I answered, that being so, I had not a doubt of our success. Hoche then asked me, "Who were those Orange-boys?" I explained it to him, adding that, as to them, it was an affair of no consequence, which we would settle

in three days after our arrival. "Oh," said he, "*ce n'est rien.*" I then told him I hoped he would take care to have a sufficiency of cannoniers and artillery, of which we were quite unprovided. "You may depend upon it," said he, "that I will bring enough, and of the best, particularly the *artillerie légère.*"

He then asked me had we many great plains in Ireland ; I said not ; that, in general, the face of the country was intersected with fences, and I described the nature of an Irish ditch and hedge to him. By this time we arrived at Chérin's, who was indisposed and in bed. I was introduced by Hoche, and I remember now he is one of the generals with whom I dined at Carnot's. After a short conversation, in which it was fixed that we set off from the 7th to the 10th, I took my leave, Hoche and Chérin desiring me to call on them in the meantime, without the ceremony of sending up my name, which is civil of them. So now I have "*les petites entrées.*"

August 2nd, 3rd. Blank. My time drags just now most horribly.

August 4th. Called on General Hoche. No news. He tells me that it may be the 16th or 17th before we set off, which is desolation to me. "*My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.*" He tells me also, that when we get to Rennes, he and I will settle the proclamation. I mentioned to him, that as we would arrive in the middle of harvest, there could be no doubt about our finding subsistence. He answered he had thought of that himself. Called on Chérin twice, and saw him for about a moment. I cooled my heels in his antechamber for above an hour; but that is only a petty mortification. I always find the subalterns greater men than the principals. One thing I must keep in mind. As I have begun by dancing attendance on others, if ever I arrive at any situation, I must remember the anxiety and vexation I suffered in my time, and not give myself airs. Called on Clarke. I am out of luck to-day. He was engaged, and could not see me, so I left my name. Altogether, I am out of humour. I believe it is the delay of our departure which has vexed me. Chérin tells me we shall set off the 16th or 17th. Damn it.

August 5th. Blank. Terrible! Terrible! I feel myself abso-

lutely sick at those delays. Dined with Madgett and three other Irishmen in the Champs Elysées. Stupid as a horse. Everybody is talking of our business. I hear of it from fifty different quarters. That is most terribly provoking.

August 6th. Blank. Damn it! I am weary of complaining that I am weary. I will not make another memorandum until something happens—that's flat.

August 7th, 8th. Saw Hoche and Chérin together this morning. Both very civil, and no news. Hoche, I believe, sets off the 11th.

August 9th, 10th. Fêtes to celebrate the anniversary of the subversion of royalty in France. Foot-racing, horse-racing, and running at the ring in the Champ de Mars. The Directory, Ministers, and constituted authorities assisted in grand costume, with the foreign ambassadors. It was a delicious evening. The prizes were all military—sabres, pistols, and carbines, of the manufactory of Versailles. This is exactly as it should be. The concourse of people was immense, and I was very glad to observe that everybody seemed pleased and happy. When the Directory rose from their place to retire, the people forced the sentinels, and got into the centre, in order to see them. I was delighted to observe that circumstance, which I look upon as by no means trifling. After the exercises in the Champ de Mars were over, the people retired *en masse* to the *Champs Elysées*, where there was a most magnificent illumination and fireworks. I never saw anything so brilliant in the way of *coup d'œil.* The Muscadins and elegant women of Paris made it a point to stay away, but nobody missed them. The French enjoy these kind of spectacles better than any people on earth, and, for my part, I never was more amused and gratified than in observing the spectators. Altogether, I spent a very pleasant, I might almost say a happy day.

August 11th, 12th, 13th. Saw Chérin this morning; he tells me it may be ten days yet before we get off. Hell! hell! hell! How shall I get over these eternal delays? Hoche set off yesterday.

August 14th, 15th. Put on my regimentals for the first time; as pleased as a little boy in his first breeches; foolish enough, but not

unpleasant. Walked about Paris to show myself; huzza! *Citoyen Wolfe Tone, Chef de Brigade* in the service of the Republic! Opera in the evening. Lays, incomparable in Panurge; Mme. Guenet a charming singer; Mme. Gardel and Nivelon, in the *pas russe*, inimitable; it is worth a voyage from Ireland to America, and from America to Paris, to see that single dance. I think now I have got on regimentals I begin to write like a very pretty gentleman. There is a strong report, and I believe a true one, that Hammond, who was Ambassador from England to the United States, is now at Calais, with some proposals for peace on the part of the English Ministry. I do not at all apprehend that anything will come of it; it is a manœuvre of Pitt's, in order to prepare for meeting the new Parliament with a declaration that he has been ready, on his part, to make peace, but that the pride and haughtiness of the French Government would listen to no conditions but such as were dishonourable to England. John Bull is not at all beaten into his senses as yet. For my part I do not see how it is possible for France or England to make peace, preserving their respective Governments; I think one or other must go down; I do not speak of the nations, but merely of the Governments.

August 16th to 20th. The gaps in my journal will demonstrate how my time hangs on my hands. Called on General Chérin this morning; found him very courteous; he tells me we shall certainly set off in ten days—viz., the 30th. Well, ten days more; however, "*'Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain.*" He tells me also that a *valet de chambre* has presented himself to be hired with him, who speaks English, and has lately been through England, Scotland, and Ireland; that he has not at all the appearance or manners of a domestic, and that he (Chérin) suspects that he may be an emissary, slipped at him as a spy. It is very probable. He promises to send him to me, on a message, in two or three days, in order that I may sift him as to his knowledge of England, &c. *À la bonne heure.* I see in the papers, and hope it is true, that the French Admiral Richery has sailed from Cadiz, in company with a powerful Spanish squadron. If that be so, it will probably

bring matters to a crisis between England and Spain. If they pick up the Brest squadron, and the Dutch fleet, now lying in the Texel, I think they must be an over-match for anything John Bull can produce against them. If that were so, huzza! huzza! (Sings) "*How merrily we live, that soldiers be, that soldiers, soldiers be.*" I am vastly musical and engaging this evening, methinks ; but "*God knows the heart.*"

August 21st, 22nd, 23rd. Met Chérin to-day driving about in his cabriolet ; he stopped me, and asked me was I ready to set off? I answered, "In five minutes, and that I only waited for his orders." He then desired me to call on him to-morrow at eleven, in order to settle about our departure ; so perhaps we may set off before the 30th. The armies continue victorious in all quarters. The news —at least the report of to-day—is that Richery and the Spaniards are before Lisbon, and that a French army is in full march across Spain, in order to enter Portugal ; that would be a blow to Master John Bull fifty times worse than the affair of Leghorn. Why the unhappy Portuguese did not make their peace at the same time with Spain I cannot conceive, except, as was most probably the case, they durst not consult their own safety for fear of offending the English. What an execrable nation that is, and how cordially I hate them ! If this affair of Portugal is true, there will not remain one port friendly to England from Hamburg to Trieste, and probably much farther both ways. It is impossible she can stand this long. Well, if the visitation of Providence be sometimes slow, it is always sure. If our expedition succeeds, I think we will give her the *coup de grâce*, and make her pay dear for the rivers of blood she has made to flow in our poor country, her massacres, her pillages, and her frauds ; "*Allors, ce sera nôtre tour.*" We shall see ! We shall see ! Oh that I were, this fine morning, at the head of my regiment on the Cave Hill ! Well, all in good time.

August 24th. Saw Chérin ; our departure is fixed for the first September. "*The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee !*" "*Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.*" He asked me to dine with him the day before we set off. Saw the servant of whom he

spoke to me; found nothing suspicious about him; yet, after all, he may be a rogue. It is seven days yet at least to our departure. Damn it for me!

August 25th. The report to-day is, that Spain has declared war against England, and that the declaration, to speak technically, contains sixty-three counts. I hope in God it is true.

August 26th to 31st. Blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, blank.

September 1st. Blank.

September 2nd. Here I am yet. Well, it does not signify swearing, so "*'Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain.*" To divert the spleen which is devouring me, I have been, for some days past, throwing memorandums of my life and opinions on paper, from recollection. They are very ill done, and probably inaccurate in the dates, but they are better than nothing. I have already filled nearly two books as big as this. Saw Chérin to-day. He knows no more about our departure than I do, but he promised me faithfully to write a pressing letter to Hoche on the subject.

September 3rd, 4th, 5th. Called on Chérin; he knows nothing farther than that Colonel Shee, a relation of Clarke's, is gone down to Rennes. He advised me to call on Clarke; came home in a rage, and wrote a letter to Clarke, supplicating an order for my immediate departure, which I gave to his aide-de-camp, Fleury.

September 6th, 7th, 8th. This evening received a note from Chérin, informing me that he had received a letter from General Hoche, and desiring to see me in the morning, so at last I hope we are about to move. I never suffered so much *ennui* in all my life as since Hoche's departure, which is now almost a month. Scribbling now and again at my memoirs, which I have brought down to the beginning of 1792; stupid enough; but when my mind is agitated, as it is at present, I can neither read, write, nor think. I hope in God I am at last going to act; it is high time, but it is no fault of mine that I did not begin long since. Well, better late than never.

September 9th. Called on Chérin; he promises, positively, that we set off on the 13th, and desires me to call on him the 12th in

the morning to receive his definitive orders; so, at last, I hope I am about to move.

September 12th. Called on Chérin by appointment; he is gone to the country for two or three days. Hell! hell! hell!

September 13th, 14th, 15th. At last I have brought Chérin to the point; he has received a courier last night from General Hoche, and tells me now I may set off with the first courier, or wait a few days for him, but I am tired waiting. I wrote, therefore, by his direction a note to the Minister at War, praying an order to depart, with the first courier, for Rennes, and he has promised to get it for me by to-morrow. Huzza!

September 16th. Got my order and presented it to the Directors of the post. There is a courier for to-morrow, with whom I secured my place; packed up my kit as gay as a lark.

September 17th. Took leave of Madgett, Aherne, and Sullivan; wrote two letters of acknowledgment to Carnot and De la Croix, thanking them for their kindness, &c. At three o'clock in the afternoon left Paris. It is now exactly seven months and five days since I arrived there—a very important era in my life: whether it was for good or evil to my country and to myself, the event must determine; but I can safely say I have acted, all through, to the very best of my conscience and judgment, and I think I have not conducted myself ill. I certainly did not expect, on my arrival, to have succeeded as well as I have done; and I have been under some difficulties at times, having not a soul to advise or communicate with. I have now done with Paris, at least for some time, and God knows whether I shall ever revisit it; but, at all events, I shall ever look back on the time I spent there with the greatest satisfaction. I believe there is no part of my conduct that I need wish to recall, at least with regard to business. As to pleasure or amusement, I had very little. I formed, and endeavoured to form, no connections. I visited and was visited by nobody, French or foreigner, and left Paris, after seven months' residence, without being acquainted with a single family. That is singular enough. The theatres formed my grand resource against the monotony of my situation; but, on the whole, I passed my time dull enough. Well,

if ever I return, I will make myself amends. I am now like the Turkish spy, "*who passed forty-five years at Paris without being known or suspected.*" I dare say Mr. Pitt knew I was there, as close as I kept; if he did, it was by no fault or indiscretion of mine. It is singular enough that, having passed my time in a manner so monotonous, and not leaving behind me a single person whom, on the score of personal regard, I had reason to regret, I yet quit Paris with something like reluctance. But I made that remark before. *Allons!* I am now afloat again: let us see what will come of this voyage.

CHAPTER V.

FRENCH HELP FOR IRELAND.

September 18th, 19th. On the road—no adventures. Passed the second day through the country of the Chouans ; it is delicious ; as well wooded as New Jersey, of which it often put me in mind. The second night, for we travelled night and day, "*fear fell upon me.*" How if the Chouans were to stop the mail, as they have sometimes done? Looked at my sabre and pistols, and was consoled. Determined to die hard in case of a battle ; for I knew there was no quarter with those brigands. Luckily, all quiet. Did not see a single Chouan. Huzza !—Travelling a bad business. I hate it. Never made a tour completely to my satisfaction but with P. P. He is, indeed, an agreeable companion in a post-chaise : I wish he were beside me in the mail instead of this beast of a courier. Well, we may meet yet, and so "*'Tis but in vain,*" &c.

September 20th. At three this morning arrived at Rennes, having passed three nights agreeably without sleep. "*A hundred and twenty miles in thirty-four hours is pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.*" I do not think that quotation any great things myself, but let it pass. "*Well, now I am in Arden ; the more fool I ; when I was at home I was in a better place.*" Went to bed, and slept like a dragon till eleven. Rose and sent for my adjoint, Mac Sheehy, who has been here some days. He tells me all is going on, as he believes, prosperously. General Hoche is gone out fishing, and does not return till night. I am glad Hoche is a fisherman, because I am one myself. Wrote a note to let him know I am arrived, and gave it to Mac Sheehy to deliver. Dined alone, deliciously, and drank a bottle of excellent claret, with divers patriotic and constitutional toasts. Thought of P. P. and

my dearest love a thousand times. I am as pleased as Punch to find myself in quarters at last. "*Good apartments, Jack.*" Went in the evening to the Comédie : *bitter bad!* The piece was, to my great surprise, Addison's Drummer, very tolerably translated ; and I was glad to see the French enjoy it extremely, especially Mr. Vellum. I remember Vellum used to be P. P.'s "*grand cheval de bataille*," and furnished him with divers inimitable quotations. "*The gift is twofold*," and "*A thundering dog.*" I delight to recall the nonsense that P. P. and I have vented together ; and I would this night gladly give one-half of the contents of my purse—which, indeed, to speak candidly, is no enormous sum—for the pleasure of his company. "*Ah! these were fine times, Mr. Rigmaroll!*" Well, I do love the dog dearly, that is the truth of it. I am tired now, so I will go to bed, and try to recover the arrears of sleep which are due to me.

September 21st. Called on General Hoche, and sat with him for about a quarter of an hour ; very civil, but no news as yet. I am to be for some time Mr. Smith, an American. He asked me about Duckett, who is here, it seems. I said I neither knew nor intended to know him, and mentioned his prating at Paris to all his acquaintance about his influence with General Clarke, and with Hoche himself. So now, if Hoche puts any confidence in this fellow, at least it is not my fault. Hoche spoke obscurely, as if there were somebody here who knew and wished to see me ; but I did not press him for an explanation, and he did not offer it. A few days may show more. Called on Colonel Shee, uncle to General Clarke, who is here. He tells me he was stopped on this side of Laval, at two o'clock in the day, by seven Chouans, who robbed him of every article of his property, except a box of papers relating to our business, which he was bringing to Hoche, and which escaped their search, as it were by miracle. It was most fortunate! This was but a few days since ; so I have had a good escape. I doubt if I should be able, single-handed, to conquer seven Chouans, armed with firelocks, as he tells me his lovers were. They offered him no personal injury, and he has learned since that the favour was not intended for him, but for a Commissary, who was expected to

pass, with money to pay the troops. Dined at headquarters with the staff, Hoche, Hédouville, Mermet, &c. All very slovenly and unsoldier-like, but nobody minds a dirty plate or thing of that kind here. *À la guerre, comme à la guerre*, as the French say.

September 22nd. This being the first Vendémiaire, and of course the first day of the fifth year of the French Republic, *one, indivisible, and imperishable*, we had a grand review of the troops in the Champ de Mars, with horse-racing, &c., and speeches from the constituted authorities. After the review I met Hoche. He asked me, "Did I hear the cannonade?" I said I did. "Aye," said he, "you will soon hear enough of that." I answered, "The sooner the better." In the evening at the Comédie, to see a new piece, written by Privat, one of Hoche's aides-de-camp, on the termination of the war in La Vendée, in which he introduced some apposite and well-timed compliments to the General and the Republic. The characters were filled by the young men of the État-Major, and it went off very well. The theatre was free for the ladies of the town, and, after the play, there was a grand ball at the *Hôtel de Ville*, given by Hoche, for which I had a ticket; but unluckily I was not well, so instead of going to the ball, I came home and went to bed, which was a pity; for,

> "With my hat so well cock'd, and my hair so well curl'd,
> I look'd like a man of the very first world."

I believe that quotation is not correct; but no matter, it is as good as one of P. P.'s quotations, at any rate.

September 23rd. At work all the morning with Colonel Shee making an analysis of the distribution of the troops actually in Ireland. The General called in, and sat with us half an hour. Dined as usual with the État-Major. I am now, to all intents, one of the family, and I like it of all things. (Sings) "*How merrily we live that soldiers be*," &c. I have got rooms at headquarters, and moved my kit accordingly. We are all lodged in the palace of the *ci-devant* Bishop of Rennes, a superb mansion, but not much the better of the Revolution. The chapel, for example, is converted into a stable; and divers other changes of a like nature have taken

place. I do not know but I sleep to-night in his lordship's bed-chamber. Colonel Shee asked me to-day did I know *Duckett?* I said to him, as I had said to Hoche, that I neither knew him nor desired to know him, for that I believed him to be a blackguard. Shee answered, it was exactly his own intention; that Duckett had made two or three sets at him, but that he had always avoided him. He added that Duckett had told several people that he was sent here by the committee of nine, who manage the affairs of the Catholics, as their Plenipotentiary. The impudence of this last stroke did, to be sure, astonish me. I answered that Duckett was a scoundrel, and if he were to tell so outrageous a lie in my presence, that I would knock him down on the spot. I also besought him to put Hoche on his guard, particularly as to this last story, offering, at the same time, to confront him before the General, and compel him to tell the truth. Shee answered, that was unnecessary; for that he was sure Hoche saw through him completely. But I am not yet satisfied; and I believe I will take an opportunity myself to set this matter on its right footing. Damn the impudence of the rascal! My brother Ambassador! Marry come up, indeed! I'll *Duckett* him, the scoundrel, if I can catch him fairly in my grip.

September 24th. Walked with Colonel Shee in the garden. He tells me that Hoche has selected the *élite* of the Army of the Ocean, which consisted of 117,000 men, for our expedition; that the arms and everything were ready, and that we are waiting only on the marine. He also spoke as if in a fortnight or more we might put ourselves in motion; but I did not press him for specific information. The season is slipping away fast through our fingers. However, I believe they are doing their bast.

September 25th. Walked as usual in the garden with Col. Shee. I turned the discourse upon my own situation, and that which I had filled in Ireland. Shee told me that both the Executive Directory and General Hoche were perfectly satisfied as to who and what I was, through a channel which he was not at liberty to inform me of, but that I might be perfectly easy on the score of my credit. I answered that I was extremely glad they had satisfied

themselves as to my veracity, and that I dreaded no investigation or scrutiny into my character or principles. I added that I was the better pleased at this, inasmuch as I did not know but I might appear to them in the same light with that scoundrel Duckett who is here. He assured me again that they were perfectly assured that I had said nothing of myself but the strict truth. He added that he had spoken to Hoche about Duckett, and that Hoche said he would send him back to Paris instantly, but that he desired to keep the fellow here until the last moment, and then despatch him. I was very glad to hear this, because I disliked exceedingly the idea of such a rascally adventurer thrusting himself into our business. However, he is now, I believe, sufficiently known, and of course can do no mischief. We then spoke in general of our expedition, which is delayed entirely by the marine. The General sets off to-morrow for Brest to hurry them ; and as he has extraordinary powers, I am in hope that he will work *Messieures les Commissaires.* I collect from Shee's discourse that we will have 1,000 cavalry ready to mount, but the Irish must find horses. I do not yet know the number of our infantry. At dinner, Privat, one of Hoche's aides-de-camp, and author of the piece which was played the other night, told me that Hoche and he were private soldiers in the Gardes Françaises, and were made corporals together on the same day. He also told me that Hoche's *coup de sabre* was received in a duel with a fellow-soldier.

September 26th. The General set off this morning for Brest. I hope in God he may hurry those fellows. I dread the equinoctial gales passing over and finding us unprepared. By Shee's discourse I fancy it is intended that we shall make a race for it. Happy-go-lucky in that case. I was in hopes the Spanish fleet would have joined us at Brest, but he tells me they are returned to Cadiz, after escorting Richery to some unknown latitude. Damn their foolish souls, they will be beaten, and the French also in detail ; whereas, if they were instantly to join, their united fleets in the Channel would be stronger than anything England could for some time oppose to them, and a week would be sufficient for our business. If they let this occasion escape them, as I fear they will, they need

never expect to meet such another. I am in the horrors to-day. Well, let us see what Hoche's expedition will produce. He will be absent five or six days. Brest is 180 miles from this. Time, time! At all events, for me the die is cast, and I am utterly desperate as to the event. Come what come may; I have done, and am doing my duty; and if I fall I fall. I have not on that score the smallest burthen on my mind. A short time now must, I think, put me at least out of uncertainty; and I am sure that the worst that can befall cannot be much more painful than the state of suspense and anxiety in which I have so long languished. Once again "*courage.*" Let us see what Hoche will say on his return.

September 27th. The report is that Thomas Grenville is at Paris, with some proposition for peace. I do not mind it; it is a fetch of Pitt's, if it be at all true that he is there. Besides, Colonel Shee has letters to-day from General Clarke, which make no mention of his arrival, but assure us that everything is going on as fast as possible. As fast as possible is, however, too slow for my impatience. My life hangs terribly on my hands. After all, however, I had rather stagnate at Rennes than at Paris.

September 28th, 29th, 30th. Blank.

October 1st, 2nd. Blank! Blank!

October 3rd. The *Journal des Défenseurs de la Patrie*, published under the authority of the Directory, gives the lie, this day, to the arrival of Thomas Grenville. I did not much mind the report at the time, but I am much pleased with the spirit of the contradiction, which is by an official note. The Directory seems fully bent on humbling the pride of England, and lay down as a principle, that the peace to which they will consent must be one which will ravish from her her maritime preponderance, restore the liberty of the ocean, give a spring to the Spanish, Dutch, and French marine, and carry to the highest degree of prosperity the industry and commerce of these nations, whom England has regarded as rivals and enemies, when they would no longer submit to be dupes. If the Directory act up with firmness to those principles, and if Spain be not utterly besotted, I think it impossible but England must be

reduced within her proper and natural limits; the first step to which, be it ever kept in mind, is the independence of Ireland.

October 4th, 5th. I find great amusement in chatting with Colonel Shee, who is a very agreeable old man, and has served as a good officer of cavalry now thirty-six years. He told me last night, as I was sitting with him, that General Clarke had written to him that he might have full confidence in me; nevertheless, he does not tell me much, if indeed he knows much himself; that, however, gives me very little concern. I shall learn everything time enough. I collect, however, that it is resolved, if possible, to turn in a gang of six or seven thousand desperadoes into England, who will live at free quarters, and commit all manner of devastation. If this takes effect it will embarrass her extremely. She has never yet seen the smoke of an enemy's fire; and I always remember that 5,000 ragged, half-starved Highlanders forced their way to 100 miles distance of London, and might, perhaps, have achieved what remained if the Pretender had not been a poltroon. It is, to be sure, a horrible mode of making war, but England showed the way, by disgorging so many hordes of emigrants into France, and the enormities which have been committed in consequence, in this country, are such as to justify France in adopting any means of revenge; it is, in a word, but strict retaliation. I am curious to see how England will relish a war of Chouans in her own bowels. Colonel Shee and I were employed yesterday in digesting and arranging different routes from the several harbours, where we might land, to Dublin. I find him very reasonable. We agreed that our first object was to get ashore anywhere, and of course the nearest port to Brest was the best, as we could make any shift when we were once landed, our army being composed of veterans, who have been in service in La Vendée for years, and are steeled against every hardship, having been well used to dispense with clothes, shoes, or even bread at times. Supposing, however, we had a port to choose, we agreed it should be Belfast, or, at least, as near Belfast as possible; if not, Waterford, or that neighbourhood. The distance from Dublin is pretty nearly equal. We calculated, however, for, I believe, a dozen different landing places round the coast. He tells me Hoche has

a great magazine of clothing, which he took from the British, at the time of his famous victory at Quiberon ; that is literally "tant de pris sur l'ennemi." We talked a good deal of my affairs. I observed that, supposing our expedition was, by any unforseen accident, prevented, I was a little anxious as to what the Directory might determine with regard to me ; that I had almost utterly ruined myself, partly in their service ; that since I came to France I had subsisted entirely on my own means, having drawn nothing from the Republic but my pay, which he knew was not sufficient to pay my washerwoman ; that, on my journey and during my stay in Rennes, I had not drawn even my pay ; nor did I intend it, as it was to my own country I looked for indemnification, in case we ever got there ; but I again observed, if our expedition did not take place, I could hardly suppose the Directory would suffer me to be utterly ruined, which must be the case if I were not retained in their service. Shee answered that he had not the shadow of doubt but in that case I would be employed, as he did not think the Directory capable of acting dishonourably by a man who had such strong claims on them ; and he added, that he was satisfied General Clarke would take effectual measures in my behalf. This was a considerable relief to my mind, on account of my wife and our dear little babies. We then began to build Châteaux en Irlande, as magnificent as any in Spain. Shee told me he had some notion, in case we succeeded, of selling what property he had in France and settling in Ireland. I answered, I, for one, should be heartily glad of it ; and indeed I spoke but the truth. I added, that we should have occasion for his talents, and especially for his long experience as a military man, in arranging our army, and in that case I hoped we should find for him a situation which might recompense him for the services he should have rendered, and the sacrifice he made in quitting his family, and exposing his health, which is not very firm, and his person, to the fatigues of a voyage and the perils of a winter campaign. As he seemed very much to relish this discourse, I took the opportunity to throw in a word or two on my own situation and expectations. I reminded him that hitherto I had drawn nothing either from France or Ireland ; but, on the contrary,

had sacrificed time, labour, person, and property in the common cause of both countries; that I had no doubt, if we succeeded, of being amply recompensed; nevertheless, that the more attention was shown to me by the French Government, and by the General, on our arrival, the greater services it would be in my power to render to France, to Ireland, and to our friends embarked in the expedition. That I believed he knew my zeal and affection for the cause of the Republic, as well as my gratitude to the Directory; and I left him to consider whether, in framing our government in Ireland, it might not be desirable for France to have, in an efficient station, a man on whose principles and attachment she might safely count—a circumstance which might be materially forwarded and most probably secured by the attention on the part of the General, to which I alluded; an attention which both Catholics and Dissenters would consider as shown to themselves, much more than to me personally, as I could have no claim upon it, other than as I stood in the capacity of their agent, and possessing, as I would venture to say I did possess, their confidence. Shee heard me with great attention, and said he saw clearly the advantages resulting from what I proposed; that everything I said was perfectly reasonable, and he was satisfied the General would see it in the same light, and regulate his conduct accordingly. I desired him to think of all I had said, and that we would resume the subject once more before our departure.

October 6th, 7th. I like old Colonel Shee more and more; his conversation is my sole resource against the *ennui* which devours me. He was Secretary to the late Duke of Orleans, for whose memory he cherishes the sincerest regard. He has amused me these two days with an infinity of anecdotes relating to that unfortunate Prince, who, I almost begin to believe, has been most grossly calumniated by all parties in the Revolution. The zeal and affection which Shee manifests for the honour of a man who can no longer serve or prejudice him, is at least a strong proof of the goodness of his own character. It is highly interesting to see the earnestness and warmth with which he labours to impress me with a good opinion of the Duke, and, indeed, from his reports, I

am satisfied, not only of his innocence as to the accusation on which he was guillotined, but as to his general character as a man of honour, courage, and probity. I think I see that he has been the victim of a double cabal, of the court, and of the Jacobins. *Mais parlous d'autre chose.* General Hédouville showed the Colonel to-day a letter from Hoche, wherein he says that he is moving heaven and earth to get things in readiness at Brest, and that he hopes in three weeks we may be getting aboard. The marine agents are scoundrels. and there is a scarcity of seamen, but orders have been this day expedited to all the military commanders along the coast, to make diligent search, secure, and send on to Brest all seafaring persons, and there is a reward of six livres a-head to the soldiers for all they can find, which will sharpen them up to the business. It will be November before we arrive, if we are so fortunate as to arrive at all. Of course we shall have, in that case, a winter campaign of it. No matter, we are better able to stand it than those who will be opposed to us. The country gentlemen of Ireland, with their warm feather beds, their beef and claret, will make, I think, no great figure before our grenadiers, who have been seasoned these four years to all manner of hardships and privations, in this execrable war of La Vendée, which Hoche has had the glory of terminating. "*Damn it; we're all militia captains, and who's afraid of death?*" I have written out about thirty Irish airs for the band of my regiment, if I am to have one, which I doubt a little, whereby I must *insense* Hoche on his return, because "*when both house and lands are spent, then learning is most excellent.*" *Good! good—hold! I meant abominable!* That is a vile quotation, to tell the God's truth of the matter.

October 8th. I must change my apartment to-morrow to make room for General Debelle, brother-in-law to Hoche, who is just arrived. *À la bonne heure.* "*They talk of further alterations, which causes many speculations.*" My quotations latterly are as pert and as stupid as you please, but how can I quote when I am in this horrible suspense?

October 9th to 12th. The General returned last night at eight o'clock, having been absent since the 26th of last month

Colonel Shee saw him this morning for a quarter of an hour ; he tells me Hoche is bent on going, *coûte que coûte*, and that everything is ready but seamen, whom he has given orders to press all along the coast, as far as Bordeaux. Oh! that we were aboard! Oh! that we were aboard! or rather, indeed, that we were ashore, after being aboard. "*I 'gin to be weary of the sun.*" He told Hoche that we had prepared divers routes during his absence, and took that opportunity to speak of me, and I suppose he was pleased to say something handsome, but what it was, of course I did not inquire. I see an article in a French paper that thirty persons have been arrested in Dublin for high treason. Who can they be? Are any of my friends of the number? for there are no names mentioned. I hope in God we shall be in Ireland time enough to liberate them, be they who they may. I think General Hoche will be pretty security for their appearance, and I fancy that even my own bail would not in this case be refused. Colonel Shee and I have been reading over the American Ordonnance, and making our observations on it. If we arrive safe I will propose adopting it, with a few necessary alterations. It is excellent, for an army that must be made in a hurry, being clear and concise.

October 13th, 14th. The General set off, unexpectedly, for Paris, this day at twelve o'clock. It seems, on his visit to Brest, he had reason to be discontented with the administration of the marine; however, they promised him fair, and he returned to Rennes, leaving orders with a confidential person to let him know how they were going on. This person has written him word that since his departure all the preparations are slackened, and, in consequence, he has set off in a rage for Paris, and I trust will return in a few days with full powers to cashier a parcel of those scoundrelly agents of the marine. I have written, by Colonel Shee's desire, a short address to the peasantry of Ireland, explaining to them the great benefits which the Revolution has procured to the peasantry of France. This he has translated into French, and gave the copy to the General to read on his way to Paris. I see by two English papers of the 13th and 14th of last month, that they are importing daily large quantities of arms, ammunition, and artillery into

Ireland. I am glad of it, for divers reasons. It is also said they are going to restore the fortifications of Derry, and to mount one hundred pieces of artillery on the walls. This I take to be a rhodomontade, for I cannot see to what end they should fortify Derry. I wish we were once in Ireland, and we would make short work with their fortifications. These eternal delays kill me ; but then Hoche is a man of the greatest activity, and he is embarked, body and soul, in this business. I am sure he is as earnest to the full, as I am myself, and that is a great comfort to me. I suppose he will be about a fortnight absent.

October 15th, 16th. The General returned, unexpectedly, this morning at nine o'clock. It seems he met a courier on the road with despatches, which rendered his trip to Paris unnecessary. Colonel Shee tells me to-day that it was intended, after landing us, to despatch the fleet with three thousand men to the East Indies ; but, in consequence of a mutiny at the Mauritius, that scheme is given up, and we are to keep both ships and men. I mentioned to him a report I had heard, that we were waiting for cannoniers from the army of *Sambre et Meuse*, which I thought very odd if it were true ; he assured me it was no such thing ; we have already three companies of cannoniers, and, in short, everything ready except the seamen, to procure whom the most positive and pressing orders have been given by the Minister of Marine and Directory. He told me also that perhaps about the time of our landing I would hear of some combustion in England, and that he hoped, before we had done, we might pay John Bull a visit. According to my laudable custom, I did not ask him to explain what this combustion was to be. It will, probably, explain itself time enough.

October 17th. Our expedition, as well as the life of the General, has had a most providential escape. Last night, between nine and ten, as he was returning from the Comédie, with General Debelle, and Hédouville, a ruffian, who was posted at a corner, fired a pistol at him, within five or six yards, which fortunately missed, and the villain instantly ran off, but was stopped by two of the aides-de-camp, who happened to come that way, before he had run one

hundred yards. The pistol was likewise found where he had dropped it. On his being seized and examined, he confessed that he was hired by a person, whom he described, to assassinate General Hoche, and was to have fifty louis for his reward. He threw himself on his knees before Hoche, who behaved incomparably well, and desired him to rise, as no man should kneel to him, and tell the whole truth; assuring him that he had not himself the least resentment against him. The fellow then repeated his story exactly, and the two aides-de-camp set out with a guard in quest of the other villain, whom they found in bed, and brought to headquarters. A magistrate being sent for, the two were confronted, and the latter denying everything, they were both, after a long examination, committed to prison. It seems the fellow who fired the shot is a workman employed in the arsenal, the other is lately from Paris, and says he is a horse dealer; in order to induce the former to commit the murder, he told him that he was a Royalist, and that it was for the King's service to assassinate Hoche, which, together with the promise of fifty louis, determined him. The name of the former is Moreau, and of the latter Teyssierd. Nothing could be better than the General's behaviour through all this affair. For my part I do not see what the Royalists could promise themselves from his death; at the same time it is beyond all doubt that this villain, Teyssierd, has come down from Paris expressly to have him assassinated. I do not at all suspect the English of assassination, but certainly, at this moment, they are much more interested in Hoche's death than that miserable Louis XVIII. In short, I know not what to think of the motives of this abominable affair; a few days may probably explain it further.

October 18*th.* In consequence of the affair of yesterday a search was made in the lodgings of Teyssierd, and a case of pistols, two fusils, and three air guns, were found, the two last articles buried in the garden; there were also among his papers the directions of several persons in Paris and *London*. I should be sorry, much as I detest the English nation, to suspect them of such vile and horrible means of effectuating their purposes, as that of assassination; yet

they have already done several things in this war as bad, at Quiberon, and elsewhere. I am very much afraid the English Cabinet is implicated in this infernal business, and more so as the General received notice a few days since, from the Minister of Justice at Paris, to be on his guard, as an attempt was intended to be made on his life by some English agents. Hoche is entirely too careless of his person, which, as he is circumstanced, though it may be very magnanimous, is not very wise. He was out till past ten o'clock last night. Chatted a good deal to-day with Colonel Shee, who is my only companion here, and whose conversation I find extremely amusing and instructive. He tells me he expects we shall soon set off now; that the General has no confidence in the marine, but is determined, if we fall in with the English fleet, that fight they shall, for, as the military will be at least two to one on board, he will give it out in general orders that the first man, officer or seaman, of whatever rank, that offers to flinch, shall be instantly shot on the quarter-deck. That is stout of Hoche, or, as P. P. would say, "*manly and decided.*" I had rather, however, that our valour was tried on *terra firma*, for I am of opinion with the Turks, "*that God has given the sea to the infidels, and the land to the true believers.*" A sea fight is our *pis aller;* nevertheless, if it must be, it must. Those damned Spaniards! why are they not this moment in Brest water? They have mortally offended the English by escorting Richery out of Cadiz, and now they are temporising with half measures, which are always miserable policy; whereas, if they joined us instantly, we could strike our blow in security, and the navy of England, or I am utterly deceived, would be no longer formidable either to France or Spain. I wish I was at the head of the Spanish Cabinet for one month. Shee told me a good story to-day. The English had lodged fifty louis to pay the printer here for a copy of the proclamation, which they foresaw Hoche would publish, wheresoever he was bound. He got wind of this, and, by Shee's advice, prepared a proclamation for the Portuguese, and then began to search with great secrecy and diligence among the priests, for some one who understood Portuguese, in order to have it translated. (It was a pity Mr.

Fitzsimons, of whose talents for the Portuguese I have already made honourable mention, was not here.) Having thus spread the report among these knaves, he sent off Shee privately to Angiers, where there is a printer on whom he has reliance, and caused the proclamation to be printed there, taking every possible precaution that not a copy should escape. It was very well imagined of Colonel Shee, and I have no doubt but those rascally priests will take care the story of the Portuguese proclamation shall find its way to England. All fair! All fair! We talked a little of my affairs, and Colonel Shee, after saying handsome things of my services, assured me he would take care, if we arrived safe in Ireland, to state very fully, when and where it might be necessary, of what important consequence my exertions in France had been, &c. He spoke with great friendship and regard, and I have no doubt his representations may be of material use to me. I do not think there is anything wrong or like intrigue in all this. Have I not sacrificed everything to the cause? and have I not rendered some service, and I may say essential service, to my country? I assured Colonel Shee, in return, that if ever I found myself in a situation which might enable me, he should see the sense I entertained of his kindness for me. There the matter rested, and there I will let it rest.

October 19th. Since my arrival here I have not had the least communication with the General; we have scarcely even spoken at meals when we met, and I began in consequence to grow a little uneasy at it; for as there are two Irishmen here, Mac Sheehy and Duckett, besides myself, and as the first is a blockhead and the last a scoundrel, I did not exactly know whether the General might not lump us all off together, in forming his opinion. I therefore hinted remotely to Colonel Shee, yesterday, my uneasiness at the great reserve of the General towards me, and in consequence of what I said, which was indeed but very little, he spoke to him of it at dinner. The General assured him that he by no means confounded me with the two others; but observed, which is the fact, that if he was to mark me by any particular attention, it would be immediately observed, and set people on making

inquiries, which would be very inconvenient, as it was absolutely necessary that I should remain *incognito* as much as possible; he added that, in time and place, I should see how he wished to treat me. This has satisfied me entirely. Colonel Shee also told me that it was a long time a moot point whether our expedition should be undertaken or not, as the Minister of the Marine, Truguet, was very much wedded to a scheme he had for India; but that at last, with considerable difficulty, General Clarke had managed it so that our affair had the precedence. If we yet get to Ireland it will be worth fifty of Truguet's schemes. (*At night.*) I have mentioned above what the General said yesterday with regard to me. To-day, after dinner, he took Colonel Shee aside and repeated his reasons for not being more attentive to me, which he begged of him to explain to me. Colonel Shee told him he had done so, and that I was perfectly easy on that score. The General then told him he had appointed me to the rank of Adjutant-General, which will give me, as a military man, very great advantages; and he added that one reason which kept him under restraint as to me, was the presence of that rascal Duckett, who had written him an impertinent letter, and whom he intended to cashier next morning. He added many other civilities, to which Colonel Shee made the proper acknowledgments on my part. Certainly nothing can be handsomer than this conduct of the General. I am heartily glad, for divers reasons, that he is resolved to send Mr. Duckett to wander. Colonel Shee then told me that he expects we will set off in four or five days, and that he had requested of the General that we might travel together, and that the General had given orders to his aide-de-camp, Poitou, to that effect. The General has likewise read my address to the peasantry of Ireland, which he entirely approves; so all, as to me at least, is going on as well as I could desire. Huzza! I am an Adjutant-General! Well, to be sure, but it is droll! Shall I make a good officer? Why not? "*It is a life I have desired; I will thrive.*" We read the King's speech, in which he announces a desire to make peace, but I do not mind this. Shee told me that, perhaps at this very hour, there was something going on in England which would embarrass them not a little, and that

we might perchance hear of it in four or five days. This is at least the third time that he has spoken to me darkly on that subject; but I make it a rule never to press him for explanations. We talked over the plan of an address to the people at large, in Ireland, inciting them to establish their independence, to be published on our landing; and I sat down beside him, and wrote a few pages to begin. I think I will make it a flaming production; but I am tired now, it is late, and so I will go to bed. I am a pretty fellow to be an Adjutant-General! "*Mr. Klinker—Floyd, I would say, hi, hi, hi,—I suppose you are too great a man to acknowledge your old acquaintance, ho, ho, ho.*" Well, that is a vile stupid quotation, to tell the truth of it, but a soldier is not obliged to quote like a pedant, "*with their Novids, and Omars, and Blutracks, and stuff. By Gad, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.*" "*Damn Homo, with all my heart, I am sure I have the marks of him sticking on my a——* yet." Oh Lord! Oh Lord! witty quotations for an Adjutant-General.

October 20th. This day received my orders to set out for Brest the day after to-morrow, being the 1st Brumaire. Huzza! Huzza! I am to travel in General Debelle's carriage, with Hoche's cousin and Privat, his aide-de-camp. Settled all my affairs at Rennes instantly, and hove short. I am ready at a minute's warning. I have been hard at work to-day on my pamphlet, which is scurrilous enough. Colonel Shee translates it as I go on, for the inspection of the General, and I like it better in his French than in my own English. I think it will do tolerably well when it is finished.

October 21st. Last night I met the General in the Gallery alone. He immediately came up to me and asked me had I occasion for anything before my departure? I thanked him and replied I had not. He then continued, "Because if you have, I desire you will apply to me, as to your friend, without any reserve." I again thanked him, and said that if I was under any necessity I would avail myself of his permission, but that at present I was not. He then said, "I am not a man to make professions, but I beg you will, on all occasions, look upon me as your friend and treat me accordingly." I thanked him for the third time,

and so we shook hands and parted. It was very civil of him, and I desired Colonel Shee to let him know again how sensible I was of his kindness.

October 22nd. Set out from Rennes, on my way to Brest, with Privat and Marie Hoche. Travelled very agreeably through a beautiful country covered with wood, the very seat of Chouannerie. The farms beautiful; the towns, for the names whereof I refer to the map, mean, and the villages abominable. England far beyond France in that respect, but very inferior in all the other beauties of a landscape. Halted at Montauban. Our whole caravan amounts to eighteen officers, mostly of the État-Major. Supped very pleasantly. A furious penury of beds. Privat and I, to show a good example, lay rough on a mattress on the floor. Lay awake half the night, laughing and making execrable puns. We were not much crowded, there being only nine of us in one small room. I like this life of all things. There is a gaiety and a carelessness about military men which interests me infinitely. We mess together. I pay nothing, as the General gave orders to that effect to his cousin, and also, as Marie Hoche told me, to treat me with all possible attention and respect; all which is highly agreeable. Once again, I like all this mightily!

October 23rd. As yesterday. Halted at Broon, where we slept. Mess pleasant as usual, and good accommodations at the Auberge. Two very fine lads of the name of Dalton, nephews of Colonel Shee, and sons of an Irish officer, are of our party, and are particularly civil and attentive to me; for which, if we reach our destination, I will be civil and attentive to them. I like them both, James and Alexander, very much. I wish they could speak English, which they do but very imperfectly.

October 24th. Halted at Lamballe. I can see a very great difference in the behaviour of my companions since we set out. Whilst we were at Rennes nobody was uncivil, but nobody was attentive to me; now the case is different. I am placed in the seat of honour, lodged single and in the best chamber, whilst the rest are obliged to fag. I hope I need not to say that I give myself no airs on all this; on the contrary, I endeavour to

recommend myself as much as possible by a very modest and guarded behaviour, and have the pleasure to see that my discretion, in that respect, does not pass unnoticed. The alteration in the behaviour of my comrades is so striking that I think it worth mentioning here, and I believe they like me as well as I like them. It is peculiarly incumbent on a foreigner in the French service to be delicate on all points; and I am at least sensible of what I ought to do, whether or not I am able to execute it. I like the French more and more; their very foibles, of which they have plenty, amuse me, whilst the singularities of an Englishman are almost always offensive.

October 25th to 28th. As usual. Halted at St. Brieux, Guincamp, where we remained one day to repose. Belle Isle *en terre* and Morlaix. At Morlaix dined with General Harty, an Irishman, in the service of the Republic.

October 29th. This morning, before we set out, General Harty sent for me, and showed me an English paper that he had just borrowed—the *Morning Post*, of September 24th—in which was an article copied from the *Northern Star* of the 16th precedent, By this unfortunate article I see that what I have long expected with the greatest anxiety is come to pass. My dear friends, Russell and Sam Neilson, were arrested for high treason on that day, together with Rowley Osborne, Haslitt, and a person, whom I do not know, of the name of Shanaghan. The persons who arrested them were the Marquis of Downshire, the Earl of Westmeath, and Lord Londonderry, together with that most infamous of all scoundrels, John Pollock.[1] It is impossible to conceive the effect this heavy misfortune has upon my mind. If we are not in Ireland time enough to extricate them, they are gone; for the Government will move heaven, earth, and hell to ensure their condemnation. Good God! If they fall, where shall I find two such men to replace them? My poor friend Russell, with whom I have spent the happiest hours of my life, and whom I love with the affection of a brother, a man who would, I know, sacrifice

[1] [Clerk of the Crown for Leinster; a disreputable character. For particulars about him, see Mr. Fitzpatrick's "Secret Service under Pitt," p. 363.—ED.]

his life for me or my family if it were necessary; and Neilson, an honest, a brave, and worthy fellow, a good Irishman, a good Republican: both of them men who have rendered such essential service to their country. My heart smites me now for the levity with which I have spoken of my poor Russell in those memorandums under the name of P. P. Well, that levity exists no longer; it is time now to think of other matters. I will not expend myself here in empty menaces, which as yet I have not the means to execute. God, I hope, has not so totally deserted me but I may yet arrive in time to deliver my friends. If, to my unspeakable loss, I should arrive too late to rescue, at least I shall be able to revenge them, and, in that case, "woe to their persecutors!" I see that they have behaved in a manner worthy of themselves, and of the cause to which I fear they will fall victims. Neilson and Russell surrendered themselves voluntarily. Wm. Sampson[1] acted with the greatest spirit, and particularly insulted Lord Westmeath, that contemptible cuckold, two or three times, in the grossest manner. This most unfortunate of all events brings to my mind the death of my poor friend Sweetman, which I shall ever regret, and the arrestation of John Keogh. With regard to the latter, as I have seen the English papers pretty regularly ever since, and have found no further mention of that affair, I am in great hopes that he was immediately discharged, and that nothing disastrous ensued. If ever I return to Ireland, God only knows in what state I shall find the invaluable friends I left behind me, or how many of them may be in existence. I am in

[1] [William Sampson (b. 1764, d. 1836) was the son of an Ulster Protestant clergyman. A barrister by profession, he gradually glided into politics, becoming, ultimately, a United Irishman. He was a contributor to the *Northern Star*, and acted as counsel for the prisoners in some of the political prosecutions of the time. Marked for arrest in 1798, he fled to England, but was there captured and sent back to Dublin. After some months' imprisonment he was released on condition of leaving the country. Retiring at first to the Continent, he finally (in 1806) settled in New York, practising at the Bar, and devoting leisure moments to literature. He edited an edition of "Curran's Life by his Son," and Taylor's "Civil Wars of Ireland." He also wrote his own "Memoirs" and a book on the "Catholic Question in America." His daughter married Tone's son.—ED.]

unspeakable distress at this moment, the more as I can do nothing for their relief. I will go to Hoche the moment I reach Brest, and acquaint him with this unfortunate event, but, as to him, that is unnecessary, for I am sure he is doing his very best to hurry things forward. Good God! If I am so unhappy as to arrive too late, what shall I do? I cannot bear to think of it. If they conduct themselves well, they may postpone their trial for a considerable time, and in that case we may yet save them. It is but forty-five days since they were arrested. But if, to my unspeakable misfortune, that should not happen, my only consolation is the hope of revenge. Once again, I will not indulge in premature threatenings. If I arrive, and arrive too late, we shall see what is fit to be done.

October 30th. After halting last night at Landerneau, arrived this day at one o'clock at Brest, having been just ten days on the road. Ran immediately to find the General, but he was gone out. Called on Colonel Shee, and informed him of the situation of our friends. He tells me if they manage to delay a little, he is in hopes we may arrive time enough to deliver them. God Almighty send! He tells me a relation of his, a general officer in the service of the Republic, who was sent by the Executive Directory into Ireland about four months since, is just arrived, and will probably be in Brest in about five or six days. He will of course bring us authentic intelligence of the state of the country.

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARING TO EMBARK.

November 1st, 2nd. I have been hard at work ever since my arrival, on an address to the Irish people, which is to be printed here and distributed on our landing. I have hardly time to eat, but I do not work with pleasure from the reflection which recurs to me every instant, that the men whose approbation I could most covet, are, perhaps, at this moment on trial for their lives. Well, let me, if possible, not think of that longer. I have not yet seen the General. Colonel Shee tells me that General Quantin has been despatched from Flushing with 2,000 of the greatest reprobates in the French army to land in England and do as much mischief as possible, and that we have 3,000 of the same stamp, whom we are also to disgorge on the English coast. It is a horrible mode of making war, and such as nothing can possibly justify but the manner in which England has persecuted the Republic. Much as I detest the inhumanity of punishing the inhabitants of a country for the crimes of their rulers, I cannot blame the French when I recollect the treachery of England at Toulon, or the miseries which she has caused in that part of the Republic through which I have just passed, on her false assignats and counterfeit louis, but especially on her most atrocious and unheard-of system of starving the whole French people, a measure so abominable, and which produced such dreadful suffering and misery in France, as justifies any measures of retaliation, however terrible. The English Ambassador is arrived at Paris ; Spain has at length declared war against England, and begun, it is said, by taking a man-of-war of 56 guns. Damn them ! why are they not to-day in

Brest waters? Corsica is evacuated by the British, so all goes on pretty well.

Evening. I have just read, in the *Moniteur*, the memorial given in by Lord Malmesbury, the English Plenipotentiary in Paris, the memoir of Charles De la Croix, and the reply of the Directory, which is admirable. I have not time to abstract them, but the negotiation is at an end for the present. I never thought anything would come of it, for I did not believe Pitt serious; and apparently the Directory is of the same opinion, for it is on that principle they have framed their answer. My Lord Malmesbury may now go back, if he pleases. I am curious to know the result of Quantin's expedition, which, I presume, is the business of which Colonel Shee spoke to me indirectly two or three times. I had rather it had followed than preceded ours; for if they commit, as doubtless they will, great enormities, it may alienate people's minds against us who will make no distinction between one corps of French troops and another. The Spaniards are parading in the Mediterranean, to assist us in taking Corsica, after the English have evacuated it. This fashion of making war puts me in mind of the London Aldermen fox-hunting. I have worked this day like a horse, and I am as stupid to-night as a horse, and in wretched low spirits; every hour that passes is like an age to my impatience; I do not even sleep.

November 3rd. At work at my pamphlet.

November 4th. This morning on the parade I met Poitou, the General's first aide-de-camp, who whispered me that, by a vessel from Liverpool, which was brought in yesterday, intelligence was received that the revolution was effected in Ireland; that the people were up in arms, and had seized the arsenal in Dublin and driven 10,000 English troops, being all that were in the country, back to England. I was not a little astonished at this piece of news, and ran off immediately to Mr. Shee, who confirmed it to me, adding that they had found thirty thousand stand of arms in the arsenal; that the news was certain, and that the General had written off to the Directory last night for positive orders to sail, on the return of the courier, with what force was ready, without waiting

for the remainder. He told me, further, that he expected every moment the captain of the prize, in order to examine him, in which he desired my assistance, as the General had written to Joyeuse, the Admiral, to have him sent up. All this I found very circumstantial, yet I felt I know not what presentiment that it would turn out at least an exaggeration of the fact. On leaving Mr. Shee, I met the General himself, who embraced me after the manner of the French, kissing me on both cheeks, and wishing me joy of the event. I returned shortly after to Colonel Shee, whom I acquainted with my doubts as to the extent of this report, and mentioned the anecdote of a Liverpool captain, who seeing the Dublin Volunteers parade, on this very day, in the year 1779, with their cannon, and their Colonel, the Duke of Leinster, at their head, immediately ran down to his ship in a fright, set sail for England, and, on his landing, swore before the Mayor of Liverpool, that all Ireland was up in arms, and that he had seen the Duke of Leinster proclaimed King, in College Green, which he himself certainly believed. Colonel Shee seemed a little taken back with this anecdote; however, he told me he had great hopes the present news was true, for that, to his knowledge, 15,000 stand of arms had been lately introduced into Ireland. I asked him was he sure of that, as I did not see where money could be got to purchase them without communicating with so many people as must infallibly lead to a discovery of the affair. He replied they were purchased by one person, who was wealthy, who knew me, and whom I knew, and that in time and place I should learn who he was. I said that satisfied me. In the meantime I cannot form the least conjecture who this person is: 15,000 stand of arms would cost £30,000, and I do not see amongst my acquaintance a man who is at once able and willing to advance such a sum. Well, no matter who it is. At last the author of our intelligence arrived, with two other seamen, taken on their way from Newfoundland, about the same time, eight or nine days ago. A council was immediately held, consisting of the General, the Admiral, Colonel Shee, and myself. Our informer said he was an American; that he sailed from Liverpool on a Wednesday; that before his departure news came by the packet

that all Ireland was up for a Republic ; that the Liberty Boys, and the Weavers were up, and the Clearday Men, and that he had seen 10,000 English troops embark at Liverpool, three or four days before he left it, in order to quell the insurrection. This was the sum of his information ; he added, that after they were taken by the French they had fallen in with two fleets : one he judged might be of twenty sail, and in the other he counted twelve sail of line-of-battle ships, and that he heard there was a third fleet below again. I was not disappointed in finding the news turn out so different from what it was at first reported, supposing even what the fellow said to be true, which it certainly was not, for in the first place he set out with a lie in saying he was an American, for he was a Scotchman, with a broad accent. He could not tell the day of the month that he sailed, nor the burthen of his vessel. The 10,000 troops he spoke of turned out to be one regiment of Scotch, one regiment of Welsh, and a regiment of Irish, who were embarked, as he said, in four large vessels and five or six brigs. Altogether he lied, and prevaricated so much that I do not pay the least attention to his story ; so there is an end of the insurrection. I am, however, heartily glad of this event, for I hope it will produce positive orders from the Directory to sail immediately. Dined at headquarters in state, with the Admirals and several Captains of the fleet, and the staff of the army—a grand affair. This dinner is to manifest to the public that there is a perfect harmony between the land and sea service, which I am very sorry to see is far from being the case. Sat late at dinner, and after dinner retired to Colonel Shee's room with the General, the Admiral, General Debelle, and Colonel Shee. I did not come in for some time after the others, and on my entry found Hoche pressing Joyeuse extremely to be ready for the expedition, and Joyeuse starting every possible difficulty, particularly on the score of the transports. Hoche then said he would go with the men-of-war only, crowding as many men aboard as they could carry. Joyeuse then came down to five sail of the line and five frigates, the best sailors, who might, by dint of seamanship and quick sailing, escape from the English, who were, he said, in waiting for them off Cape Clear, and who had also

éclaireurs off Ushant, as every morning the report was that two large ships and three frigates were seen there. Colonel Shee asked him how many men for a short passage could he stow on the ships he mentioned; he said 600 on each of the line-of-battle ships, and 300 on each of the frigates. That makes in all but 4,500 men. The General then said that his word was pledged to the Government and to his friends in Ireland; that the time was even elapsed for which he had engaged himself, that he would go in a single frigate if the Admiral could give him no more, and he pressed him again and again in the strongest manner. Joyeuse still hung back, and I believe he was sorry, to judge by his manner, that he had spoken of even five ships of the line. At length he proposed, merely, as I think, to gain time, to send out a vessel to reconnoitre, and bring positive intelligence of the state of the country, and another to learn the actual position of the English fleet, and upon this proposal the meeting broke up. I augur the worst possible event from any business in which the marine of France is concerned. Joyeuse wants to prevent our expedition, in order to get out to India, where there is more money to be made, and, in consequence, is throwing every difficulty in our way. Attempts are even made to set the soldiers and seamen by the ears, but the General is determined to shoot the very first who fight upon the spot. There has been one duel already between Rapatelle,[1] an officer of the État-Major, and a Lieutenant of the navy, in which the former was victorious, having wounded his adversary in two places. From all this I see, first, that if we arrive at all, which is at this moment very doubtful, we shall not arrive in force. No matter. With 5,000 men our *artillerie légère*, and Hoche, I have no doubt of success. Would to Heaven we were, even with that force, on the Cave Hill this fine morning; I would soon have my dear and unfortunate friends out of jeopardy. I see, likewise, that there is no mention whatsoever of the Spanish fleet. Damn them! They are now parading in the Mediterranean. To be sure, the folly of that is beyond all human endurance. The General told me last night

[1] NOTE BY TONE'S SON.—The same who accompanied Moreau in 1813, and in whose arms he died. He was my father's Adjoint in this expedition.

that by this there were five or six thousand French in England playing "le diable à quatre." I suppose he spoke of Quantin's expedition. This has been an eventful day. I have spent it with celebrated men, and who will make hereafter a figure in history, and yet, God knows I am, at this moment, far from being satisfied. Hoche is behaving incomparably, but for the Admiral—well, "*what can't be cured must be endured.*" Let us see what the Directory will say to us.

November 5th. At work at my pamphlet. I have no stomach to that business. I dine every day with the General, by his orders, which is the greater favour, as there are never more than five or six of us: himself, his brother-in-law, General Debelle, Marie Hoche, Col. Shee, Poitou, and myself.

November 6th. Chatting with Col. Shee. I am in great hopes from something he said, that we shall turn out Villaret Joyeuse and get an admiral of our own choosing; perhaps, in that case, we may get out. I asked him whether, when the General said that his word was pledged to his friends in Ireland, he spoke really the fact, or said it merely to spur on the Admiral. Mr. Shee assured me that Hoche had both seen and spoken with some of the leaders in Ireland.[1] So here are two plots running on at one and the same time, mine and theirs, whoever they are; no matter for that. I am not afraid of our interfering, for our object is, I see, precisely the same, and I am even better pleased to have those invisible co-operators, as it divides the responsibility, and does not leave anything resting on my single assertion. I asked Col. Shee, supposing we gave up the transports, how many men could we carry in the men-of-war? He said in twelve sail of the line we could carry 6,000, and in ten frigates we might have 2,500; so I see our armament is to be of that force. He added, however, that we must not give up the transports, as with them we could land with 20,000, which would settle the business without bloodshed. I answered that if it were possible, it would undoubtedly be best, and referred him to my memorials for proof; that it was my own opinion, never-

[1] Arthur O'Connor.

theless, if the bringing transports would endanger the success of the entire business, I thought it best to secure the men-of-war, supposing they could carry but 5,000 men, instead of 8,500, which he had calculated, as with that force we should be able to fight it out. He replied he hoped we would have the transports also, and so it rested. For my part, under present circumstances, I would prefer the men-of-war with 6,000 or 7,000 men, and with that force to begin with I should have no doubt of success; however, the business is in better hands. Colonel Shee then told me that the General wished to find somebody who would go directly to Ireland, as he had a safe American who would sail at a minute's warning, and also bring back the person who might go, and he was very desirous of intelligence of the state of the country at this moment. I mentioned Mac Sheehy, and he immediately went for the General, who came, and we agreed that if Mac Sheehy had no objection, he should be despatched to-morrow. I went immediately and found Mac Sheehy, to whom I opened the business, as from myself, and he agreed without difficulty to go if the General desired it. I informed the General of his assent, at dinner, and he desired me to thank him in his name, and desire him to hold himself in readiness for to-morrow, which I did accordingly, and to-morrow we shall see what are his instructions. Mac Sheehy has behaved very well in this business.

November 7th. The General has been out on a boating party all day, until six o'clock in the evening. On his return he desired me to find Mac Sheehy, which I did accordingly, and he told him that he must sail that night, as everything was ready, and gave him verbal instructions, which in my mind were very insufficient, and it is the first time I have had reason to find fault with Hoche. He desired him to go to such persons as I should name, and learn from them as much as he could, on the actual state of the country at this moment, the temper of the people, the number and disposition of the troops, whether the French were expected or desired, and if so in what part particularly. I asked him was Mac Sheehy to tell them nothing in return? He

said he must go into no particulars, but tell them, in general, that the dispositions of France were highly favourable to Ireland, and that both Government and people were anxious for their emancipation. He then gave Mac Sheehy twenty louis, and we parted. I brought Mac Sheehy to my lodgings, and made him change his dress from head to foot, equipping him with shirts, boots, stockings, waistcoats, coat and cloak, all either Irish, or made after the Irish fashion. I then gave him the address of Oliver Bond and Richard McCormick. I desired him to call on the former first, and tell him he came from me at Brest, and, to satisfy Bond, I desired him to tell him that when Jackson was seized, and Hamilton Rowan and Dr. Reynolds escaped, he advised me to do the same, and offered me money for that purpose, if I wanted it. For McCormick, I desired him to tell him that a few days before I left Dublin for America, I took him alone into his garden, and acquainted him with my plan of pushing on, if possible, for France, and that I had also, about the middle of December last, written to him by my brother from Philadelphia, acquainting him with my progress. That I think will satisfy them that he has seen me. I desired him, in addition to the General's orders, to tell them that he had known me in Paris for some time; that I was now at Brest; that I had the rank of Adjutant-General in the army of the Republic, and that I was in good repute with the General and Government. I desired him further to say that an expedition was in great forwardness at Brest; that I had read some months back with great concern an account in a London paper of the arrestation of John Keogh, and within these few days, a second account of the arrestation of Sam. Neilson, Russell, and my other friends at Belfast; that I would, on my part, move heaven and earth to procure their deliverance, and that I particularly recommended and entreated of them to profit of every possible delay which the forms of the law could give, in order to postpone their trial, and I desired him to press this particularly, as I had the strongest hopes that in a short time we should be there to rescue them; finally, I desired him to collect as many newspapers as he could,

for three or four months back, particularly the *Northern Star*, which Bond would furnish him with, as being agent for that paper in Dublin. I then walked with him down to the quay, where I saw him join the Captain, who was in waiting, it being eight o'clock, and a fine moonlight night. If they have good weather and fair wind, they may be easily in Dublin in four days; two days will suffice for Mac Sheehy's business, and four to return, makes ten; however, I will allow a fortnight, and attend the expiration of that term with the utmost impatience. In this business I chose Bond, from his honesty and his close connection with Belfast, and McCormick for a thousand reasons, especially his being secretary to the Catholics, and his perfect knowledge of the state of the public mind in Dublin. I hope Mac Sheehy will acquit himself well; he has not much to do, and I encouraged him as much as I could. Here is a fortnight now dead loss! Damn it for me! I had like to forget an odd circumstance. The General desired Mac Sheehy to learn particularly who were the members in the new Parliament for the county Derry. I observed the new Parliament would not be called until next year. The General then said, "Well, learn who are the candidates; and for Derry, remember, not Kerry." I did not, for my part, understand this. In my mind, it is of mighty little importance who are either members or candidates for one place or the other; perhaps Hoche has a mind to set up himself. Seriously, I do not see the drift of his question at all. Well, I will even leave it, as I always do in similar cases, to explain itself, for "*Quod supra nos, nil ad nos.*"

November 8th. Grimel, the merchant who procured the American vessel for the General, tells me that Mac Sheehy was off last night by half-past nine, so that business so far goes on well.

November 9th. This day a young man was brought to head-quarters, who had been taken on board an American, bound from Limerick to Portugal. His name is Barry St. Leger; he is an Irishman by birth, but has been bred at Charleston, S. C., where his father is a man of property. He left Limerick

the 14th of October, and the account he gives is perfectly satisfactory; a great part of it I know myself to be true. He says that everybody in Ireland expects the French; that the gentry are making preparations to receive them; that every magistrate is raising twenty men, who are to preserve the peace in place of the militia, should these last be ordered to the coast; but he adds also, what I very well believe, that it is universally supposed that the militia would join the French immediately, and that a great majority of them are even sworn to do so; that every day persons are arrested, and that just before his departure he heard that J. Bagwell, M.P. for the county Tipperary, had been taken up, and a Lord Dosforth, as he pronounced it, in the county Armagh. For this last circumstance he must be mistaken. There is Lord Gosford,[1] Governor of that county; but he, I am sure, is far from being an enemy to the Government. I rather suppose he is head of the Peep-o'-Day-Boys, and in that case so much the worse for him if we arrive. The result of this young man's account is, that Ireland is in a state of the highest fermentation, and that nothing but our presence is wanting to settle the affair at a blow. He spoke very rationally, and, in consequence, I begged of the General to have him released from prison, so that he has now the liberty of the town. There is another remarkable circumstance. The officers of the navy are continually talking of the fleets that England has in the Channel, and that lying Scotch rascal, whom we examined the other day, said that he saw three (two with his eyes, and the third, I suppose, by the second sight). Now St. Leger, in coming from Limerick to Brest, has necessarily made the entire tour of the South of Ireland, the very station where the English fleet must necessarily be, and he saw nothing. The privateer that took him, on the 22nd of October, sounded the night before under Cape Clear, and he saw nothing. The two English sailors whom we examined with the Scotchman, and who came at the same time, and nearly in the same track, saw nothing, and almost every day

[1] [Tone was mistaken; Lord Gosford condemned the proceedings of the Peep-o'-Day-Boys.—ED.]

prizes arrive and enter Brest without meeting a single vessel. Now, if the English be in force in the Channel, how can all this possibly happen? And if they be not, what precious time are we losing here, and my poor friends in peril of their lives! Well, well! I am half mad with vexation at these eternal delays.

November 10th. Saw the Legion Noire reviewed; about 1,800 men. They are the banditti intended for England, and sad blackguards they are. They put me strongly in mind of the Green-boys of Dublin.

November 11th. Blank.

November 12th. Examined, at Mr. Shee's apartment, an American captain, who is only five or six days from London. He gives us no great encouragement. His account is that Sir J. Jervis is off Ushant, as he heard, with eleven or twelve sail of the line, and he, himself, coming down channel, fell in with three different little squadrons, two of four ships and one of three, which were standing to the westward under easy sail, and were going, as he supposed, to join Admiral Jervis. If that be so, they will keep us here as long as they please, for, when united, they will make twenty-two sail of the line, and our expedition is but twelve. In that case our only chance is to wait for the first hard gale of wind which may blow them off the coast, and then make a run for it.

November 13th. Went, by order of the General, among the prisoners of war at Pontanezen, near Brest, and offered their liberty to as many as were willing to serve aboard the French fleet. Sixty accepted the offer, of whom fifty were Irish. I made them drink heartily before they left the prison, and they were mustered and sent aboard the same evening. I never saw the national character stronger marked than in the careless gaiety of those poor fellows. Half naked and half starved as I found them, the moment that they saw the wine before them all their cares were forgotten; the instant I made the proposal, they accepted it without hesitation; the Englishmen balanced, and several of them asked, in the true style of their country, "What would I give them?" It is but justice to others of them to observe that they said nothing should

ever tempt them to fight against their King and country. I told them they were perfectly at liberty to make their choice, as I put no constraint on any man. In the event, of about one hundred English, ten men and boys offered themselves, and, of about sixty Irish, fifty, as I have observed; not one Scotchman, though there were several in the prison. When I called for the wine my English recruits begged for something to eat at the same time, which I ordered for them. Poor Pat never thought of eating, but when his head was a little warm with the wine, he was very urgent to be permitted to go amongst the Englishmen and flog those who refused to enter, which, of course, I prevented, though with some little difficulty. "*Arrah, blood an' 'ounds, Captain dear, won't you let me have one knock at the blackguards?*" I thought myself on Ormond Quay once more. Oh, if we once arrive safe on the other side, what soldiers we will make of our poor fellows! They all said they hoped I was going with them, wherever it was. I answered that I did not desire one man to go where I was not ready to show the way, and they replied with three cheers. It is to be observed that I never mentioned the object of the expedition; they entered the service merely from the adventurous spirit of the nation and their hatred of the English, without any idea that they had a chance of seeing Ireland again.

November 14th to 18th. I have made no memorandums these four or five days, for several reasons, one of which was that I had nothing material to insert, and another, that I have been indisposed with a slight cold in my head, which has made me more stupid than ordinary. Yesterday, as all the world is beginning to embark and arrange themselves, I desired Colonel Shee to tell the General that my wish was to serve with the grenadiers on the advanced guard, unless he had occasion for me about his person. Mr. Shee replied that the offer did credit to my zeal, but he must see who commanded the grenadiers, that I might not find myself placed under an inferior officer. I answered that they were commanded by my friend Gatine, an Adjutant-General; that, at any rate, my wish was to serve in the post of honour, where I could most improve myself, and that, as to the etiquette of rank, we could

soon settle that, as I was willing to join as a Volunteer. Mr. Shee promised to speak to the General, which he did last night. The General told him his intention was to keep me in his family, and that I should embark in the same vessel with himself (*La Fraternité*, a frigate). I am very glad of that, and I should be very glad also to serve with the grenadiers, but I cannot be in two places at once, "*without I was a bird.*" Col. Shee told me the General was very well pleased with my offer. Barry St. Leger, the young fellow whom we examined a few days ago, has very spiritedly desired to come with us as a Volunteer, and I have, by means of Mr. Shee, fixed him in the General's own guards; they are a most noble company of grenadiers, commanded by Capt. Bloom, a German, as are almost all the privates, and have distinguished themselves singularly in La Vendée. Bloom has promised me to take care of St. Leger, and I hope he will do well. If I had Mat and Arthur here now, I could fix them both. Well, if we get safe to the other side, I shall perhaps be able to do it there. We will see. To-day I took occasion to disburthen my mind on the state of our expedition to Col. Shee. I told him the Spanish fleet was, as we knew officially, in Toulon, where, it was true, they might annoy the English commerce in the Mediterranean, which was the only good they could do, now that Corsica was restored to the Republic. That, instead of mitching in that idle manner at Toulon, they ought to be in Brest waters, which would secure the success of our expedition beyond the possibility of a miscarriage, and, by that means, cripple the naval power of England for ever. That it was true the French and Spanish navies have never co-operated long, successfully; nevertheless, this did not apply to our case, as our operation was simple, and required only a superiority in the Channel for one week, which would settle the affair as well as a century; that, divided as our naval force was now, and watched as we were by the English, it was hardly possible to suppose that we should reach Ireland without falling in with their fleet, and that, if they were superior, or even equal in numbers, I gave it as my opinion that they would *infallibly* beat us. That all this risk might be prevented, and the

matter reduced to absolute certainty by the co-operation of the Spanish fleet, and that, consequently, their absence proved to me either that the French Government had little influence in Spain, or that the Spanish Government was infatuated to a degree I could not conceive, and at the reflection of which I lost all temper. That England would never forgive them the insult of escorting Richery out of Cadiz ; that the consequence of this mode of making war, in detail, would be that England would beat us first, and then send a fleet into the Mediterranean, which would beat them soundly, and, in this manner, destroy us separately. Finally, I said that as I hoped that in the worst event they would not take us all, such as escaped would push on for Ireland and make a desperate plunge into the country. To all this long harangue, which I have detailed here very immethodically, Col. Shee had nothing comfortable or substantial to offer in reply. After heartily damning the Spaniards, in which I was not behind him, he said he had reason to hope we might still get over. I said I hoped it as much as he, but hardly expected it. He then said we must not suffer ourselves to see things in too gloomy a light. I replied that my manner of seeing things should not influence my conduct, or prevent my doing my duty in the action, if we were forced into one, but that, at the same time, I thought it right to give him my opinion at full length before our departure. The conversation then ended with a second volley of imprecations from both of us, on the inconceivable madness of the Spanish Government. If they do not pay dear for this system which they have adopted, there is not a drop of water in Brest harbour. Oh, if we had their twenty-five sail of the line, now idling in Toulon (damn them sempiternally), with Richery's four or five, who have got safe into Rochefort, and our own twelve, that would make forty sail of the line, and then, indeed, our business would be a party of pleasure. But now see how it is: the English, from the best information which we can collect, are watching us, with twenty-five sail of the line, in three divisions ; it is hardly possible but we must fall in with one of them, and they will delay us, in spite of us, until the others come up, and then they will flog us completely, and give the finishing blow to the French marine ; and as for the

Spaniards afterwards, they will give them no trouble. How terrible to think of all this ; and, at the same time, how simply and easily it might be prevented, and our common adversary humbled for ever. Well, what I cannot remedy it does not signify my grieving at ; but if I were King of Spain for six weeks I think I would settle this affair. Damn them ! I think I could spend this whole night in cursing them. One good thing, however, has happened within these five days : Villaret Joyeuse, the Admiral, is cashiered, and we have got another in his place. Joyeuse was giving, underhand, all possible impediment to our expedition. He made the Directory believe we were at a stand for want of seamen, and, since his departure, we have found out that there is more than enough ; and, as the chiefs always give the *ton*, we find already a better spirit rising in the marine. But what can we do with twelve ships ?

November 19th to 22nd. I have been hard at work these three or four days, recruiting and writing. I have picked up about twenty very stout hands, which makes eighty in all, and cost me five louis, which the Republic owes me. I have finished my address to the Irish people, one to the militia, and one to the Irish seamen. They are all in the printer's hands, and, to speak honestly, not one of them is any great things. I think I have lost the little facility in writing that I once had. The fact is my mind is so anxious about our business that I cannot write. I do not sleep at nights. The General has been ill, with a severe pain in his bowels, these three days ; we were afraid at first he was poisoned, but it proved to be a false alarm ; he was at the Comédie last night.

November 23rd. I cannot imagine what delays us now, unless it be waiting for Richery, who is said to be coming up from Rochefort. Though I have the strongest apprehensions we shall be intercepted by the English, still I wish we were at sea. There is nothing so terrible to me as suspense ; and besides, the lives of my poor friends in Ireland are in extreme peril. God send we may be in time to save them, but I much fear it. Well, let me not think of that. If we fall in with the English, we must fight them at close quarters, and crowd our tops, poops, and quarter-deck with musketry. It is our only chance, but against superior numbers that will not

do. Those infernal Spaniards! They will pay dear for their folly; but what satisfaction is that to us? I was thinking last night of my poor little family till I was as melancholy as a cat. God knows whether we shall ever meet again. If I reach Ireland in safety, and anything befalls me after, I have not the least doubt but my country will take care of them, and my boys will find a father in every good Irishman; but if I should happen to be killed at sea, and the expedition should not succeed, I dread to think on what may become of them. It is terrible! I rely on the goodness of Providence, which has often interposed to save us, on the courage and prudence of my wife, and on the friendship of my brother to protect them. My darling babies! I dote on them. I feel the tears gush into my eyes whenever I think on them. I repeat to myself a thousand times the last words I heard from their innocent little mouths. God Almighty bless and protect them. I must leave this subject. I have taken a little boy, whom I found among the prisoners of war, as my servant He is so young that he will not be of much use to me; but he was an orphan, and half naked. He was born in Dorsetshire, and his father was an Irish Quartermaster of Dragoons. He is a natural son. I have rigged him out handsomely; and if he brushes my coat and takes care of my portmanteau, with the baggage, it is all I require. His name is William White.

November 24th, 25th. Colonel Shee tells me to-day that he has it from Bruix, one of our admirals, that we shall sail in six days. Would to God it were to-night! There is a fine steady breeze blowing right out of the harbour. In six days it will be the 1st of December. The 1st of January I left Sandy Hook. The 1st of February I arrived at Havre, and, if we arrive safe at our destination, it is possible that on the 1st of January next I may be once more in Dublin. *Quanquam, oh!* General Clarke set off nine days ago, at a minute's warning, for Vienna, by way of Italy. That looks like peace with the Emperor; but, thank God, I see no signs as yet of peace with England; on the contrary, Lord Malmesbury and my old lover, Charles De la Croix, are keeping up a very snappish correspondence, which the Directory publishes

regularly. I have been hard at work half this day translating orders and instructions for a Colonel Tate, an American officer, who offered his services, and to whom the General has given the rank of Chef de Brigade, and 1,050 men of the Legion Noire, in order to go on a buccaneering party into England. Excepting some little errors in the locality, which, after all, may seem errors to me from my own ignorance, the instructions are incomparably well drawn ; they are done, or at least corrected, by the General himself, and if Tate be a dashing fellow, with military talents, he may play the devil in England, before he is caught. His object is Liverpool, and I have some reason to think that the scheme has resulted from a conversation which I had a few days since with Colonel Shee, wherein I told him that if we were once settled in Ireland, I thought we might make a piratical visit in that quarter, and, in fact, I wish it was we that should have the credit and profit of it. I should like, for example, to pay a visit to Liverpool myself, with some of the gentlemen from Ormond Quay, though I must say the citizens of the Legion Noire are very little behind my countrymen, either in appearance or morality, which last has been prodigiously cultivated by three or four campaigns in Bretagne and La Vendée. A thousand of these desperadoes, in their black jackets, will edify John Bull exceedingly, if they get safely into Lancashire. Every day I walk for an hour alone on the ramparts, and look down on the fleet which rides below. There are about fifty sail of ships of war, of all sizes, of which perhaps twenty are of the line. It is a most magnificent *coup d'œil*, but my satisfaction is always damped by two reflections : first, that my wife and our darling little babies, one of whom I have never seen, and perhaps may never see, are most probably at this moment on the ocean, exposed to all the perils of a winter passage. The remembrance of the vessel which was wrecked last February at Havre, I may say before my eyes, and of the unfortunate French woman who was drowned with her two infants, shoots across my mind a thousand times a day. And I lie awake, regularly, half the night, listening to the wind, every puff of which makes me shudder. Oh my babies! my babies! God Almighty will, I hope, preserve you

and your mother, whatever becomes of me, I dote upon you, you little things. Well, I am at work for you here, and I am going to fight for you, and, if all goes well, there will not be on earth so happy a being as I shall be, when I have you all once more in my arms. My other reflection, which also torments me, is the uncertainty of our arrival in Ireland, on account of the English fleet. Sometimes I wish for a storm of five or six days, to blow them off Brest; but then I think of my poor little family, and check myself directly. At other times I wish to wait for those damned infernal blockheads, the Spaniards; if we could get them up from Toulon; but then I think of my friends who are now in prison, and whose lives may be sacrificed by our delay. Altogether I scarcely know what to wish, and my mind is ten times more troubled and tempestuous than the ocean on which I am gazing. Fortunately the measure does not depend upon me. I wait my orders like every one else, and, of course, I have no responsibility but for my own personal conduct; and I hope I shall acquit myself at least without discredit. If I could command events, and were sure that Russell and the others could afford the time, what I would wish would be to delay the expedition until the arrival of the Spanish fleet, which I would instantly order up from Toulon; that operation might require, at soonest, six weeks, and our success would then be certain. But what signifies my tormenting myself about what I cannot remedy? The Spaniards won't come, and be damned to them, and we shall be beat first, and they after, and the liberty of Ireland, the lives of my best friends, and all my own expectations, will be all sacrificed! Well, I do not care! My mind is getting hardened now, just as it was in Ireland, when I expected every day to be seized and hanged.

November 26th. To-day, by the General's orders, I have made a fair copy of Colonel Tate's instructions, with some alterations, from the rough draft of yesterday, particularly with regard to his first destination, which is now fixed to be Bristol. If he arrives safe, it will be very possible to carry it by a *coup de main*, in which case he is to burn it to the ground. I cannot but observe here, that I transcribed, with the greatest *sang-froid*, the orders to reduce to

ashes the third city of the British dominions, in which there is, perhaps, property to the amount of £5,000,000. But such a thing is war! The British burned without mercy in America; they endeavoured to starve 25,000,000 of souls in France, and, above all, they are keeping, at this moment, my country in slavery, my friends in prison, myself in exile. It is these considerations which steel me against horrors which I should otherwise shudder to think of. Yet I cannot but remark what misery the execution of the orders which I have transcribed, and assisted in framing, may produce, and how quietly Colonel Shee and myself sat by the fire discussing how we might do the greatest possible mischief to the unfortunate wretches on whom our plans are intended to operate. Well, they may thank themselves; they are accomplices with their execrable Government, which has shown us the way in all those direful extremities, and there is not a man of them but would willingly exterminate both the French and Irish. Yet once again! The conflagration of such a city as Bristol! It is no slight affair; thousands and thousands of families, if the attempt succeeds, will be reduced to beggary. I cannot help it! If it must be, it must, and I will never blame the French for any degree of misery which they may inflict on the people of England. I do not think my morality or feeling is much improved by my promotion to the rank of Adjutant-General. The truth is, I hate the very name of England; I hated her before my exile; I hate her since; and I will hate her always.

November 27th, 28th, 29th. I have no memorandums to make that are worth a farthing; always writing and writing. I declare I am tired of my life, or, as the French say, *je m'ennuye de ma personne.* Yesterday, at dinner, the General was mentioning several deputies, who, having been in the army before the Revolution, had profited of the advantages which their situation in the legislative body gave them, to promote themselves to high rank, and he added, "Well, there is Carnot, of whom they say so much, both good and evil. He was a Captain of Engineers before the Revolution, and he is a Captain of Engineers yet." It is highly honourable to Carnot. Apropos of the General: there is a charming little aristocrat, with

whom he is perfectly well, although all her relations are Chouans. In all the hurry of our expedition, he contrived to steal off, and spend two days and *nights* with her. Mr. Shee and I were in a mortal fright at his absence, for, knowing where he was gone, and on what business, we apprehended some of the Chouans might waylay and assassinate him. When they attempted it in the middle of Rennes, they might well execute it in a by-road, and, if anything happened Hoche, there is an end of our business. It was damned indiscreet in him, but God forbid I should be the man to accuse him, for I have been buffeted myself so often by the foul fiend, that it would be rather indecent of me to censure him. (Sings) "'*Tis woman that seduces all mankind.*" I do not think, however (but God knows), that, under the present circumstances, I would have gone caterwauling for two days among the Chouans. Hoche has all the right in the world (and why not?) to do as he pleases with his own life, but not to knock our expedition in the head. I was very angry with him, which, as I never did a foolish thing myself in my life for the sake of a woman, was but reasonable. It is all nonsense; for they do what they please with us, and it is in vain talking about it; however, I hope he may stop here whilst he is well. I learn to-day that the État-Major, myself included, does not embark in the same frigate with the General, and I am sorry for it, for divers excellent reasons. I should be very glad to have gone with him, but if I cannot, I must submit, though it vexes me confoundedly; however, I will say nothing of it, but keep my mind to myself, though I think the General ought to have taken me with him. I do not know now on what vessel I am to embark, and I am plaguy angry, if anybody cared. Well, I must take to my old remedy, patience; it is not the first mortification I have met with in the business, and it certainly will not be the last. How if I should be taken by the English, for example? Damn it for me, but I can't help myself, so let the matter be. To-day the officers of the État-Major gave a grand dinner to four or five of the Captains of the fleet; we were about twenty at dinner, and very pleasant. All the Captains seemed satisfied that, with the number of soldiers we have embarked, we

shall be a match for the English, but what they fear is to meet them on their return, after landing us. Would to God we were once landed, what difference does it make to the French? They may as well be blocked up in Cork as in Brest Harbour; and, if we get safe, that is the worst which can happen them. I cannot express the anxiety of my mind on this circumstance, but I believe it will be easily conceived that nothing can exceed it. Only think of how deep a stake I have engaged, when one of the last considerations is my life. Once for all: I dislike mortally the idea of a sea-fight; for, in the first place, I expect we shall be worsted, and perhaps the expedition frustrated, and, in the next place, I may be killed, and then my poor little babies will reap no advantage from my death, whereas if it was my lot to fall after our landing, I should have the consolation of being assured that my country would provide for them, and I can safely say that their future establishment is an object which occupies my mind at this important moment much more than any concern about my personal safety: not that I wish at all to make the idle rhodomontade of saying that I am indifferent about my life, very far from it; I wish to live and be happy with my dearest love and my friends, and to educate my darling babies; but if it should happen that I should fall in the contest, at least I wish that it should be in my own country. If I have my wish, I may say, in the words of my poor friend Russell—

> "If we meet with a privateer, or lofty man of war,
> We will not stay to wrangle, nor to chatter, nor to jar."

Poor fellow! His situation at this moment is one of my principal concerns. I trust in God we shall, after all, be yet in time, in spite of the English fleet, to rescue him and the rest of his fellow-sufferers. Well, let me change the subject. Mr. Shee showed me to-day the proclamation of the General, which is a great favour, as the second in command, General Grouchy, has not seen it yet. I need not detail the contents here, as I will take care to have a copy amongst my papers. It is very incorrectly printed which is a

pity, and I found here and there some expressions which put me in mind of my old friend, Captain Poitier.

November 30th. To-day Colonel Shee, who has been alarmed with some symptoms of the gout, to which he is a martyr, resolved to go on board the *Fraternité*, whilst he is yet able to move about. He is near sixty, and with a broken constitution, as may well be supposed after thirty-six years' service, yet he is as bold and eager in the business as if he were but five-and-twenty. I went aboard with him, and dined with the Admiral Morard de Galles, who has succeeded Villaret Joyeuse, and two other Admirals, Bouvet and Bruix. When I was about to leave him, I took him aside for an instant, and told him, that, as we embarked on different vessels, I might, perhaps, not have another occasion to speak to him, and therefore I availed myself of this to observe, that, as it was likely we might fall in with the English, and of course have an action, I had to entreat of him, in case anything should happen to me, and that he got safe to Ireland, to exert himself in behalf of my family, by making such a report of my services as he thought just, and as they merited. He assured me, in case of any accident, I might rely upon his zeal and friendship, and he requested at the same time, that if a similar circumstance befell him, I would render his family the same service, which I assured him, with great truth and sincerity, I would not fail to do, and so we parted. I have a sincere regard for him, and the very best opinion both of his zeal and talents. Well, now that he is aboard, there is one step gained. It seems we (the État-Major) embark aboard the *Indomptable*, an 80-gun ship, and the finest vessel in the squadron; that is some comfort, however. A young Frenchman, Adjoint to Crublier, an Adjutant-General, applied to me to-day to be my Adjoint, for Crublier, who was a great favourite with the General, has fallen, I apprehend, into some disgrace, and does not come with us. This young man's name is Dorsan, but I do not know him, and he does not speak English, so I told him I left all that to the General, and would speak to him about it, which I did accordingly, mentioning my own opinion, on which he left me at liberty to do as I pleased; so I will not take him. At night, Rapatelle, another young lad,

told me he was nominated to be my Adjoint, and I like him a great deal better than the other; so I told him I would take to-night to consider of it, and let him know to-morrow the result. I like Rapatelle well enough, but he does not speak English neither, so I shall still be in a difficulty. If I had Matt here now, I could fix him in a minute, Captain and Adjoint. Well, if I get to Ireland, I must have aides-de-camp there, and then I will see what can be done. I am now Adjutant-General, and of course I will not be put back, if I am not promoted in my own country. Called in the evening at Grimel's, where all the Generals generally go to play cards and trictrac. General Grouchy, who is second in command, got hold of me, and we had a long talk about Ireland. He begged me to call to-morrow at the Printer of the Marine, and see if I could not find anything geographical relating to that country, and, at all events, to call on him to-morrow at eleven, which I promised to do. General Chérin, Chef de l'État-Major, told me to-night that I shall embark the day after to-morrow. So I came upstairs, and packed up my trunk, and I am now at single anchor, and this business will, at last, be brought to a decision. I have been in France exactly ten months to-night. Well, it has not been time misspent. We will see now in a few days what will come of it. At all events, I have done my best.

NOTE TO CHAPTER VI.

A L'ARMÉE FRANÇAISE, DESTINÉE À OPÉRER LA RÉVOLUTION D'IRLANDE.

Républicains: Fier de vous avoir fait vaincre en plusieurs occasions, j'ai obtenu du Gouvernement la permission de vous conduire à de nouveaux succès. Vous commander, c'est être assuré du triomphe.

Jaloux de rendre à la liberté un peuple digne d'elle, et mûr pour une révolution, le Directoire nous envoie en Irlande, à l'effet d'y

faciliter la révolution que d'excellents Républicains viennent d'y entreprendre. Il sera beau pour nous, qui avons vaincu les satellites des Rois armés contre la République, de lui aider à recouvrer ses droits usurpès par l'odieux Gouvernement Anglais.

Vous n'oublierez jamais, braves et fidèles Compagnons, que le peuple, chez lequel nous allons, est l'ami de notre Patrie, que nous devons le traiter comme tel, et non comme un peuple conquis.

En arrivant en Irlande, vous trouverez l'hospitalité, la fraternité; bientôt des milliers de ses habitans viendront grossir nos phalanges. Gardons-nous donc bien de jamais traiter aucuns d'eux en ennemis. Ainsi que nous, ils ont à se venger des perfides Anglais; ces derniers sont les seuls dont nous ayons à tirer une vengeance éclatante. Croyez que les Irlandais ne soupirent pas moins que vous après le moment où, de concert, nous irons à Londres rappeler, à Pitt et à ses amis, ce qu'ils ont fait contre notre liberté.

Par amitié, par devoir, et pour l'honneur du nom Français, vous respecterez les personnes et les propriétés du pays où nous allons. Si, par des efforts constans, je pourvois à vos besoins, croyez que, jaloux de conserver la réputation de l'Armée que j'ai l'honneur de commander, je punirai sévérement quiconque s'écartera de ce qu'il doit à son pays. Les lauriers et la gloire seront le partage du soldat républicain; la mort sera le prix du viol et du pillage. Vous me connoissez assez pour croire que, pour la premiere fois, je ne manquerai pas à ma parole. J'ai dû vous prévenir, sachez vous en rappeler.

Le Général,

L. HOCHE.

Brest, le———annee républicaine.

CHAPTER VII.

BANTRY BAY EXPEDITION.

December 1st, 2nd. Received my order to embark on board the *Indomptable* of 80 guns, Captain Bedout. Packed up directly, and wrote a long letter of directions to my wife, in which I detailed everything I thought necessary, and advised her, in case of anything happening me, to return to America, and settle in Georgia or Carolina. I enclosed this under cover to Madgett, and, at two o'clock, arrived on board. We have a most magnificent vessel. To-day I command the troops, as the highest in rank, but to-morrow I shall be superseded, I expect, by the arrival of the whole État-Major. I hope in God we are about to set out at last. I see, by a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant, that the north of Ireland is in a flame ; if we arrive safe, we shall not do much to extinguish it. Well, we shall see.

December 3rd, 4th. As it is now pretty certain that the English are in force off Ushant to the number of sixteen ships of the line and ten frigates, it seems hardly possible that we can make our way to Ireland without falling in with them ; and, as even the most successful action must be attended with damages in our masts and rigging, so that, even if victorious, which I do not expect, we may yet be prevented from proceeding on the expedition, considering the stormy season of the year, I have been devising a scheme, which, I think, in the present state of things in Ireland, can hardly fail of success. It is this : that three, or at most four sail of the fastest-going ships should take advantage of the first favourable moment, as a dark night and a strong gale from the north-east, and slip out with as many troops as they can carry, including at least a company of the *artillerie légère*, and

steering such a course as, though somewhat longer, should be most out of the way of the English fleet; that they should proceed round the coast of Ireland, keeping a good offing for fear of accidents, and land the men in the North, as near Belfast as possible. If we could land two thousand men in this manner, with as many stand of arms as we could carry beside, I have no doubt but in a week we would have possession of the entire North of Ireland, and we could certainly maintain ourselves there for a considerable time, against all the force which could be sent against us, the consequence of which would be, first, that the whole South would be disfurnished of troops, which would, of course, be sent against us; and I also am almost certain that the British fleet would directly quit its station off Brest, where they have been now cruising ten weeks, according to our accounts, as thinking that the mischief was already done, and that they were watching the stable when the steed was stolen; in which case the main embarkation might immediately set off, and landing in the South, put the enemy between two fires, and so settle the business almost without a blow. If this scheme be adopted, it is absolutely necessary that no mortal should hear of it but Morard de Galles, Hoche, and Colonel Shee. The reason of my wishing not to lose an instant, and likewise to make the attempt with two thousand men contrary to the opinion I have given elsewhere in these memorandums, is, that I have seen articles within these few days in the French papers, including, among others, a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant, dated November 9th, by which I see that the insurrection is ready every instant to explode in the North, and that they have gone so far as to break open the magazine in Belfast, and take by force ten barrels of powder. I dread, in consequence, their committing themselves before they are properly supported. If we were there, with almost any number of troops, provided we had arms and artillery, I should have no doubt of success. After deliberating these two days which I have spent on board, and examining my scheme in all possible lights, I went to-day at two o'clock on board the *Fraternité* to state it to Colonel Shee, who is confined to his hammock with the gout, as he expected. I explained it to him at

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

length, and he seemed to relish it a good deal, and, as the General dines to-day on board with the Admiral, he promised he would mention it to him and have his opinion. I should have observed, that I begged, in case it was adopted, to be permitted to go with the first embarkation. We then fixed to meet to-morrow, when he will let me know the result, and so we parted. He is a noble old fellow, at this time of life, and with that terrible malady, the gout, to expose himself with so much spirit as he manifests on this occasion. Apropos of spirit, my captain, Citizen Bedout, has fought like a lion in this war; he commanded the *Tigre* which was taken by the English on the 27th of June, 1795, and was wounded in four places before he struck to three three-deckers, which were on him at once. I mentioned to Colonel Shee that if my plan was adopted, I thought he should be named Commodore, which is his rank, especially as the *Indomptable* is a remarkably fast sailing ship, and he seems heartily bent on our expedition, which is far from being the case with most of the marine. I must now wait till to-morrow, and I hope in God my scheme may be adopted, as I am sure it is our best course under the circumstances. I fear it, however, the more so, as, if it succeeds, it will undoubtedly lessen in some degree the *éclat* which would attend Hoche if he were the first to land, but I hope he is above such weakness as to sacrifice the success of the measure to his own reputation. We shall see. To-day the Admiral has given orders that after to-morrow no one will be allowed to go on shore, which is what the French call *lever la planche.* The General sleeps aboard that night, so everything now seems to "*give dreadful note of preparation.*" I wish, however, my scheme may be adopted. I am exceedingly well off aboard, and Captain Bedout is remarkably civil and attentive; he is a Canadian and speaks very good English.

December 5th to 8th. The uniformity of my life, at anchor in the road of Brest, does not furnish much matter for observation. I saw Mr. Shee yesterday, who is still in bed with the gout. He tells me that he spoke of my plan to the General, who said at once it was impossible, and that he durst not take on himself the responsibility it would induce. His reasons are good. First, if our

little squadron fell in with the enemy, we must, to a moral certainty, be taken. Next, if we got even clear, and that the remainder of the squadron fell in with the enemy and was beaten, which would, most probably, be the case, the whole fault would be laid on him, as having weakened the main force by the detachment; and, lastly, that from the state of our preparations, being victualled and furnished but for a short period, we must speedily sail, *coûte que coûte*, so that the advantage I proposed in drawing off the English fleet would be useless, as we could not afford to wait the time necessary to suffer that circumstance to operate. This last is the best of his reasons, but I remain firmly of opinion that my scheme is, under all the circumstances, infinitely the best. If we were able to go in force, *à la bonne heure;* but as we are not, and as I have no expectation but that we shall be well beaten, and the whole expedition miscarry, I look upon my proposal as the best means to save so much out of the fire, and perhaps, with the force I speak of, we might succeed, even though the main body might miscarry. I say perhaps, though in fact I do not doubt it. As to the General's objection on the score of the hazard, undoubtedly there is great hazard; but, in the first place, I look upon the actual hazard to be much greater on his plan, inasmuch as four ships have an infinitely better chance of escaping the vigilance of Admiral Gardner, who is watching us without with eighteen sail of the line, than fifteen, of which our squadron consists (not including frigates on either side); and as to fighting, they will beat us as surely with our fifteen sail as with four, and the consequence will be, of course, the failure of our expedition. In the next place, as to the hazard, there is no possibility of executing so great a measure as that which we have in hand without infinite hazard; and as we are undoubtedly the weaker at sea, we are to choose that party which offers us the least risk, and in that respect I have no doubt of the superiority of my plan. However, it is decided otherwise, and I must submit. Our force is of fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, and seven or eight transports; that makes upwards of thirty sail, a force which can never escape the vigilance of the English, unless there should come a furious storm for two or three

days, without remission, which would blow them up the Channel. And even so, by all I can see of our preparations, we are not ready to avail ourselves instantly of that circumstance, so that, in all probability, if a storm were to come to our relief, the enemy would have time to be back again to block us up, or at least to intercept us; besides, the elements seem to conspire against us. In the memory of man there has not been known at Brest so long a succession of fine weather in this season; and we have had now three weeks of favourable winds, of which, for obvious reasons, we have not been able to profit. Of course, when this weather changes, we must look for the wind in the opposite quarter, which is the prevailing wind in winter, and will block us up as effectually as the English. I am absolutely weary of my life. If the wind sets in to the westward, and continues there for any time, as is highly probable, the troops will get sickly and impatient, and what is worse, our provisions of all sorts will be exhausted; and so we shall be obliged to give up the expedition from downright poverty. Want of money is the great stumbling-block of the French Government. These are sad croaking memorandums, but unfortunately they are all too true. Those damned Spaniards! Well, they will lose their American colonies—that is some revenge; and Mr. Pitt may profit now of my scheme for the Sandwich Islands. I have now done with my scheme, which is undoubtedly liable to the objections made by the General, but when we have but a choice of difficulties, what is the scheme which is without them? We had a grand exercise to-day of great guns and small arms, and both troops and seamen went through their business with great activity. I should like to see the same on board of an English man-of-war. We did not fire, but two other ships, the *Nestor* and the *Eole*, did; it was a beautiful sight. I saw Mr. Shee for half an hour this evening; the gout had got into his left hand, and he was dreadfully out of spirits, I think for the first time. He tells me the General thinks the Marine are trifling with him, on purpose to gain time, until the bad weather sets in, when, if it holds any time, as is highly probable, our stores of all sorts will be exhausted, and the business must be given up from pure necessity. This I appre-

hended myself. He also says that Bruix, a rear-admiral, who is charged with the execution of the naval department, and in whose zeal the General had great confidence, has cooled exceedingly within these few days—so much, that to-day, when the General called on him, and was pressing him on our affair, Bruix, instead of answering him, was dandling one of his little children. The excuse now is that we are waiting for some charts or plans, which must be washed in water-colours, and will take two days—a worthy subject for delay in the present stage of the business ! I begin more and more to think that we shall not get out in force. It is true the General may order us out at his peril, but it is a dreadful responsibility to take on himself, for if any accident happened us he would have the whole Marine on his back, and, by what I see of those gentlemen, I think they would rather that all should fail than their prophecy not be verified ; and, by the by, it is always in their power to make us miscarry, so I think it can hardly be expected that Hoche will go these lengths. A man's own scheme is always lovely in his eyes, but I cannot help wishing that we were out safe with even four ships, according to my plan, and it seems not impossible but we may come to that at length Our whole business now, not to speak of the English, turns on a change of the wind. In the meantime the troops keep up their health and spirits, and are, at this moment, as well as possible, and every evening dancing on the quarter-deck. Would to God we were all in Ireland ! But when will that be ? We are thirteen thousand five hundred strong.

December 9th, 10*th*, 11*th*. Went ashore yesterday to take my leave of Brest. Four of our frigates stood out of the *goulet* that evening, so there are at least symptoms of movement. This morning went on board the *Fraternité* to see Colonel Shee, and, to my infinite satisfaction, saw Richery in the offing, standing in for the road, where he anchored safely in an hour after. He brings with him five ships of the line and two frigates, of which we shall have three of the line and the crews of the two others, which are foul. It is a reinforcement of the most infinite consequence to us, and, perhaps, may enable us to force our way out at last. I am

astonished how Richery, with his squadron, has been able to elude the vigilance of the English; he must be an excellent officer, and I presume we shall have him, of course, with us. The General comes aboard to-day, and it is not impossible, if the weather is favourable, but we may sail to-night. God send! whatever may be the event, for I am tired of this suspense.

December 12th. The État-Major came aboard last night; we are seven in the great cabin, including a lady in boy's clothes, the wife of a Commissaire, one Ragoneau. By what I see we have a little army of Commissaries, who are going to Ireland to make their fortunes. If we arrive safe, I think I will keep my eye a little upon these gentlemen. In consequence of the arrival of Richery, our squadron will be augmented with two if not three ships, and the army with 1,700 men, which, with 13,400 already on board, will make 15,100—a force more than sufficient for our purpose, if, as I am always obliged to add, we have the good fortune to reach our destination in safety.

December 13th, 14th. To-day the signal is made to heave short and be ready to put to sea; the report is we shall make sail at four o'clock. I am truly rejoiced at it. "*I do agnize a natural and prompt alacrity.*" Called on my friend Shee, who is better; he is able to-day to write a little. Recommended my wife and family to his friendship and protection in case of anything happening to me. He promised me heartily to exert himself in their behalf, and I have no doubt he will keep his word; so I have done all that is now in my power to do. Saw Richery this morning, which I am glad of, as I like to observe the countenance of men who have distinguished themselves. (*Evening.*) Having nothing better to employ me, I amuse myself scribbling these foolish memorandums. In the first place, I must remark the infinite power of female society over our minds, which I see every moment exemplified in the effect which the presence of Madame Ragoneau has on our manners; not that she has any claim to respect other than as she is a woman, for she is not very handsome, she has no talents, and (between friends) she was originally a *fille de joie* at Paris. Yet we are all attentive and studious to please her; and I am

glad, in short, she is aboard, as I am satisfied she humanises us not a little. General Watrin paid us a visit this evening, with the band of his regiment, and I went down into the great cabin, where all the officers mess, and where the music was playing. I was delighted with the effect it seemed to have on them. The cabin was ceiled with the firelocks intended for the expedition; the candlesticks were bayonets stuck in the table; the officers were in their jackets and *bonnets de police;* some playing cards, others singing to the music, others conversing, and all in the highest spirits. Once again I was delighted with the scene. At length Watrin and his band went off, and as it was a beautiful moonlight night, the effect of the music on the water, diminishing as they receded from our vessel, was delicious. We are still at anchor—bad! bad!

December 15th. At 11 o'clock this morning the signal was made to heave short, and I believe we are now going to sail in downright earnest. There is a signal also at the point for four sail of enemies in the offing. It is most delicious weather, and the sun is as warm and as bright as in the month of May—"*I hope*," as Lord George Brilliant says, "*he may not shine through somebody presently.*" We are all in high spirits, and the troops are as gay as if they were going to a ball. With our 15,000, or more correctly, 13,975 men, I would not have the least doubt of our beating 30,000 of such as will be opposed to us; that is to say, if we reach our destination. The signal is now flying to get under way, so one way or other the affair will be at last brought to a decision, and God knows how sincerely I rejoice at it. The wind is right aft, huzza! At one we got under way, and stood out of the *goulet* until three, when we cast anchor by signal in the Bay de Camaret, having made about three leagues. Our ship, I think, would beat the whole fleet; we passed, with easy sail, a frigate, *La Surveillante*, under her top-gallant sails, and nothing was able to come near us. We are now riding at single anchor, and I hope we shall set off to-morrow.

December 16th. At 12 to-day the *Fougueux*, a 74, ran foul of us, but we parted without any damage on either side. When we were

as close as possible, with the muzzles of our guns touching, I clearly saw the impossibility of boarding a ship of the line, from the distance between the gunwale of the one and the other. At two, signal to get under way. At half after two, made sail, the wind still favourable, but slack. Settled our *rôle de combat.* Chasseloup and Vaudray, with their Adjoints, are on the lower deck; Simon and I, with ours, on the main deck; Chérin, I believe, with the Captain. I had rather be on the quarter-deck or poop, where I could see something; however, I said nothing. We are all in full regimentals, with our laced hats, &c., which is to encourage the troops. I believe our ship will behave well; but it will be still better if we reserve our valour for the shore. At all events, two or three days must, I think, settle the affair.

December 17th. Last night passed through the Raz, a most dangerous and difficult pass, wherein we were within an inch of running on a sunken rock, where we must, every soul, have inevitably perished. I knew nothing about it, for my part, till this morning, and I am glad of it. Captain Bedout told me he had rather stand three such engagements as that wherein he was taken than pass again through the Raz at night, so it seems the affair was serious; if we had struck, we should have gone to pieces in a quarter of an hour, as the tide runs furiously at the rate of not less than 10 knots an hour. Ours is the first squadron that has passed through the Raz, which even single ships avoid, unless in case of necessity. This morning, to my infinite mortification and anxiety, we are but eighteen sail in company instead of forty-three, which is our number. We conjecture, however, that the remaining twenty-five have made their way through the Yroise, and that we shall see them to-morrow morning; at the same time, we much fear that some of our companions have perished in that infernal Raz. We have nothing for it now but to wait till to-morrow. (*At night.*) This day has passed without any event; the weather moderate, the wind favourable, and our eighteen sail pretty well together. Two of the admirals and the General are with the absent; God send they may have escaped the Raz. Rear-Admiral Bouvet and General Grouchy, second in command, are with us. I believe there

is a rendezvous fixed in case of separation, so to-morrow we shall see. We run on an average five or six knots an hour, course W.N.W.

December 18th. At nine this morning a fog so thick that we cannot see a ship's length before us. "*Hazy weather, master Noah;*" damn it! we may be, for aught I know, within a quarter of a mile of our missing ships, without knowing it; it is true we may also, by the same means, miss the English, so it may be as well for good as evil, and I count firmly upon the fortune of the Republic. How, after all, if we were not to join our companions? What will Grouchy and Bouvet determine? We are enough to make the attempt, but we must then steer for the North of Ireland. If it rested with me, I would not hesitate a moment, and as it is I will certainly propose it, if I can find an opening.

> "If we are doomed to die, we are enough
> To do our country loss; and if to rise,
> The fewer men, the greater share of honour."

This damned fog continues without interruption. (*At night.*) Foggy all day, and no appearance of our comrades. I asked General Chérin what we should do in case they did not rejoin us. He said that he supposed General Grouchy would take the command with the troops we had with us, which, on examination, we found to amount to about 6,500 men. I need not say that I supported this idea with all my might. The Captain has opened a packet containing instructions for his conduct in case of separation, which order him to cruise for five days off Mizen Head, and, at the end of that time, proceed to the mouth of the Shannon, where he is to remain three more, at the end of which time, if he does not see the fleet, or receive further orders by a frigate, he is to make the best of his way back to Brest. But we must see in that case whether Bouvet and Grouchy may not take on themselves to land the troops. I am glad to see that Chérin is bent on that plan, notwithstanding the interference of his aide-de-camp, Fairin, who put in his word, I thought, impertinently enough.

December 19th. This morning, at eight, signal of a fleet in the

offing; Branlebas General; rose directly and made my toilet, so now I am ready, *ou pour les Anglais, ou pour les Anglaises.* I see about a dozen sail, but whether they are friends or enemies God knows. It is a stark calm, so that we do not move an inch even with our studding sails; but here we lie rolling like so many logs on the water. It is most inconceivably provoking; two frigates that were ordered to reconnoitre, have not advanced one hundred yards in an hour, with all their canvas out; it is now nine o'clock; damn it to hell for a calm, and in the middle of December. Well, it cannot last long. If this fleet prove to be our comrades, it will be famous news; if it be the English, let them come, we will do our best, and I think the *Indomptable* will not be the worst fought ship in the squadron. This calm! this calm! it is most terribly vexatious. At half-past ten we floated near enough to recognise the signals, and, to my infinite satisfaction, the strange fleet proves to be our comrades, so now *nous en sommes quittes pour la peur*, as the French say; counted sixteen sail, including the Admiral's frigate, so the General is safe. The wind, which favoured us thus far, is chopped about, and is now right in our teeth; that is provoking enough. If we had a fair wind we should be in Bantry Bay to-morrow morning. At half-past one, hailed by a lugger, which informed us of the loss of the *Séduisant*, a seventy-four of our squadron, the first night of our departure, with five hundred and fifty men of the ninety-fourth Demi-brigade, of whom she saved thirty-three. It happened near the same spot where we were in such imminent danger. I was mistaken above in saying that the *Fraternité* was with the squadron which joined us; it is Admiral Nielly's frigate, and we know nothing of the other, which has thrown us all into the greatest anxiety. Admiral Morard de Galles, General Hoche, General Debelle, and Colonel Shee are aboard the *Fraternité*, and God knows what is become of them. The wind, too, continues against us, and, altogether, I am in terrible low spirits. How if these damned English should catch us at last, after having gone on successfully thus far! Our force leaving Brest water was as follows:—*Indomptable*, 80 guns; *Nestor*, *Cassard*, *Droits de l'Homme*, *Tourville*, *Eole*, *Fougueux*, *Mucius*, *Redoubtable*,

Patriote, *Pluton*, *Constitution*, *Trajan*, *Watigny*, *Pegaze*, *Révolution*, and the unfortunate *Séduisant*, of 74 guns (17 sail of the line); *La Cocarde*, *Bravoure*, *Immortalité*, *Bellone*, *Coquille*, *Romaine*, *Siréne*, *Impatiente*, *Surveillante*, *Charente*, *Resolue*, *Tartare*, and *Fraternité*, frigates of 36 guns (13 frigates); *Scevola*, and *Fidéle*, *armés en flûtes*, *Mutine*, *Renard*, *Atalante*, *Voltigeur*, and *Affronteur*, corvettes, and *Nicodeme*, *Justine*, *Ville d'Orient*, *Suffren*, *Experiment*, and *Alégre*, transports, making in all 43 sail. Of these there are missing, this day, at three o'clock, the *Nestor* and *Séduisant*, of 74; the *Fraternité*, *Cocarde*, and *Romaine*, frigates, the *Mutine* and *Voltigeur*, corvettes, and three other transports.

December 20th. Last night, in moderate weather, we contrived to separate again, and this morning, at eight o'clock, we are but fifteen sail in company, with a foul wind and hazy. I am in horrible ill-humour, and it is no wonder. We shall lie beating about here, within thirty leagues of Cape Clear, until the English come and catch us, which will be truly agreeable. Let me not think; I amuse myself at night, when the rest are at cards, walking alone in the gallery, and singing the airs that my poor love used to be fond of:—

> "The wandering tar, that not for years has prest
> The widowed partner of his day of rest,
> On the cold deck, far from her arms removed,
> Still hums the ditty that his Susan loved."

I feel now the truth of these beautiful lines. Well, hang sorrow! At *ten*, several sail in sight to windward; I suppose they are our stray sheep. It is scandalous to part company twice in four days in such moderate weather as we have had, but sea affairs I see are not our *forte*. Captain Bedout is a seaman, which I fancy is more than can be said for nine-tenths of his *confrères*.

December 21st. Last night, just at sunset, signal for seven sail in the offing; all in high spirits, in hopes that it is our comrades; stark calm all the fore part of the night; at length a breeze sprung up, and this morning, at daybreak, we are under Cape Clear, distant about four leagues, so I have at all events once more seen my

country ; but the pleasure I should otherwise feel at this is totally destroyed by the absence of the General, who has not joined us, and of whom we know nothing. The sails we saw last night have disappeared, and we are all in uncertainty. It is most delicious weather, with a favourable wind, and everything, in short, that we can desire, except our absent comrades. At the moment I write this we are under easy sail, within three leagues at most of the coast, so that I can discover here and there patches of snow on the mountains. What if the General should not join us? If we cruise here five days, according to our instructions, the English will be upon us, and then all is over. We are thirty-five sail in company, and seven or eight absent. Is that such a separation of our force as, under all the circumstances, will warrant our following the letter of our orders, to the certain failure of the expedition? If Grouchy and Bouvet be men of spirit and decision, they will land immediately, and trust to their success for justification. If they be not, and if this day passes without our seeing the General, I much fear the game is up. I am in undescribable anxiety, and Chérin, who commands aboard, is a poor creature, to whom it is vain to speak ; not but I believe he is brave enough, but he has a little mind. There cannot be imagined a situation more provokingly tantalising than mine at this moment, within view, almost within reach of my native land, and uncertain whether I shall ever set my foot on it. We are now, nine o'clock, at the rendezvous appointed; stood in for the coast till twelve, when we were near enough to toss a biscuit ashore ; at twelve tacked and stood out again, so now we have begun our cruise of five days in all its forms, and shall, in obedience to the letter of our instructions, ruin the expedition, and destroy the remnant of the French navy, with a precision and punctuality which will be truly edifying. We opened Bantry Bay, and, in all my life, rage never entered so deeply into my heart as when we turned our backs on the coast. I sounded Chérin as to what Grouchy might do, but he turned the discourse ; he is *Taata Enos*.[1] Simon is entirely of my opinion, and so is Captain Bedout but what does that signify? At half after one, the *Atalante*, one

[1] See Cook's "Voyages."

of our missing corvettes, hove in sight, so now again we are in hopes to see the General. Oh, if he were in Grouchy's place, he would not hesitate one moment. Continue making short boards ; the wind foul.

December 22nd. This morning, at eight, we have neared Bantry Bay considerably, but the fleet is terribly scattered ; no news of the *Fraternité ;* I believe it is the first instance of an admiral in a clean frigate, with moderate weather, and moonlight night, parting company with his fleet. Captain Grammont, our first lieutenant, told me his opinion is that she is either taken or lost, and, in either event, it is a terrible blow to us. All rests now upon Grouchy, and I hope he may turn out well ; he has a glorious game in his hands, if he has spirits and talents to play it. If he succeeds, it will immortalise him. I do not at all like the countenance of the État-Major in this crisis. When they speak of the expedition, it is in a style of despondency, and, when they are not speaking of it, they are playing cards and laughing ; they are every one of them brave of their persons, but I see nothing of that spirit of enterprise combined with a steady resolution, which our present situation demands. They stared at me this morning when I said that Grouchy was the man in the whole army who had least reason to regret the absence of the General, and began to talk of responsibility and difficulties, as if any great enterprise was without responsibility and difficulties. I was burning with rage ; however I said nothing, and will say nothing until I get ashore, if ever I am so happy as to arrive there. We are gaining the Bay by slow degrees, with a head wind at east, where it has hung these five weeks. To-night we hope, if nothing extraordinary happens, to cast anchor in the mouth of the Bay, and work up to-morrow morning ; these delays are dreadful to my impatience. I am now so near the shore that I can see, distinctly, two old castles, yet I am utterly uncertain whether I shall ever set foot on it. According to appearances, Bouvet and Grouchy are resolved to proceed ; that is a great point gained, however. Two o'clock ; we have been tacking ever since eight this morning, and I am sure we have not gained one hundred yards ; the wind is right ahead, and the fleet dispersed,

several being far to leeward. I have been looking over the schedule of our arms, artillery, and ammunition ; we are well provided ; we have 41,160 stand of arms, twenty pieces of field artillery, and nine of siege, including mortars and howitzers ; 61,200 barrels of powder, 7,000,000 musket-cartridges, and 700,000 flints, besides an infinite variety of articles belonging to the train, but we have neither sabres nor pistols for the cavalry: however, we have nearly three regiments of hussars embarked, so that we can dispense with them. Messieurs of the État-Major continue in the horrors; I find Simon the stoutest of them, and Fairin, Chérin's aide-de-camp, the worst ; he puts me in mind of David in the "Rivals," "*But I am fighting Bob, and damn it, I won't be afraid.*" I continue very discreetly to say little or nothing, as my situation just now is rather a delicate one ; if we were once ashore, and things turn out to my mind, I shall soon be out of my trammels, and perhaps in that respect I may be better off with Grouchy than with Hoche. If the people act with spirit, as I hope they will, it is no matter who is General, and, if they do not, all the talents of Hoche would not save us, so it comes to the same thing at last. At half-past six, cast anchor off Bere Island, being still four leagues from our landing-place; at work with General Chérin, writing and translating proclamations, &c., all our printed papers, including my two pamphlets, being on board the *Fraternité*, which is pleasant.

December 23rd. Last night it blew a heavy gale from the eastward with snow, so that the mountains are covered this morning, which will render our bivouacs extremely amusing. It is to be observed, that of the thirty-two points of the compass, the E. is precisely the most unfavourable to us. In consequence we are this morning separated for the fourth time; sixteen sail, including nine or ten of the line, with Bouvet and Grouchy, are at anchor with us, and about twenty are blown to sea ; luckily the gale set from the shore, so I am in hopes no mischief will ensue. The wind is still high, and, as usual, right ahead ; and I dread a visit from the English, and altogether I am in great uneasiness. Oh ! that we were once ashore, let what might ensue after ; I am sick to the very soul of this suspense. It is curious to see how things are managed in this

best of all possible worlds. We are here, sixteen sail, great and small, scattered up and down in a noble bay, and so dispersed that there are not two together in any spot, save one, and there they are now so close, that if it blows to-night as it did last night, they will inevitably run foul of each other, unless one of them prefers driving on shore. We lie in this disorder, expecting a visit from the English every hour, without taking a single step for our defence, even to the common one of having a frigate in the harbour's mouth to give us notice of their approach; to judge by appearances, we have less to dread here than in Brest water, for when we were there we had four corvettes stationed off the *goulet*, besides the signal posts. I confess this degree of security passes my comprehension. The day has passed without the appearance of one vessel, friend or enemy, the wind rather more moderate, but still ahead. To-night, on examining the returns with Waudré, Chef d'État-Major of the Artillery, I find our means so reduced by the absence of the missing, that I think it hardly possible to make an attempt here, with any prospect of success; in consequence, I took Chérin into the Captain's room, and told him frankly my opinion of our actual state, and that I thought it our duty, since we must look upon the main object as now unattainable, unless the whole of our friends returned to-morrow, and the English gave us our own time, which was hardly to be expected, to see what could be best done for the honour and interest of the Republic, with the force which remained in our hands, and I proposed to him to give me the Legion des Francs, a company of the *artillerie légère*, and as many officers as desired to come volunteers in the expedition, with what arms and stores remained, which are now reduced, by our separation, to four field pieces, 20,000 firelocks at most, 1,000 lb. of powder, and 3,000,000 cartridges, and to land us in Sligo Bay, and let us make the best of our way; if we succeeded, the Republic would gain infinitely in reputation and interest, and, if we failed, the loss would be trifling, as the expense was already incurred, and as for the legion, he knew what kind of desperadoes it was composed of, and for what purpose; consequently, in the worst event, the Republic would be well rid of them; finally, I added that though

I asked the command, it was on the supposition that none of the Generals would risk their reputation on such a desperate enterprise, and that if another was found, I would be content to go as a simple Volunteer. This was the outline of my proposal, which I pressed on him with such arguments as occurred to me, concluding by observing that, as a foreigner in the French service, my situation was a delicate one, and if I were simply an officer, I would obey in silence the orders of my superiors, but, from my connections in Ireland, having obtained the confidence of the Directory, so far as to induce them to appoint me to the rank of Chef de Brigade, and of General Hoche who had nominated me Adjutant-General, I thought it my duty, both to France and Ireland, to speak on this occasion, and that I only offered my plan as a *pis aller*, in case nothing better suggested itself. Chérin answered that I did very right to give my opinion, and that as he expected a council of war would be called to-morrow, he would bring me with him, and I should have an opportunity to press it. The discourse rested there, and to-morrow we shall see more, if we are not agreeably surprised, early in the morning, by a visit from the English, which is highly probable. I am now so near the shore, that I can in a manner touch the sides of Bantry Bay with my right and left hand, yet God knows whether I shall ever tread again on Irish ground. There is one thing which I am surprised at, which is the extreme *sang-froid* with which I view the coast. I expected I should have been violently affected, yet I look at it as if it were the coast of Japan ; I do not, however, love my country the less, for not having romantic feelings with regard to her. Another thing, we are now three days in Bantry Bay ; if we do not land immediately, the enemy will collect a superior force, and perhaps repay us our victory of Quiberon. In an enterprise like ours, everything depends upon the promptitude and audacity of our first movements, and we are here, I am sorry to say it, most pitifully languid. It is mortifying, but that is too poor a word ; I could tear my flesh with rage and vexation, but that advances nothing, and so I hold my tongue in general, and devour my melancholy as I can. To come so near, and then to fail, if we are to fail ! And every one aboard seems now to have given up all hopes.

December 24th. This morning the whole État-Major has been miraculously converted, and it was agreed, in full council, that General Chérin, Colonel Waudré, Chef d'État Major of the Artillery, and myself, should go aboard the *Immortalité*, and press General Grouchy in the strongest manner, to proceed on the expedition, with the ruins of our scattered army. Accordingly, we made a signal to speak with the Admiral, and in about an hour we were aboard. I must do Grouchy the justice to say, that the moment we gave our opinion in favour of proceeding, he took his part decidedly, and like a man of spirit; he instantly set about preparing the *ordre de bataille*, and we finished it without delay. We are not more than 6,500 strong, but they are tried soldiers, who have seen fire, and I have the strongest hopes that, after all, we shall bring our enterprise to a glorious termination. It is a bold attempt, and truly original. All the time we were preparing the *ordre de bataille*, we were laughing most immoderately at the poverty of our means, and I believe, under the circumstances, it was the merriest council of war that was ever held; but "*Des Chevaliers français tel est le caractère.*" Grouchy, the commander-in-chief, never had so few men under his orders since he was Adjutant-General; Waudré, who is Lieutenant-Colonel, finds himself now at the head of the artillery, which is a furious park, consisting of one piece of eight, one of four, and two six-inch howitzers; when he was a Captain he never commanded fewer than ten pieces, but now that he is in fact General of the artillery, he prefers taking the field with four. He is a gallant fellow, and offered, on my proposal last night, to remain with me and command his company, in case General Grouchy had agreed to the proposal I made to Chérin. It is altogether an enterprise truly *unique;* we have not one guinea; we have not a tent; we have not a horse to draw our four pieces of artillery; the General-in-chief marches on foot; we leave all our baggage behind us; we have nothing but the arms in our hands, the clothes on our backs, and a good courage, but that is sufficient. With all these original circumstances, such as I believe never were found united in an expedition of such magnitude as that we are about to attempt, we are all as gay as larks. I never saw the French character better

exemplified than in this morning's business. Well, at last I believe we are about to disembark ; God knows how I long for it. But this infernal easterly wind continues without remorse, and though we have been under way three or four hours, and made I believe three hundred tacks, we do not seem to my eyes to have gained one hundred yards in a straight line. One hour and a half of good wind would carry us up, and perhaps we may be yet two days. Damn it! damn it! I learn from a pilot whom I found aboard the Admiral, that my friend Hutchins lives within two miles of Bantry, and is now at home, so perhaps I may see him to-morrow ; I wonder what kind of a meeting we shall have ? When I saw him last he was a right good fellow, but so many changes happen in twenty months ! At all events, he will be, I dare say, not a little surprised to see me with a blue coat on my back, and a national cockade in my hat. At six, cast anchor, having gained I think not less than fifty yards, to speak within bounds. The rapidity of our progress is the more amazing, when it is considered that we have been not much more than eight hours in covering that space of ground, and besides, we have a cool refreshing breeze from the east, which is truly delightful. Well, time and tide wait for no man. I may now say with the Probationary Odes, "*Sometimes it blows, sometimes it freezes, just as it pleases.*" Well, let it blow and be hanged ! I do not wonder to-night at Xerxes whipping the sea ; for I find myself pretty much in the mood to commit some such rational action. To return to our expedition ; the more I think of it, the more I find it amusing ; as Johnson says : "*the negative catalogue of our means is extremely copious.*" In addition to what I have mentioned already, we have no horses for our cavalry. Huzza ! I apprehend we are to-night 6,000 of the most careless fellows in Europe, for everybody is in the most extravagant spirits on the eve of an enterprise, which, considering our means, would make many people serious. I never liked the French half so well as to-night, and I can scarcely persuade myself that the loungers of the Boulevards, and the soldiers I see about me, are of the same hemisphere. To judge the French rightly, or at least to see the bright part of their character, you must see them

not in Paris, but in the camp. It is in the armies that the Republic exists. My enemy, the wind, seems just now, at eight o'clock, to relent a little, so we may reach Bantry by to-morrow. The enemy has now had four days to recover from his panic, and prepare to receive us ; so much the worse, but I do not mind it. We purpose to make a race for Cork, as if the devil were in our bodies, and when we are fairly there, we will stop for a day or two to take breath, and look about us. From Bantry to Cork is about forty-five miles, which, with all our efforts, will take us three days, and I suppose we may have a brush by the way, but I think we are able to deal with any force that can, at a week's notice, be brought against us. We are not the best dressed body of men in Europe. I think I have seen a Captain of the Guards in St. James's Park, who would burn for as much as one of our demi-brigades. "*There's not a rag of feather in our army, good argument, I hope we will not fly.*" Apropos of that quotation, it is inconceivable how well that most inconceivable of all writers, Shakespeare, has hit off the French character in his play of *Henry V.* I have been struck with it fifty times this evening ; yet it is highly probable he never saw a French officer in his life. Well, I have worked hard to-day, not to speak of my boating party aboard the *Admiral*, against wind and tide, and in a rough sea. I have written and copied fifteen letters, besides these memorandums ; pretty well for one day. I think I will stop here. I have but one observation to add : there is not, I will venture to say, one grenadier in the Compagnie Bloom that will not sleep to-night in his hammock more contentedly than the Archbishop of Dublin in a down bed. I presume our arrival has put several respectable characters in no small fuss, but time will show more of that.

December 25th. These memorandums are a strange mixture. Sometimes I am in preposterously high spirits, and at other times I am as dejected, according to the posture of our affairs. Last night I had the strongest expectations that to-day we should debark, but at two this morning I was awakened by the wind. I rose immediately, and, wrapping myself in my greatcoat, walked for an hour in the gallery, devoured by the most gloomy reflections. The

wind continues right ahead, so that it is absolutely impossible to work up to the landing-place, and God knows when it will change. The same wind is exactly favourable to bring the English upon us, and these cruel delays give the enemy time to assemble his entire force in this neighbourhood, and perhaps (it is, unfortunately, more than perhaps) by his superiority in numbers, in cavalry, in artillery, in money, in provisions—in short, in everything we want—to crush us, supposing we are even able to effectuate a landing at last, at the same time that the fleet will be caught as in a trap. Had we been able to land the first day and march directly to Cork, we should have infallibly carried it by a *coup de main*, and then we should have a footing in the country; but as it is—if we are taken, my fate will not be a mild one; the best I can expect is to be shot as an *émigré rentré*, unless I have the good fortune to be killed in the action; for most assuredly if the enemy will have us he must fight for us. Perhaps I may be reserved for a trial, for the sake of striking terror into others, in which case I shall be hanged as a traitor, and embowelled, &c. As to the embowelling, "*je m'en fiche*"; if ever they hang me, they are welcome to embowel me if they please. These are pleasant prospects! Nothing on earth could sustain me now but the consciousness that I am engaged in a just and righteous cause. For my family I have, by a desperate effort, surmounted my natural feelings so far, that I do not think of them at this moment. This day, at twelve, the wind blows a gale, still from the east, and our situation is now as critical as possible; for it is morally certain that this day or to-morrow on the morning the English fleet will be in the harbour's mouth, and then adieu to everything. In this desperate state of affairs I proposed to Chérin to sally out with all our forces to mount to the Shannon, and, disembarking the troops, make a forced march to Limerick, which is probably unguarded, the garrison being, I am pretty certain, on its march to oppose us here; to pass the river at Limerick, and, by forced marches, push to the North. I detailed all this on a paper which I will keep, and showed it to Captain Bedout and all the generals on board—Chérin, Simon, and Chasseloup. They all agreed as to the advantages of the plan, but after settling it we find it impossible to communicate

with the General and Admiral, who are in the *Immortalité*, nearly two leagues ahead, and the wind is now so high and foul, and the sea so rough, that no boat can live, so all communication is impracticable, and to-morrow morning it will, most probably, be too late ; and on this circumstance perhaps the fate of the expedition and the liberty of Ireland depends. I cannot conceive for what reason the two commanders-in-chief are shut up together in a frigate. Surely they should be on board the flag-ship. But this is not the first misfortune resulting from this arrangement. Had General Hoche remained, as he ought, on board the *Indomptable*, with his État-Major, he would not have been separated and taken by the English, as he most probably is ; nor should we be in the difficulties we now find ourselves in, and which most probably to-morrow will render insurmountable. Well, it does not signify complaining. Our first capital error was in setting sail too late from the Bay of Camaret, by which means we were obliged to pass the Raz in the night, which caused the loss of the *Séduisant*, the separation of the fleet, the capture of the General, and, above all, the loss of time resulting from all this, and which is never to be recovered. Our second error was in losing an entire day in cruising off the bay when we might have entered and effected a landing with thirty-five sail, which would have secured everything ; and now our third error is having our commander-in-chief separated from the État-Major, which renders all communication utterly impossible. I see nothing before me, unless a miracle be wrought in our favour, but the ruin of the expedition, the slavery of my country, and my own destruction. Well, if I am to fall, at least I will sell my life as dear as individual resistance can make it. So now I have made up my mind. I have a merry Christmas of it to-day.

December 26th. Last night, at half after six o'clock, in a heavy gale of wind still from the east, we were surprised by the Admiral's frigate running under our quarter, and hailing the *Indomptable* with orders to cut our cable and put to sea instantly ; the frigate then pursued her course, leaving us all in the utmost astonishment. Our first idea was that it might be an English frigate, lurking in the bottom of the bay, which took advantage of the storm and dark-

ness of the night to make her escape, and wished to separate our squadron by this stratagem ; for it seems utterly incredible that an Admiral should cut and run in this manner, without any previous signal of any kind to warn the fleet, and that the first notice we should have of his intention should be his hailing us in this extraordinary manner with such unexpected and peremptory orders. After a short consultation with his officers (considering the storm, the darkness of the night, that we have two anchors out and only one spare one in the hold), Captain Bedout resolved to wait at all events till to-morrow morning, in order to ascertain whether it was really the Admiral who hailed us. The morning is now come, the gale continues, and the fog is so thick that we cannot see a ship's length ahead ; so here we lie in the utmost uncertainty and anxiety. In all probability we are now left without Admiral or General ; if so, Chérin will command the troops, and Bedout the fleet, but at all events there is an end of the expedition. Certainly we have been persecuted by a strange fatality from the very night of our departure to this hour. We have lost two commanders-in-chief ; of four admirals not one remains ; we have lost one ship of the line, that we know of, and probably many others of which we know nothing ; we have been now six days in Bantry Bay, within five hundred yards of the shore, without being able to effectuate a landing ; we have been dispersed four times in four days, and at this moment, of forty-three sail, of which the expedition consisted, we can muster of all sizes but fourteen. There only wants our falling in with the English to complete our destruction ; and, to judge of the future by the past, there is every probability that that will not be wanting. All our hopes are now reduced to get back in safety to Brest, and I believe we will set sail for that port the instant the weather will permit. I confess myself I now look on the expedition as impracticable. The enemy has had seven days to prepare for us, and three, or perhaps four, days more before we could arrive at Cork ; and we are now too much reduced, in all respects, to make the attempt with any prospect of success—so all is over! It is hard, after having forced my way thus far, to be obliged to turn back ; but it is my fate, and I must submit. Not-

withstanding all our blunders, it is the dreadful stormy weather and the easterly winds, which have been blowing furiously and without intermission since we made Bantry Bay, that have ruined us. Well, England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada, and that expedition, like ours, was defeated by the weather; the elements fight against us, and courage is here of no avail. Well, let me think no more about it; it is lost, and let it go! I am now a Frenchman, and must regulate my future plans accordingly. I hope the Directory will not dismiss me the service for this unhappy failure, in which, certainly, I have nothing personally to reproach myself with; and, in that case, I shall be rich enough to live as a peasant. If God Almighty sends me my dearest love and darling babies in safety, I will buy or rent a little spot and have done with the world for ever. I shall neither be great, nor famous, nor powerful, but I may be happy. God knows whether I shall ever reach France myself, and in that case what will become of my family? It is horrible to me to think of. Oh! my life and soul, my darling babies, shall I ever see you again? This infernal wind continues without intermission, and now that all is lost I am as eager to get back to France as I was to come to Ireland.

December 27th. Yesterday several vessels, including the *Indomptable*, dragged their anchors several times, and it was with great difficulty they rode out the gale. At two o'clock the *Revolution*, a seventy-four, made signal that she could hold no longer, and, in consequence of the Commodore's permission, who now commands our little squadron, cut her only cable and put to sea. In the night the *Patriote* and *Pluton*, of seventy-four each, were forced to put to sea, with the Nicomede flute, so that this morning we are reduced to seven sail of the line and one frigate. Any attempt here is now desperate, but I still think if we were debarked at the mouth of the Shannon we might yet recover all. At ten o'clock the Commodore made signal to get under way, which was delayed by one of the ships, which required an hour to get ready. This hour we availed ourselves of to hold a council of war, at which were present Generals Chérin and Hardy and Humbert, who came from their ships for that purpose; Adjutant-Generals Simons, Chasseloup, and

myself; Lieut.-Col. Waudré, commanding the artillery, and Favory, Captain of Engineers, together with Commodore Bedout, who was invited to assist; General Hardy, as senior officer, being President. It was agreed that, our force being now reduced to 4,168 men, our artillery to two four-pounders, our ammunition to 1,500,000 cartridges and 500 rounds for the artillery, with 500 pounds of powder —this part of the country being utterly wild and savage, furnishing neither provisions nor horses, and especially as the enemy, having seven days' notice, together with three more which it would require to reach Cork, supposing we even met with no obstacle, had time more than sufficient to assemble his forces in numbers sufficient to crush our little army; considering, moreover, that this province is the only one of the four which has testified no disposition to revolt; that it is the most remote from the party which is ready for insurrection; and, finally, Captain Bedout having communicated his instructions, which are, to mount as high as the Shannon and cruise there five days, it was unanimously agreed to quit Bantry Bay directly, and proceed for the mouth of the Shannon in hopes to rejoin some of our scattered companions; and when we are there we will determine, according to the means in our hands, what part we shall take. I am the more content with this determination, as it is substantially the same with the paper which I read to General Chérin and the rest the day before yesterday. The wind, at last, has come round to the southward, and the signal is now flying to get under way. At half after four, there being every appearance of a stormy night, three vessels cut their cables and put to sea. The *Indomptable*, having with great difficulty weighed one anchor, we were forced at length to cut the cable of the other and make the best of our way out of the bay, being followed by the whole of our little squadron, now reduced to ten sail, of which seven are of the line, one frigate, and two corvettes, or luggers.

December 28th. Last night it blew a perfect hurricane. At one this morning a dreadful sea took the ship in the quarter, stove in the quarter-gallery, and one of the deadlights in the great cabin, which was instantly filled with water to the depth of three feet. The cots of the officers were almost all torn down, and themselves and

their trunks floated about the cabin. For my part, I had just fallen asleep when wakened by the shock, of which I at first did not comprehend the meaning ; but hearing the water distinctly rolling in the cabin beneath me, and two or three of the officers mounting in their shirts, as wet as if they had risen from the bottom of the sea, I concluded instantly that the ship had struck and was filling with water, and that she would sink directly. As the movements of the mind are as quick as lightning in such perilous moments, it is impossible to describe the infinity of ideas which shot across my mind in an instant. As I knew all notion of saving my life was in vain in such a stormy sea, I took my part instantly and lay down in my hammock, expecting every instant to go to the bottom ; but I was soon relieved hy the appearance of one of the officers, Baudin, who explained to us the accident. I can safely say that I had perfect command of myself during the few terrible minutes which I passed in this situation, and I was not, I believe, more afraid than any of those about me. I resigned myself to my fate, which I verily thought was inevitable, and I could have died like a man. Immediately after this blow the wind abated, and at daylight, having run nine knots an hour under one jib only during the hurricane, we found ourselves at the rendezvous, having parted company with three ships of the line and the frigate, which makes our *sixth* separation. The frigate *Coquille* joined us in the course of the day, which we spent standing off and on the shore, without being joined by any of our missing companions.

December 29th. At four this morning the Commodore made the signal to steer for France ; so there is an end of our expedition for the present ; perhaps for ever. I spent all yesterday in my hammock, partly through sea-sickness, and much more through vexation. At ten we made prize of an unfortunate brig bound from Lisbon to Cork, laden with salt, which we sunk.

December 30th, 31st. On our way to Brest. It will be well supposed I am in no great humour to make memorandums. This is the last day of the year 1796, which has been a very remarkable one in my history.

CHAPTER VIII.

BACK TO PARIS.

[NOTE BY TONE'S SON.—Amidst all the agitation of my father's mind during the ill-fated and tantalising expedition of Bantry Bay, he was aware that his wife and three infant children, whom he had left at Princeton, in New Jersey, on his departure from America, were, amidst the storms of that wintry season, on their way to rejoin him. The feelings of the most affectionate of husbands and of fathers in such a situation can be better conceived than expressed. In fact, embarked on an American vessel for Hamburg, we almost crossed him in the British Channel, in the last days of December; and, after a tedious and rough passage of two months, my mother, with her infant family, landed at the mouth of the frozen Elbe, and proceeded to Hamburg in an open post-wagon. In that commercial city, devoted to the British interest, the first news she received was that of the failure of the expedition, embellished with a thousand exaggerations. Her anxiety may well be conceived: obliged to conceal it, as well as her name, her only consolation was that she did not hear that of Tone mentioned. Already in weak and shattered health, she was seized with a nervous fever, and remained in the most cruel perplexity amongst strangers, whose very language she did not understand. She wrote instantly to Paris, addressing her letter to Mr. Madgett, and the answer to this letter, which came in due time, was the first news she received of his safety.]

January 1, 1797. At eight this morning made the island of Ushant, and at twelve opened the *goulet.* We arrive seven sail: the *Indomptable*, of 80; the *Watigny*, *Cassard*, and *Eole*, 74; the *Coquille*, 36; the *Atalante*, 20, and the *Vantour* lugger of 14. We left Brest forty-three sail, of which seventeen were of the line. I am utterly astonished that we did not see a single English ship of war, going nor coming back. They must have taken their measures very ill not to intercept us, but perhaps they have picked up some of our missing ships. Well, this evening will explain all, and we shall see now what is become of our four Admirals and of our two Generals-in-chief.

January 1st to 31st. It is exactly one month to-day since I wrote a line by way of memorandum. It will be well supposed I had no great inclination, nor, in fact, have I had much to say. On our arrival at Brest, after a day or two, there was a little intrigue set on foot against General Grouchy, with a view to lessen the merit of his services, in consequence of which he determined to send me to Paris with his despatches for the Directory and Minister of War. Simon was joined with me in commission, and Fairin was also despatched by Chérin, who is at the head of this cabal. Grouchy desired me to state fairly what I thought of his conduct during our stay at Bantry Bay, to the Government; and I was not a little pleased with this proof of his good opinion. We set off on the 5th of January, at night, and arrived without accident at Paris on the 12th. We went immediately to the Minister of War and delivered our letters; we saw him but for an instant; thence we went to the Directory, where we were introduced, and had an audience for above half an hour, at which all the Directors assisted. They were of opinion on that day, from the latest accounts, that Hoche had effectuated a landing with that part of the army which had been separated off Bantry Bay, and in consequence we expected orders immediately to return to Brest. From the Directory I went to Doulcet, a member of the Conseil des 500, brother-in-law to Grouchy, for whom, as well as for Madame Grouchy, I had letters from the General. Doulcet invited me to dinner, and I dined, accordingly, very agreeably. Madame Doulcet is a charming woman, and her conversation is delightful. The next day Doulcet introduced me to Lacuée, of the Conseil des Anciens, and the chosen friend of Carnot. I took that occasion to do justice to the zeal and spirit of General Grouchy, and I hope I succeeded. At four I went to dinner with the Minister of War, and at eight, by appointment, to the Luxembourg, where I had an interview with Carnot and Lacuée, for about a quarter of an hour, on the subject of Mac Sheehy's mission to Ireland, the general result of which I endeavoured to impress upon Carnot. I also stated in the strongest manner what I felt in favour of Grouchy; so that, so far, I have done my duty by him. Several days elapsed in this manner, waiting

continually for news of the General, until at length, on the 15th, he arrived, with the *Révolution* 74, at La Rochelle ; so that put at once an end to my expectations of anything further being attempted, at least for the present. About the 21st the General arrived at Paris, and I had the consolation to learn from his aide-de-camp, Poitou, that my friend Mr. Shee was safe and in tolerable health. He had suffered dreadfully from the gout, never having quit his bed during the whole voyage of a month but once, for a quarter of an hour. The morning after his arrival I saw the General for five minutes. He received me very favourably, and asked me particularly about Mac Sheehy's expedition, which I detailed to him, and, by his orders, gave him an abstract in writing next morning. He asked me what I was doing in Paris. I told him I was sent by General Grouchy with his despatches, and that I was waiting further orders. Four or five days after the General was named to the command of the army of Sambre et Meuse, which was decisive with regard to our expedition. I began now to think of my own situation and of that of my family, of whom it is at length surely time to speak. On my arrival at Paris I found a letter from my wife at Madgett's, dated at Hamburg, and informing me of her safe arrival there, about the 20th of December, with my sister and the children, my brother having decided to settle in America. The transports of joy I felt at the news of her arrival were most dreadfully corrected by the account she gave me of her health, which threw me into the most terrible alarms. I wrote to her instantly to remain at Hamburg until further orders, and by no means to think of exposing herself, in her present weak state, and our dear little babies to a journey from Hamburg in this dreadful season, a great part of the road being through a wild country where there is no better accommodation for travelling than open waggons. In my wife's letter there is an account of an affair relative to my sister. A person who came over in the same ship, a young Swiss merchant, just beginning the world with little or no property, thought proper to fall in love with her ; in consequence I received by the same conveyance which brought my wife's letter, one from him informing me of his situation and circumstances, of his love for my sister and hers for him,

and praying my consent. There was an air of candour and honesty in his letter which gave me a good opinion of him, nor did I consider myself at liberty to stand in the way of her happiness, which my wife mentioned to me was deeply interested. I wrote, therefore, giving my full consent to the marriage, and trust in God they may be as happy as I wish them. It is certainly a hazardous step in favour of a man whom I do not know; but, as she is passionately fond of him, and he of her, as he perfectly knows her situation, and has by no means endeavoured to disguise or exaggerate his own, I am in hopes they may do well. At all events, I have acted with the best intentions, and to the best of my judgment, under the circumstances. They will, I believe, settle in Hamburg; so there is one more of our family dispersed. I am sure if there were five quarters of the globe, there would be one of us perched on the fifth. Towards the end of the month I received a second letter from my wife, dated December 27th, with a postscript from my little Maria, being the first line I have seen of her writing. It brought the tears fast in my eyes. Thank God! my dearest love's health is a little better, for I have been most miserable ever since I received the first letter. I hope, however, mine may arrive in time, as well as a second which I despatched three days after the first, to prevent her leaving Hamburg. But to return to my affairs. On the 30th I wrote to General Hoche on the subject of my present situation, praying him to apply to the Government to permit me to retire from the service, preserving my pay and appointments, and at the same time offering, at any future period when I might be useful, to resume my situation. The same evening I had a note from the General desiring to see me early the next morning, and accordingly this day, 31st of January, I went to the hotel of the Minister of War, where he is lodged, at eight o'clock. On my calling on his aide-de-camp, Poitou, who makes his correspondence, Poitou showed me my letter, with a note in the margin, written by the General: "*Faire une copie pour être addressée au Directoire, avec la démande de sa conservation, motivée sur l'utilité dont il peut être; lui faire une réponse flatteuse, et lui témoigner ma satisfaction de sa conduite.*" Nothing, certainly, can be more agreeable to me. Poitou also

showed me, in confidence, the copy of the General's letter to the Directory in my favour, which is worded in the most flattering and strongest manner. So I am in hopes I shall succeed in my application. From Poitou I went to the General's apartment, who received me like a friend; which I remarked the more because his manner to his officers in general is cold and dry. He told me he had written to the Directory, and that I should carry the letter myself to General Dupont, who transacts General Clarke's business in his absence; that Dupont would present me to the Directory in consequence, and he hoped the affair would be settled to my satisfaction. I returned him my acknowledgments, and in the course of what I said I mentioned the arrival of my wife and family at Hamburg, and my intention of going thither to bring them to France. The General seemed struck when I mentioned Hamburg, and asked me again was I going thither? I replied, it was my intention as soon as I had settled the affair he was so good as to undertake for me. Well, then, said he, perhaps we may find something for you to do there; there is a person there whom perhaps you may see. I told him that there or anywhere else where I could be useful to my own country and the Republic, I was ready to go at an hour's warning. I added, that when I asked my retreat for the present, I begged him to remember that, if ever our business was resumed under any form, I was as ready and desirous as ever to take my share in it, and that I did not at all despair of having the honour of serving once more under his orders. "The affair," replied he, "is but suspended. You know our difficulties for money; the repair of our fleet and the necessary preparations require some considerable time, and in the meantime there are 15,000 men lying idle below, and, in fact, we cannot even feed them there. The Directory has resolved, in the meantime, to employ them usefully elsewhere, and has accepted my services; but be assured, the moment the enterprise is resumed, that I will return with the first *patrouille* which embarks." I expressed the satisfaction which this assurance gave me; and, after a conversation of about half an hour, in which I found him as warm and steady as ever in the business, I took my leave; and to-morrow I am to have my letter for the Directory.

This conversation with Hoche has given me spirits to recommence these memorandums ; for, in fact, my mind has been in a state of stupor ever since I landed at Brest from our unfortunate expedition. Perhaps Providence has not yet given us up. For my part, my courage, such as it is, is not abated one single jot, though I see by an article in the English papers that they were in hopes to catch the vessel on board of which I was embarked, in which case they were kind enough to promise that I should be properly taken care of. They may go and be hanged, and "*I do not value their chariot of a rush.*" Buonaparte has beaten the Austrians for the five-and-fortieth time this campaign ; killed 7,000 and taken 20,000. I mention this, because it may bring about a peace with the Emperor, in which case we shall have nothing to do but lay alongside of England ; and perhaps we are not done with her yet. As soon as my affair here is settled, I will set off for Hamburg, and bring my dear, dear love and our little ones, and I think I will plant myself at Nanterre, beside my friend Mr. Shee, in order to keep the communication open with General Clarke when he returns ; and maybe I may be able to do a little mischief yet. I feel this moment like a man who is just awakened from a long terrible dream. Who is my lover that I am to see at Hamburg, in God's name? I feel once more my ancient propensities revive. We shall see.

February 1st to 8th. Yesterday morning I heard of the arrival of my friend Mr. Shee from Rochelle. I ran off immediately and found him at General Clarke's apartments. He was delighted to see me. It seems they had a dreadful voyage of it in the *Fraternité.* They sailed at one time four-and-twenty hours, unnoticed, in the very middle of the English fleet. We soon came to our business, in which he seems as hearty as ever ; he tells me he hopes the Government will renew it by and by on a grand scale ; and that we shall have the co-operation, so long wished for, of the Spanish marine. If that be so, all may yet be recovered. He tells me also that he had seen General Hoche, and spoken to him about me in the strongest manner ; that the General had the best opinion of me, and had applied personally to the Directory and to General Dupont, in whose department such business lies during the absence

of General Clarke, to have me continued on the *tableau* of the army; that the General also told him of my desire to go to Hamburg to bring my wife and family to France; to which Mr. Shee observed that I might be more usefully employed elsewhere, and that he knew me so well, that he would take upon himself to answer for me that no personal considerations should prevent me going where I could be of most service to the cause. I told Mr. Shee that I waived going to Hamburg, notwithstanding the state of my wife's health, and was ready in an hour to go wherever the General might think proper to order me. I then mentioned to him General Grouchy's motives for sending me to Paris, and I begged of him, if he found an opportunity, to express to General Hoche the favourable opinion I held of Grouchy's conduct. Mr. Shee told me he was very glad I had mentioned that circumstance, as it gave him the key to one or two things which appeared unaccountable to him; that Grouchy was at present rather down in the General's opinion, which he now saw must be in consequence of the cabal I spoke of, but that he would endeavour, discreetly, to set him right; so I am in hopes I have been of use to my lover Grouchy in this business. I do not know very much of him, but he behaves like a gentleman; and his conduct in Bantry Bay was as spirited as I could desire, and, besides, I hate the dirty spirit of cabal which is working against him. I then left Mr. Shee, having fixed to call on him again this morning, which I did accordingly; but we had not much conversation, being interrupted by a young general who lost a leg at Rastadt, in the last campaign on the Rhine; however, I gave him Mac Sheehy's report, Grouchy's proclamation to the Irish, and my own opinion at the council of war held in Bantry Bay; I also gave him a memorandum of the names of the *Northern Star*, *Dublin Evening Post*, and *Cork Gazette*, which I strongly pressed him to have procured for the Directory; and he went immediately to speak to General Dupont on the subject. I am to see him to-morrow at twelve. On my return I was hailed by General Hoche, who was driving through the Rue Montmartre, and informed me that my affair was settled; so now I am fixed in the French service, if nothing better offers in my own country. I returned the General my acknowledg-

ments, and so we parted. Altogether things do not look so gloomy just now as they did a fortnight ago. If the Spaniards and the Directory act with spirit and decision, all may yet do well, and Ireland be independent. As to myself, I can at least exist on my appointments, and if I had my family here I could be as happy as the richest man in Europe; but the state of my dearest love's health keeps me in the most mortal inquietude. Two nights successively I have started out of my sleep in a cold sweat, with horrible dreams concerning her. I have read her two letters a thousand times, and there is not a phrase regarding her health that I have not turned a thousand different ways to torment myself; in short, I am truly miserable on her account. To-morrow I will demand of Mr. Shee whether I am to be employed here or not; if not, the moment I receive my appointments I will set out to meet her. If I am employed, I think I will order her to stay at Hamburg to the 1st of May, which is about three months, and then come in a neutral vessel to Havre, or Dunkirk, and so to Paris. I hope in God I shall have a letter from her now in two or three days, in answer to mine of the 13th of January; it is, to-day, twenty-six days since I wrote, and I think I must soon have an answer. I see in the English papers that, in a late debate in the Irish Parliament, the Lord Chancellor (my old friend Fitzgibbon, who is now Earl of Clare) did me the favour to abuse me twice by name as the father of the United Irishmen. I thought *he* had forgotten *me*, but if we had got safe into Ireland, with the blessing of God, I would have refreshed his memory. In the same debate he called General Hoche "*a monster*," so, at least, I had the pleasure to be abused in good company. I wrote a witty note, in an unknown language, which I please myself to call French, to the General thereupon, consoling him for the disgrace, &c. I think I am growing sprightly once more, but God knows the heart!

February 9th to 18th. This day I removed to the Hôtel des États Unis, Rue de Tournon, near the Luxembourg, as I have been very inconveniently off at Mademoiselle Boivert's, my ancient landlady. The 10th instant I had the unspeakable satisfaction to receive a letter from my dearest love, acquainting me that her health was much

better; she had received my two letters, and tells me my sister's marriage was fixed for the second day after: so I am in hopes she is settled, and trust in God she will be happy. Wrote a long letter in return on the 11th. General Hoche set off for the army on the 13th. Before his departure he asked Mr. Shee whether I would like to come to the army of Sambre et Meuse? To which he answered as before, that he was sure I would be ready to go wherever the General thought I could be useful; on which the General desired him to propose it to me. This was in consequence of a conversation I had with Mr. Shee, in which I mentioned to him that I thought we might be able, in consequence of my sister's marriage, to open a communication with Ireland through Hamburg; at which General Hoche caught directly. It was fixed, in consequence, that I should make this campaign with the army of Sambre et Meuse, in order to be near his person; and he made application accordingly to the Directory for my brevet as Adjutant-General, and an order to join forthwith. I learned, in the Minister's bureau, that I am designed as the officer "charged with the General's foreign correspondence." That has a lofty sound! Bruix, who is Major-General de l'Armée Navale, and in fact conducted the naval part of our expedition, is arrived in Paris, in order to confer with the Directory and Minister of Marine. He tells Mr. Shee that if the Government will grant 8,000,000 livres for the navy, he will engage in six months to have thirty-five sail of the line ready to put to sea: 8,000,000 livres is about £350,000. I trust and rely the money will be found; and indeed Truguet, the Minister, told Mr. Shee that he had made out some part already, and hopes to secure the remainder. The Spaniards, I believe, will give us twenty-five sail of the line; and if we can make out even twenty-five more, that will make fifty sail. Come, all is not desperate yet. In the meantime I see in the English papers that Government is arresting all the world in Ireland. Arthur O'Connor, who, it seems, is canvassing for county Antrim, is taken up; but, I believe, only for a libel. It seems he was walking with Lord Edward Fitzgerald when he was arrested. It is not for nothing that these two young gentlemen were walking together. I would give a great deal for an

hour's conversation with O'Connor. I see he has thrown himself body and soul into the revolution of his country. Well, if we succeed he will obtain, and deserves, one of the first stations in the Government. He is a noble fellow, that is the truth of it. I am now waiting for my brevet and order to join, and eke, for my *gratification d'entrée en campagne*, which amounts to 800 livres, together with two months' pay, which will make, *en numéraire*, 330 livres more; and my trunk has not yet arrived from Brest, and will not be here this month, and before that time I may be at Cologne, where our headquarters are fixed; and in my trunk are two gold watches and chains, and my flute, and my papers, and all that makes life dear to me; and so I am in perplexity and doubtful dilemma. I must see and spin out the time, if possible, till my trunk arrives, or I shall be in a state of anxiety thereupon, which will be truly alarming. I called on my friend Monroe yesterday. He is recalled, and the Directory have refused to acknowledge Pinckney, who was named to succeed him. He leaves Paris in ten days for America, and I want to write by him to Dr. Reynolds, and to my brother. If Mat were here now I could name him my Adjoint directly. I think I will leave his coming to his own option. He can at any time return to America; so I believe I will write to him to come at once.

February 19th to 22nd. I see by the *Courier* of the 14th instant that Robert and William Simms are arrested for publishing Arthur O'Connor's letter, as it should seem, for the account is rather confused. I collect from another paragraph in the same paper that they were released on the 9th; but O'Connor remains in custody. He has proposed himself as candidate for county Antrim, and I have no doubt will be returned; and it is for a letter to the electors of that county that he has been arrested. Government will move heaven and earth to keep him out. There is now scarcely any one of my friends in Ireland but is in prison, and most of them in peril of their lives; for the system of terror is carried as far there as ever it was in France in the time of Robespierre. I think I will call on Carnot to-day, and propose to him to write to Dr. Reynolds to have some person on whom we can

depend sent over from Ireland, in order to confer with the Government here. It may be easily done, and my letter will go in perfect safety by Monroe. *Allons!*

February 23rd. Called on General Dupont yesterday, in order to go with him to Carnot. Instead of bringing me, he took upon himself to give me instructions as to what I should write. I found his instructions very frivolous. I will write now on my own plan.

February 24th. This day I called on Monroe, and gave him a letter of eight pages for Dr. Reynolds, in which I gave a detailed account of our late expedition, and assure him of the determination of the French Government to persevere in our business. I likewise offer him a rapid sketch of the present posture of the great powers of Europe, in order to satisfy him of the permanency of the Republic, together with a brief view of our comparative resources as to England. Finally, I desire him, observing the most profound secrecy and rigid caution, to write to Ireland, and by preference, if possible, to R. S.,[1] to send a proper person to Hamburg addressed to the French Resident there, in order to come on to Paris and confer with the Directory. I calculate, if nothing extraordinary happens to delay him, that that person may be here by the middle of July next; finally, I desire him to assure my friends that we have stronger hopes than ever of success, and to entreat them, in the meantime, to remain quiet, and not by a premature explosion give the English Government a pretext to let loose their dragoons upon them. Such is the substance of my letter, which I have every reason to hope will go safe.

February 25th. Walked to Nanterre to see my friend Shee, with whom I will spend two days.

February 26th. At work with Mr. Shee, writing a memorial relating to our business, which is to be given to Lacuée, of the Council of Ancients, with whom I am a little acquainted. He is particularly connected with Carnot, which is the reason we address ourselves to him. It is in the form of a letter from Mr. Shee to General Clarke.

[1] Robert Simms.

February 27th. Returned this day to Paris.

February 28th. Called on Lacuée with the memorial. Found him busily engaged with his Secretary. Left him the paper, and fixed to call on him in two or three days.

March 1st, 2nd, 3rd. I lead the life of a dog here in Paris, where I am as much alone as in the deserts of Arabia. This night, in downright wretchedness, I am come to a tavern, where I write this memorandum in a little box by myself. It is miserable. I wonder, shall I ever be so happy as to see my dearest love and our little ones once more? My mind is overgrown with docks and thistles for want of cultivation, and I cannot help it, for I have not a soul to speak to whom I care a farthing about. There are about half a dozen Irishmen here in Paris that I have seen, but they are sad vulgar wretches, and I have been used to rather better company in all respects. Well, let me change the subject. I have been lately introduced to the famous Thomas Paine, and like him very well. He is vain beyond all belief, but he has reason to be vain, and for my part I forgive him. He has done wonders for the cause of liberty, both in America and Europe, and I believe him to be conscientiously an honest man. He converses extremely well; and I find him wittier in discourse than in his writings, where his humour is clumsy enough. He read me some passages from a reply to the Bishop of Llandaff which he is preparing for the press, in which he belabours the prelate without mercy. He seems to plume himself more on his theology than his politics, in which I do not agree with him. I mentioned to him that I had known Burke in England, and spoke of the shattered state of his mind, in consequence of the death of his only son Richard. Paine immediately said that it was the "Rights of Man" which had broke his heart, and that the death of his son gave him occasion to develop the chagrin which had preyed upon him ever since the appearance of that work. I am sure the "Rights of Man" has tormented Burke exceedingly, but I have seen myself the workings of a father's grief on his spirit, and I could not be deceived. *Paine has no children!*—Oh! my little babies, if I was to lose my Will, or my little Fantom! Poor little souls, I dote upon them,

and on their darling mother, whom I love ten thousand times more than my own existence. They are never out of my thoughts. But to return to Paine: He drinks like a fish, a misfortune which I have known to befall other celebrated patriots. I am told that the true time to see him to advantage is about ten at night, with a bottle of brandy and water before him, which I can very well conceive. I have not yet had that advantage, but must contrive, if I can, to sup with him at least one night before I set off for the army. Three days ago I saw sixty stand of the Emperor's colours, presented by General Augereau, of the army of Italy. They were taken in Mantua; and the President of the Directory, Rewbell, presented Augereau, in return, with the colours of the 62nd demi-brigade, which he had carried over the bridge of Lodi under the fire of the enemy, and which had been voted to him in consequence by the Conseil des 500. It was a glorious spectacle, and what rendered it more interesting, the father and mother of Augereau (his father an old soldier, and his mother a *bonne bourgeoise*) were close beside him at the moment, and his brother attended him as his aide-de-camp. What a crowd of ideas did this group produce instantaneously in my mind! Well, if we had succeeded in our expedition——but no matter.—"*Tout ce qui est différé, n'est pas perdu.*" We shall see yet what turn things may take. The colours were carried by sixty old soldiers, and I was delighted with the *fierté* with which those veterans presented themselves. I find the spirit of enthusiasm abate daily in my mind. "*Le temps et le malheur ont flétri mon ame.*" Yet I could not be insensible to this spectacle, which brought the tears into my eyes more than once. I thought of my own father; how proud he would be of me if we were to succeed in Ireland! Well, all in good time.

March 4th, 5th. Gave Mr. Monroe a letter for my brother, under cover, to Dr. Reynolds, in which I recommend to him to come to France, but without pressing him very strongly. I wish to God he were here to-night. Monroe will set off in four or five days.

March 6th to 10th. Received a letter from Mary, informing me of her marriage, and written evidently with a contented heart. I trust in God she will be happy. Enclosed was a letter from my

poor dear love, about whose health I am in most dreadful anxiety. She has removed to the suburbs of Hamburg, where I hope she will be better. Maria wrote me a little P. S. She writes like a little angel. Answered the two letters immediately, but the post will not serve till the thirteenth. Received my gratification *d'entrée en campagne*, 800 L = £32 sterling.

March 11th, 12th. Applied to-day and got an order for my arrears since the 1st Nivose. In the margin of the order I observed the following note: *Nota, L'activité et la grande utilité de cet officier, ont été attestées par le Bureau des officiers généraux.*" This is very handsome.

March 13th to 20th. Dined to-day with Chérin, who sets off to-night for the army of Sambre et Meuse. I hope to follow him in a week at farthest, as I am promised my *frais de route* by that time. Came home after dinner, and sat some time alone, and devoured with the spleen. Opened my desk, and read over all my dearest love's letters. They are my constant refuge, but latterly I am most terribly alarmed for her health. If I were so miserable as to lose her I do not think I could ever survive it, and then what would become of our dearest little babies? Darling little things, I dote on them. My poor Maria; there are two postscripts of her writing; it is impossible to express how much I love them all; shall I ever have the happiness to see them again? Well, I must not think of that now. Sent out for a lemon and sugar, and determined to play the part of *Lord B.* "*I must have my punch.*" Oh that my dearest love were at the other side of the little table where I am writing this: "*Quamquam oh!*" There is one thing which I have had occasion to remark to-night, and a thousand times before, since my arrival in France, viz., "*That it is not good for man to be alone.*" If I had my dear and unfortunate friend Russell beside me, to consult on every occasion, I should no doubt have conducted myself infinitely better, and, at all events, I should have had infinitely more enjoyment. I have read a good deal latterly, but with very little profit. In reading, an observation has struck me; very well; but I have nobody to communicate it to; I cannot discuss it, nor follow it up to its consequences. In an hour it is lost, and I remember it no

more ; whereas if I had a friend to whom I could open myself, it would have become a principle. All this is not my fault. Of all the privations I have ever suffered, that which I most sensibly feel is the want of a friend since my arrival in France, to whom I could open my heart. If William, if Matt, if Russell were here, what a difference would it make in my situation to-night ! Well, I will go to my dreary bed ; I declare I am weary of my existence.

March 21st to 24th. Received this day a letter from my sister, which has thrown me into the greatest distress. I much fear that I shall lose my best beloved wife ; I cannot write.

March 25th. Wrote to my wife and sister, promising to join them in a month if possible ; took my place in the diligence for Liège for the 29th, having received my *frais de route* yesterday.

March 26th, 27th 28th. Blank.

CHAPTER IX.

PLANNING A NEW EXPEDITION TO IRELAND.

March 29th. Set off from Paris at three in the afternoon, in the diligence, for Liège; travelled all night.

March 30th. Breakfast at Soissons; supper at Rheims, which, from the little I saw of it, seems to me a delightful spot; visited the Cathedral where the Kings of France used to be consecrated; it is a noble Gothic structure, but I fancy it will be some time before that ceremony will be again performed there; drank some excellent red champagne, which is called Vin Rosé, and set off; travelled all night again.

March 31st. Dined at Launay, a village, and arrived in the evening at Mézières, as tired as a horse; got to bed early, and slept like a top.

April 1st. Slept at Rocroy, famous for the battle gained in 1643 by the great Condé, in which he annihilated the Spanish infantry, and thereby changed the destiny of Europe. I should have observed that we crossed the Meuse at Mézières, where it is not very considerable. I have now traversed Champagne, and have seen nothing remarkable; it is a flat country, interesting only from the high state of its cultivation. Rheims is the best thing in it.

April 2nd. Slept at Givet, immediately over which is Charlemont, a place I should judge impregnable, from its situation on a rock, great part of which is inaccessible. There are three noble barracks at Givet, one for cavalry and two for infantry. In the beginning of the war the Austrians penetrated as far as the hills opposite Givet, but, upon observing Charlemont with their perspectives, it held out so little temptation to them, that they soon

retired. Crossed the Meuse again, which is beginning to grow interesting. The banks on each side rise boldly, and in many places are covered with wood. Passed a château belonging to the *ci-devant* Duke de Beaufort, who has had the good sense not to emigrate; it is a most delicious spot, on the edge of the river, highly fertile and cultivated, which is well contrasted by the lofty rocks, which rise bare and perpendicular on the opposite bank to an uncommon height. Entered the Forest of Ardennes, which brought Touchstone immediately to my mind: "*Well, now I am in Arden, the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place.*" A most infernal road, but a most romantic country. Dined at Fumay, which is completely Llangollen; I never saw a completer Welsh landscape for mountains, wood, and water.

April 3rd. Breakfasted at Dinant, on the road to which, close to the edge of the Meuse, is a remarkable sugar-loaf rock, which rises to an immense height. The road passes between this sugar-loaf and an immense pile of rocks on the other side; and there is not, I am sure, a foot more than the breadth of the carriage; the passage was opened by Louis XIV. Opposite to Dinant is Bouvines. This country is a sort of classic ground for a French officer. Since I have last crossed the Meuse, things are beginning to wear a Flemish appearance. Passed through Ciney, where there was a fair, not very unlike an English or Irish one; slept at Freneux.

April 4th. Crossed the Meuse again, and arrived at Liège about ten o'clock. On the road near Liège is a most magnificent abbey of Benedictines, which is, in fact, a palace. At present, however, the French have laid their ungodly hands on the revenues, so I do not know how the Reverend Fathers make it out. The approach to Liège put me in mind of that to Birmingham; not that the face of the country is the same, but that in both cases there is a great number of neat country boxes, extremely well kept, that the fields are well dressed, and the gardens highly cultivated—a proof that the inhabitants are at their ease, as is generally the case in great manufacturing towns. Liège itself is a melancholy dirty spot. The palace of the Prince Bishop has the air of a convent; it is a square building, the inside of which forms a court, round which runs an

arcade, where there are little shops of divers sorts. By the by, even in the Palais Royal, at Paris, the ground floor of the Duke of Orleans' apartments is laid out in shops, which has often surprised me. An English nobleman would not suffer the interior of the palace to be so shabbily occupied. Walked about the town, which offers nothing remarkable except the number of little boys who exercise the trade of pimping, and handle the *caduceus* with great dexterity. A stranger is beset with them at every corner; the instant he arrives, three or four of them surround him: "*Monsieur, monsieur! Voulez vous que je vous conduise; Quinze ans; quinze ans; la plus jolie femme de la ville.*" Yet Liège has always been under an ecclesiastical government. The Cathedral was, I believe, magnificent; but the French have demolished it, and it is now a heap of ruins. The courts of justice, &c., are held in the Episcopal palace. Supped in company with a Pole named Mokosky, who was secretary to Kosciusko; found him extremely interesting, which might, in some degree, perhaps, result from the similarity of our situations, each of us being banished from our country, and seeking refuge in France, from the same motives. Sat late with him; the only pleasant evening I have had on my journey; I like him very much; he idolises Kosciusko, and speaks of him as of a being of superior order; his conversation brought a thousand ideas fresh into my mind. Well, let me have done with that subject for the present; there is a time for all things, and mine may come yet. The country about Liège, especially the garden belonging to the *bourgeois*, is in the highest possible state of cultivation. Thus far I have remarked no traces of the ravages of war, except a part of one of the faubourgs, which was destroyed by the fire of the Austrians.

April 5th. Traversed the Duchy of Limbourg, a rich parterre country, the verdure of which is not exceeded by that of Ireland, and which is kept with an exactness and propriety of cultivation which I have not remarked even in the finest parts of England. The peasants are sturdy and tall, well fed and well clothed; most of them wear blue smock frocks; the farm-houses are capital mansions, and everything bears the appearance of ease and plenty;

the horses are remarkably well kept; in short, I thought myself in the very finest part of Yorkshire; but Limbourg has the advantage in point of cultivation. Arrived in the evening at Aix-la-Chapelle, but too late to see anything. Everything now is German.

April 6th. Set off this morning in an open carriage, with the wind in my face, and a snowstorm; traversed the Duchy of Juliers, a corn country, well cultivated, but very inferior to Limbourg in the appearance of everything, especially the farm-houses, which in Juliers are very mean, and grow worse as we approach Cologne, where we arrived at six in the evening. *Hic finis longæ, chartæque viæque.* In the course of this journey, I am surprised at the insignificance of the observations which presented themselves to me; in fact, my journal is the counterpart of Kid Codling's remarks, "*Memorandum, feathers will swim in the salt sea,*" but many reasons concur to render my tour barren. In the first place, my mind is totally occupied by the state of my dearest life's health, to the exclusion of all other objects. I can safely say that since I left Paris she has never been one instant out of my thoughts. I am more unhappy about her than I can express. She is the delight of my eyes, the joy of my heart, the only object for which I wish to live. I dote upon her to distraction. We are now nearly twelve years married, and I love her ten thousand times more than the first hour of our union. Oh, my life, my love, what should I do if I were so miserable as to lose you? Let me, if possible, banish this horrible idea! In the next place, I apprehend that I have not the talent for observation, nor perhaps the knowledge, or rather the reading, necessary; for I perceive that tours, to borrow Sterne's comparison, as well as books, are made like apothecaries' mixtures, by pouring out of one vessel into another. There are five hundred Vade Mecums, by the aid of which I see anybody may write a tour; but, for my part, I am heinously unprovided, seeing that I have not even the *Livre des Postes*, for want of which I have, in my journal of the 2nd instant, placed Fumay after Givet, whereas any well-informed tourist who will only take the trouble, without quitting his fireside, to open his eyes and look on the map, will see that Fumay precedes Givet, whereby I am convicted of an unpar-

donable error in geography, and such as may raise in disinterested minds a doubt whether, in fact, I ever visited those remote countries of which I pretend to speak. In the next place, I am quite alone, without a soul to speak to that I care one farthing about or that cares one farthing for me. If I were to make the tour of Europe to my mind, I would choose for my *compagnons de voyage*, my wife, Russell, and George Knox. It would be a most delicious party. I love George Knox dearly; and for my wife and Russell, they make, I may say, a part of my existence. Well, when the peace comes we shall see more. In the last place, I have been shut up all along in an execrable *diligence*, from which it is almost impossible to see anything; and when we arrived in the evening at our station, I was generally so fatigued that my first object was to get to bed as soon as possible. I therefore refer my dearest love and my little babies, for whom and for Russell alone I write these memorandums, to the innumerable tours which have been, and may be, written through France and the Pays Bas, for that information in which I am so scandalously deficient, notwithstanding that I have spent eight or nine whole days in the stage coach between Paris and Cologne, and have traversed at least four hundred miles of the territory of the Republic.

April 7th. Cologne.—(That I take to be the true style of a modern tourist.) In Cologne I see, as yet, nothing remarkable. Went with the Adjutant-General Gastines, with whom I travelled to the *Quartier-Général.* The General busy, and could not see us, but sent to invite us to dinner. Dinner very pleasant. I should be as happy as an Emperor if it were not for the increasing anxiety I feel for my dearest life and soul, which at every instant shoots across my mind. If ever I feel myself for a moment disposed to enjoy anything, that cruel idea recurs to me, and sinks me at once. My situation is most cruel at this moment; just at the opening of the campaign I am obliged, if I can without disgrace, to quit the army, or, if I stay, I risk the death of my wife—to me the most terrible of all events—and I leave my three little children at Hamburg without the protection of father or mother, depending solely on the friendship of my sister, who is herself depending on her

husband, to whom I am an utter stranger. It is terrible! I have already written twice to my dearest love that I will, if possible, proceed from Cologne to join her. I must now see how that can be done with honour; if it cannot be done with honour, it is not my fault; and, in that case, if we must all perish, we must, and there is no remedy. My mind is distracted to-night with a thousand opposite thoughts, and I know not where to fix. I am most truly miserable! Went to the spectacle for want of other idleness. Saw *Œdipe à Colone* butchered; a wicked punster behind me said it was truly *Œdipe à Colone.*

April 8th. Mr. Shee is at *Bonn*, five leagues from this. He is appointed by the General President of the Committee of Administration of the *Pays Conquis.* Took leave of the General, and set off for Bonn at two o'clock in the diligence. Found Mr. Shee in the gout in his bed, and his brother commissioners at work about him. Fixed to see him early to-morrow, when I will, if I can, settle with him what I am to do under the present painful circumstances.

April 9th. Called on Mr. Shee early, and mentioned to him my present situation. After turning it in all possible lights, we agreed that I should write a letter to the General, suggesting the necessity of opening a communication with Ireland, and offering, in case he had not otherwise disposed of me, to go in person to Hamburg for that purpose. Wrote the letter accordingly, which Mr. Shee translated and I signed. Left Mr. Shee with his commissioners, and walked about Bonn, which is a charming little town. It was the residence of the Elector of Cologne, who has a most superb palace; indeed, except the Château de Versailles, it is by much the finest I ever saw; the King of England has nothing like it. It is now converted into an hospital for the French soldiers, and I am sorry to see it already a good deal damaged. The garden is likewise metamorphosed into a park of artillery, in which, however, there are at present but a few caissons. About a quarter of a mile from the town there is a second palace, not so magnificent as the first, but which I should certainly prefer for a residence; it is called Poppelsdorf, was the Elector's country seat, and has, I am told, a

handsome *jardin Anglais*. It is also converted into an hospital, Before the war, the road from Cologne to Bonn, being fifteen miles, was planted on both sides like an avenue, but all the trees are now cut down, and the beauty of the road is lost. This, however, is one of the least inconveniences of war. Opposite to Bonn, on the other side of the Rhine, are the Seven Mountains, which form a very striking and picturesque object. Three of them are surmounted by castles, and furnished, in former days, a retreat to the famous Robert, *chef de brigands*. The Rhine itself presents nothing very remarkable here; it seems to me something, but not much, larger than the Shannon at Athlone; the water just now is muddy, but I do not know whether it is always so. On the opposite bank is also the abbey of Siegburg, situated on the summit of a hill, which forms a very striking object. I entered one or two of the churches, in which there are abundance of very middling pictures and execrably bad statuary. Dined with MM. the Commissioners, very agreeably. From the windows of the dining-room I saw the advanced posts of the enemy, on the other side of the Rhine. They are only a small detachment of O'Donnel's free corps, dressed in green jackets and red pantaloons, with caps and white belts. Came home early and went to bed. I am not at all well! The continual chagrin and uneasiness of my mind in a certain degree affects my health. What a difference would it make in the day I have spent at Bonn if I had my poor love with me! What shall I do if the General does not send me to Hamburg?

April 10*th*. Called on Mr. Shee early, and found him engaged. All the places in the diligence for Cologne were taken to-day, so I must wait till to-morrow. Confound it! I am in the utmost impatience to know what decision the General will take with regard to my application. Walked round the town and environs two hours. It is fortified "*after a manner;*" but they are, I believe, the most peaceful fortifications in Europe. The fosse is converted into a number of little gardens, which are admirably well kept; the interior of the bastions form also so many gardens, in each of which is a handsome summer-house; one of them contains the *Hortus Botanicus*, with a delightful house in the middle. I have

not seen anything so pretty for a long time. I thought immediately if I had that house and garden, with a decent competence, and my dearest love and our little babies about me, I should be the happiest man in Europe. Spent half an hour contemplating the *Sept Montagnes*, which appear more and more picturesque and striking. Higher up the river is a hill, not very high, but which rises abruptly, the top of which is crowned by a castle of considerable extent; I do not know its name, but it is a noble object on the landscape. On my return discovered a delightful little farm-house, with a patch of woodland behind, and a few acres of excellent land around it, which would suit me to a miracle. I think I am grown covetous to-day; I want everything that I see. Altogether the town and environs of Bonn are charming, and if my mind were at ease I should enjoy this little trip exceedingly. What would I give to have my poor love with me to-day! Well, come what will, I will not speak of her again, if possible, until we meet. I am weary of complaints, which profit nothing. Let me see what General Hoche will determine. I hear the campaign will open the 15th; it is a good time for me to propose going to Hamburg. I cannot conceive a situation much more painful than mine is at this moment.

April 11th. Returned to-day to Cologne, and dined at the Quartier-Général. Gave my letter to Poitou; so to-morrow I suppose I shall have an answer. One way or other, I shall know my destination soon.

April 12th. Saw the General to-day, for an instant, before dinner. He told me he had read my letter, approved of the plan, and had, in consequence, desired Poitou to make out a permission for me to go to Hamburg. I did not like the word "*permission*," and therefore took an opportunity to speak to him again after dinner, when I told him that I did not desire to go to Hamburg unless he himself thought it advisable, and requested that in that case he would give me an order, specifically, for that purpose, as otherwise it might appear that I had applied for a *congé* at the very opening of the campaign, which was not the case. He entered into my view of the business directly, and promised me to have the

order made accordingly ; so I am in hopes that affair will be settled to my mind. I took this occasion to ask him if he had any particular directions to give me, or any particular person to whom he wished I should address myself. He told me not. That all I had to do was to assure my friends that both the French Government and himself, individually, were bent as much as ever on the emancipation of Ireland ; that preparations were making for a second attempt, which would be concluded as speedily as the urgency of affairs would admit ; that it was a business which the Republic would never give up, and that if three expeditions failed, they would try a fourth, and ever, until they succeeded. He desired me also to recommend that this determination should be made known through the medium of the patriotic prints in Ireland, in order to satisfy the people that we had not lost sight of them. I then took my leave, and we wished each other mutually a good voyage. I am very well satisfied with the turn which this affair is like to take, and especially I am infinitely indebted to General Hoche for his kindness to me personally. On leaving the General I called on Poitou, and mentioned to him what I had said about the order. I likewise wrote a line to the General, requesting my *frais de route*, but I doubt my success in this application, as our military chest here is heinously unfurnished. At all events, I have money enough to carry me to Hamburg. Come, all is not lost that is in danger. I have now the General's word that our business will be undertaken again.

April 13th. To-day the General set off for Coblentz. I walked all the forenoon about Cologne, and entered divers churches ; saw a procession of priests carrying the host. To a devout Catholic it must appear very striking, but to me, who am not a Catholic, it was no great things ; however, I am glad I have seen it, for one must see everything. Saw sundry live Friars and Monks, "*black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery.*" Visited the port, and went on board a Dutch galliote, where there was an apartment of four little rooms, the neatest and prettiest things I ever saw. I should delight to make a voyage down the Rhine with my dearest love aboard such another. Yesterday and to-day above 6,000 men, with a train of

artillery, have entered Cologne, including the Legion des Francs and the 24th demi-brigade of light infantry; they are to be incorporated and serve with a company of light artillery on the advanced guard, and as they have been trained to the *petite guerre* in La Vendée, I think they will be a match for an equal number of the light troops of the enemy. Met several of my *connaissances expeditionnaires*, among the rest Waudré, of the *artillerie légère*, who was with me on board the *Indomptable*, and whom I liked very much. He asked me, "Was I of the army of *Sambre et Meuse?*" And when I told him I was, "*Eh bien*," said he, "*c'est un brave de plus.*" It was handsomely said of him. It seems, in the distribution of officers, I am charged, being attached to the État-Major, with the "*Armément, equippement et habillement des troupes.*" I know no more than my boot what I shall have to do, but I know that I have at least 80,000 men to arm, clothe, and equip. "*By'r lakin, a parlous fear!*" I have not got my order nor my *frais de route* yet, but Poitou has promised to send me at least the order from Bonn, and I have written a line to Mr. Shee respecting the money, but I have no violent hopes of success. It costs me a very hard struggle to leave the army just now, and nothing under heaven but the state of my poor love's health could induce me to make such a sacrifice; but when that is at stake, every other consideration must give way. I would sacrifice my soul for her.

April 14th, 15th, 16th. I have been lounging these three days about Cologne; stupid enough. Yesterday I entered a church alone, for I visit all the churches; there happened to be no one in the place but myself, and as I was gazing about, I perceived the corner of a green silk curtain behind a thick iron lattice lifted up, and some one behind it. I drew near, in order to discover who it might be, and it proved to be a nun, young I am sure, and I believe handsome, for I saw only her mouth and chin, but a more beautiful mouth I never saw. We continued gazing on one another in this manner for five minutes, when a villainous overgrown friar, entering to say his mass, put her to the rout. Poor soul, I pitied her from the very bottom of my heart, and laying aside all grosser considerations, should have rejoiced to have battered down the gates of the

convent, and rescued her from her prison. These convents are most infernal institutions, but, at the peace, I trust the Republic will settle that business here, where, by the by, the people are dreadfully superstitious. All this last week we have had nothing but religious processions, particularly on the 14th, being Good Friday. Went to-day, being Easter Sunday, and heard High Mass in the Cathedral, but the ceremony was very modest ; I fancy they have concealed their plate and ornaments for fear of us, and they are very much in the right of it. After mass, went to another church, and heard a Capuchin friar preach. Crossed the Rhine to-day, on the *pont volant*, and took possession of the *rive droite* in the name of the Republic. "*Thus far we have advanced into the bowels of the land.*" There is great talk of an armistice with the Emperor, but I doubt it ; it is too good news to be true. If we had once peace with him, we could bend all our attention and all our resources on England. I wonder I have heard nothing yet about my order.

April 17th. This day Fairin, aide-de-camp to General Chérin, brought me the order for my departure, enclosed in a very friendly letter from the General-in-Chief. I do not see anything concerning my *frais de route*, so I presume that part of the business is refused. It is well it is no worse. Walked out in the evening to a *guinguette*, delightfully situated on the banks of the Rhine, and drank a bottle of Hock. *Pas mal!*

April 18th. Wrote this morning to my dearest love, and to Mr. Shee, to notify my intended departure. I think I will go no farther than the frontiers of Hanover, where I have desired my family to meet me. Called on General Coulanges, Sous Chef de l'État-Major, to apprise him of my departure. Took my place in the diligence for Nimeguen, from whence I shall proceed, by Utrecht, to Amsterdam. By the time my voyaging is finished I shall have made a pretty handsome tour of it.

April 19th. Blank.

April 20th. Set out from Cologne, at five in the morning, "*by most of the clocks*," on my way to join my dearest love. Dined at Neuss, an inconsiderable town. At three reached Crevelt, the most

beautiful village I ever saw; the country all around it is flat, but highly cultivated. As to the town itself, it is a most delicious spot; there is a considerable manufactory of silk goods carried on there, which greatly enlivens the place; the inhabitants, it is easy to see, are rich and comfortable. Four leagues; travelled all night.

April 21st. Passed Guelders, the capital of the Duchy of that name, in a broken slumber. I can assure all those whom it may concern, that a German post-wagon is not the most eligible contrivance for sleeping in. I am at this moment *enceinté*, as the French say. Breakfasted at Cleves, and made my toilet to refresh me. Shaved by a surgeon for threepence, for in Germany the ancient fraternity between the barbers and surgeons still subsists. Thought of Partridge's lamentation on their separation. Set off again in my wagon at one. At four entered the territory of the Batavian Republic. At six reached Nimeguen, which is my first halt. Secured my place in the Utrecht diligence for to-morrow morning. Walked about the town for an hour; I am enchanted with it. I never saw anything so neat and well kept, and a young German, who is my fellow-traveller, assures me that, as we proceed, I shall find the cleanliness and exactitude increase. Passed by two or three *corps de garde;* the Dutch troops very handsome, fine fellows, and extremely well kept. It is to be remembered, though, that our ragamuffins made them fly like chaff before the wind. The Dutch officers wear gold-laced hats, like the British, and our Generals; the French plan is better in all respects. Saw several young Dutchwomen at their doors and windows, who seem to me to be charming creatures, dressed well, and with taste. I find that I had a very erroneous idea of Holland. Well, after all, there is nothing like travelling, to dispel prejudice; with which observation, as it is perfectly original, and I am sure never occurred to anybody before, I will conclude this day's journal.

April 22nd. Set out from Nimeguen in the Utrecht diligence, between seven and eight. A Dutch officer of dragoons, who travels with me, tells me, in a barbarous jargon, worse than my own, that a letter is just arrived at the Municipality, with the news that an

armistice with the Emperor, for four months, is agreed upon. I hope in God the news is true; it would make a marvellous change for the better in our affairs. I am exceedingly pleased with my tour; there is something, after all, in the view of Holland, notwithstanding its monotony, which to me, at least, is not disagreeable. The features of a Dutch landscape are an immense tract of meadows, till the view is lost in the distance, intersected either by deep and wide ditches, or by fences of wicker, made as neat as basket work; large plantations of willows; small brick farm-houses, covered with red tiles, and in excellent order; here and there a château of a Seigneur, surrounded by a garden in the true Dutch taste. I am not sure that, for a small garden, that taste is a bad one; its neatness, exactitude, and regularity agree admirably with what one expects to find there. It is true it has not the picturesque beauty of an English garden, but it has, notwithstanding, its own merits, and, in short, I like it well enough *in miniature.* In a Dutch garden all is straight lines, and right angles; in an English all is sinuosity. The Dutch garden is that of a mathematician, the English that of a poet. No question the English taste is far superior, but all I contend for is, that the Dutch is not without its beauties, and by no means merits the indiscriminating ridicule which is attempted to be thrown upon it. But I am writing an essay upon gardening, about which I know nothing. To return; I never saw such neat farming as in Holland; the English brag very much of their farming, and to hear them talk, they are the first agriculturists in the world, as well as the bravest, wittiest, wisest, and greatest people which has ever existed. I am no practical farmer, but, to my eye, everything in a Dutch farm is, beyond all comparison, neater than in an English one, and especially that striking and important article, the fences, to form which, it is, that they make such immense plantations of willows; the pasturage seems most luxuriant, and everything, in short, in a Dutch farm wears the appearance of ease and plenty. There is, however, a striking contrast between the neatness and beauty of the farm-houses and the mean and rustic appearance of the owners; I saw several very ordinary-looking boors lodged in mansions

which, with us, would suit a gentleman of from three hundred to one thousand pounds sterling a year. A great number of these cottages have apiaries of twenty, thirty, forty, and one or two that I remarked, of above one hundred hives. I cannot see, or rather I see plain enough, why our poor peasantry have not bees, which require so little expense, and of which their children, of which they never fail to have plenty, might take care. I made the same remark with regard to the orchards in Normandy, when I first arrived in France, but he who can barely find potatoes for his family is little solicitous about apples; he whose constant beverage is water, dreams neither of cider nor mead. Well, if we succeed, maybe we may put my poor countrymen on somewhat a better establishment. We shall see. But to return. The storks here, who are never disturbed, build on the barns and churches; I saw several at work on their nests; it is a superstition of the country. Breakfasted at Wyck. On the back of our post-wagon was painted a representation of Noah's ark; I thought it no bad allusion to the interior of the machine, and if the painter intended it, I give him credit. The guard at Wyck is blue, faced sky blue, and, as at Nimeguen, very handsome, fine fellows. After passing Wyck, observed that there was considerably more corn grown than I had hitherto seen, but the neatness of cultivation continues invariably. At seven in the evening arrived at Utrecht, of which I saw almost nothing, as I alighted at one gate, and traversed, without stopping, a part of the city to the canal, from whence proceeded the barge for Amsterdam. I remarked, however, that, as at Bonn, the bastions were converted into little gardens, and summer-houses, but at Utrecht they are infinitely more in number, neater kept, and higher ornamented. The quarter through which I passed put me strongly in mind of Philadelphia, which, to my eye, it resembles exceedingly in the exterior of the houses, the footways paved with brick, the trees planted in the streets, the fountains, and even the appearance of the inhabitants, which is very like that of the American Quakers. I am very apt to see analogies and likenesses between places and individuals, which I fancy exist often in my imagination only; be that as it may, Utrecht put me strongly in mind of Philadelphia.

At eight, set off in the trakschuyt, a villainous barge, which is to the grand canal packet boat what a German post-wagon is to a neat, well-hung English chariot. The grand cabin, which is very small, being hired, I was stowed away amongst the common lumber. We were about thirty passengers, one half Jews, every man with his pipe in mouth. I was suffocated! I thought my entry into the boat would have been solemnised by a battle. Having nothing but French money, when I came to pay for my passage the skipper refused my coin, which threw me into unspeakable confusion. A young Jew, seeing my difficulty, offered to change me a piece of five livres into Dutch money. I thanked him, and accepted his offer. (It is to be observed that at par the Dutch sol is exactly double the French, consequently 100 French sous should procure 50 Dutch.) But my Jew knew the course of exchange too well for that traffic, and, taking my piece of 100 sous, gravely handed me 38 *sous d'Hollande*, by which I should have lost exactly 24 sous. I was at first rather surprised at his impudence, but, recollecting myself immediately, I looked him mildly in the face, and, with great gravity, required him instantly to refund. Jew as he was, this threw him out of his play, and he immediately offered me four *sous d'Hollande* more. I told him that I perceived he was a Hebrew, and that if he would give me one hundred, he should not have the piece; on which he submitted. All this is matter of inducement. (How the deuce came I to remember so much law?) Immediately after, a man would enter the boat perforce, and sat himself down in the lap of another, who repelled him with great violence, and threw him upon me, just as I was endeavouring to compose myself to sleep, of which I had great need. I rose immediately, and, seizing him by the collar, was proceeding to inflict an unheard-of chastisement upon him, to which my adventure of the Biscayneer at Trenton would have been nothing, when my Jew, who had not digested his affront and his loss, thought proper to interfere, on which I instantly quit my antagonist and attacked the Hebrew with great violence. All the world knows that a Dutch trakschuyt is a most inconvenient scene for a battle: for, to go no farther, it is, in the first place, impossible to stand upright therein, and we

were, besides, stowed away in bulk, like so many herrings. I could, therefore, do little more than swear and call names, which I did in broken French, to the great astonishment of the Dutchman and terror of the Israelite, whom I threatened with I know not what degree of punishment, which should make him an example for ever to all the posterity of Abraham. He demanded pardon with great marks of contrition, which I at length accorded him, and the intruder, who was the first cause of the dispute, being turned out by common consent, the tranquillity of the packet boat was restored. My sleep was, however, fled, and the smoking continued with great perseverance, so that I was devoured with *ennui*. Opposite me was placed a fat Dutchman, with his mistress, I believe; so, to divert myself, and support the honour of the Republic, I determined to act the Celadon with Mademoiselle, who did not know one word of French. That did not, however, prevent me from making great way in her good graces, and Hans, who perceived he was losing ground fast, very wisely determined to renounce the contest, to which he found himself unequal, pulled his cap down over his eyes and composed himself to sleep. I laid my head down, without ceremony, in the lap of Mademoiselle, and in five minutes was as fast as a church. The lady followed the example of her two lovers, and, in this manner, at five in the morning we reached Amsterdam. I certainly had no right in the world to tease poor Hans; but "*Des Chevaliers Français tel est le caractère;*" besides that he seemed "*not to be made of penetrable stuff.*" I will not venture to say as much of Mademoiselle, who, by the by, was very pretty.

April 23rd. At six reached the *Auberge l'Etoile* in the Neuss or Neiss, for I am not sure of the orthography, and got immediately into bed, of which I had great occasion; for I have not had a good night's sleep since I left Cologne. Of three nights, I have spent two on the wagon and trakschuyt; and the intervening one, at Nimeguen, I passed very badly, from the reflection that I had to get up very early the next morning—a circumstance which always spoils my rest, and, indeed, was the case the night before I left Cologne; so I may say I have passed four nights without a good sleep, and that is too much, and I am as tired as a dog. My jour-

ney from Cologne to Amsterdam, including expenses of all kinds, has cost me about 36 livres of France, or £1 10s. sterling. Very cheap and inconvenient. Rose at ten. "*Mem.—Hands, but not face.*" It is, to-day, Sunday. Dined at the *table d'hôte* very agreeably, at one; drank a bottle of "*delicate wine of Lucena*," or rather, indeed, most excellent claret, and set out alone to see the lions. The *Stadthuys;* a most magnificent building, which perfectly satisfied the conception I had formed of it. Beside it is the *New Church;* so called, I presume, because it was new when it was built by the Spaniards, before the foundation of the Dutch Republic. Assisted at divine service, with which I was much pleased. The people here seemed devout, but I remarked that the congregation consisted entirely of persons advanced in life, or of children. I believe I was the youngest man in the church. The organ is the largest and most magnificent I ever saw. It is truly a noble instrument. When the minister prayed, every one took off his hat, and when he read the Scriptures, put it on again. I do not understand the etiquette of that. Is it that they think it would not be respectful to God Almighty to address Him with a hat on? But, surely if the Scriptures be the word of God, it is not respectful to listen, no more than to speak, to your superiors with your hat on. Saw the tombs of De Ruyter and Van Galen. That of De Ruyter is in the place where, in a Catholic church, would be the high altar. The tomb of that brave man occupies it more honourably. He is represented lying, as well as Van Galen. I wished at first he had been in an erect posture, but, on second thoughts, I believe it is best as it is. I was extremely affected by the figure of Van Galen, who is represented as dead, with his truncheon grasped in his right hand, and his left on his breast. It is a glorious recompense, a monument erected to the memory of a brave man by his country I am rather afraid that we have but few Van Tromps and De Ruyters in the Dutch navy of the present day. Walked round by the quays, which are kept, as everything else in Holland, with astonishing neatness. Looked into the cellars where the sailors eat. The cleanliness of everything in them might tempt the appetite of a prince. I thought of George's Quay, and "*Ship's*

kettles cooked here," with some little humiliation. In point of cleanliness, to speak the truth, we are most terribly behind the Dutch. Coffee-house and the papers. It is fated that my national pride is to be humbled to-day. In the *Leyden Gazette* I had the mortification to read the following observation, relative to the peaceful disarming of the province of Ulster : "*Quelques menaçantes que soyent souvent les dispositions des Irlandais, rarement on les a vu produire de bien terribles effets.*" The devil of it is, that the observation is too well founded. Fitzgibbon was right when he said that "We were a people easily roused and easily appeased."

April 24th. I am more and more pleased with Amsterdam ; it is the first city of the world to walk in, and, in that respect, I prefer it infinitely either to London or Paris. Visited the Stadthuys again. It is a most magnificent structure, and one of the few public buildings which I have seen, which completely answered my idea of it. It is exactly what it ought to be—vast, simple, and grand. I know nothing in the world of architecture, but I have scarcely ever been so pleased with anything as with the Stadthuys of Amsterdam. There is a set of bells in the dome which ornaments the front of the building, that execute airs and short pieces of music with an inconceivable precision. In general, I detest the sound of a bell, so that when I was at the Temple in London, surrounded by five or six churches, I often wished myself in Turkey or some peaceable Mahometan country, where bells are forbidden. But the chimes of the Stadthuys are quite another affair. I stood to-day twice, for nearly half an hour, and listened to them with the greatest pleasure. The hackney coaches are here fixed on sledges, and drawn by one horse ; they are convenient and ugly, but the horses are superb. Traversed the *Warmoes straat*, which is the Rue St. Honoré of Paris, the Strand of London, and the Dame Street of Dublin. The *Kelver straat* may be called the Cheapside of Amsterdam. I had a very high notion of the dignity of commerce from seeing the City of London, but I have a much higher one now, since my visit to Holland. What must the trade of this city have been before the war ? Bought a set of duets at Hammel's, on the Zokkin, to have it to say that I had been in the

first musical magazine in the world. Subscribed for a proof impression of a *mezzo-tinto* of Buonaparte, eight livres. I do not know whether it is like, but it is a very good print. Called on the artist, who is an Englishman, one Hodges, and sat half an hour chatting with him; he has promised to choose me out a choice impression. I have the *cacoèthes emendi* strongly on me to-day, but luckily I have so little money that the disease must soon expire for lack of nourishment.

April 25th. Rose at nine. "*Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco stopper.*" Wrote to my dearest love, appointing to meet her at Groninguen, the 3rd or 4th of next month. Changed fifteen louis d'or for Dutch money; lost thereby nine livres, which is just sixpence per louis; it is not much. At the Coffee House: found English papers down to the 14th instant; nothing material, but it was a great enjoyment to me. Several United Irishmen acquitted, whose names, however, are not mentioned. There is a schism in the yeomanry corps, many of whom are disgusted by the tyranny exercised over the people of the North, and especially by some proclamations lately published by General Lake, which I should be glad to see, and which appear to be very violent. There have been, in consequence, resolutions, counter resolutions, and protests; in short, there is a feud in the enemy's camp, and the English Government can count no more upon the yeomanry corps. Mr. Pitt has despatched Mr. Hammond to Vienna, either to negotiate, or, as I rather think, to prevent the Emperor from negotiating with the French. The outcry for peace is universal, and petitions pouring in from all parts to that effect. There is one from the City of Dublin, moved by Grattan, and seconded by Ponsonby, at an aggregate meeting of the citizens, and carried without a dissenting voice. I see those illustrious patriots are at last forced to bolt out of the House of Commons, and come amongst the people, as John Keogh advised Grattan to do long since.[1] An attempt was made to declare the county

[1] [Grattan and his friends retired from Parliament owing to the coercive policy of the Government. Twenty years afterwards he justified his conduct. "The reason why we seceded was that we did not approve of the conduct of

Armagh in a state of disturbance, but the scheme was defeated, and altogether there seems to be a faint appearance of a better spirit rising in that unfortunate country. I do not, however, build an inch high on it. The King and Pitt seem determined to die hard. He has refused to receive the address of the City of London, sitting on the throne ; and the Livery, to the number of 5,000, have voted unanimously that it is the inherent right of the City to present their petitions in this manner, and so they are at issue. If they carry their point (which they will not) the King will be obliged to give an answer, which is the ground of the dispute. The stocks were as low as 49⅞, but Hammond's mission has screwed them up to 52. For my part, I look on it as a mere tub to the whale, whilst the loan is negotiating, which is for £15,000,000 sterling, but nothing is too improbable for John Bull to believe, especially when he desires it. *Mem.—Mr. Nisby's opinion thereon.*

April 26th. Having three or four days to dispose of, I resolved to see the *Convention Batave*, and in consequence set off this morning at five, in the trakschuyt, for the Hague. At Haarlem, saw a regiment of Dutch troops, preparing for the parade ; uniform blue, faced red, and the men in general of a very fine appearance ; their arms, clothes, and accoutrements in excellent order. Travelled as far as Leyden with a Dutch Admiral, who had the politeness to invite me into the state cabin, which he had hired for himself : I do not know his name, but he spoke very good French, "*much better French than you or I, Gentlemen of the Jury.*" I found his conversation very agreeable ; his uniform was blue, with a red cape and cuffs, embroidered in gold, and a white ostrich feather all round

the United men, and we could not approve of the conduct of the Government. We were afraid of encouraging the former by making speeches against the latter, and we thought it better in such a case, as we could support neither, to withdraw from both. . . . There was high treason certainly, . . . but nothing could excuse the torture, the whippings, the half hanging. . . . The Government were so abominable, their measures were so violent, that no man would sanction them. . . . They did not treat the people as if they were Christians. They treated them not like rebel Christians, but like rebel dogs"—ED.]

his hat. He is just returned from the Texel, where there are fifteen sail of the line, ready and full manned for sea. That would be very good, but unfortunately the Dutch seamen have manifested such a terrible spirit of mutiny, insubordination, and ill-will, that there is no reckoning upon them; witness their running away with the Jason frigate, and their infamous behaviour under Admiral Lucas, at the Cape of Good Hope. By the by, I have never been thoroughly satisfied with regard to the conduct of the said Admiral in that expedition. God knows, but it may be a present of fifteen sail of the line that we are making to the English. I asked the Admiral what he thought of Cordova's battle with Jarvis the other day, when, with twenty-seven sail of the line, he contrived to be beaten by fifteen, and to lose four ships, and whether he thought it was through cowardice or ignorance. The Dutchman bluntly answered me, "Both." And I believe he was right. He also told me that the celebrated navigator, Bougainville, is named to the command of the fleet at Brest. I am heartily glad of it. To return to my voyage. All along the banks of the canal I observed a prodigious number of wild fowl, who, indeed, could hardly be called wild; for they let us pass within twenty yards of them without seeming to take notice of us. Having been, in the days of my youth, something of a sportsman, I felt my ancient propensities begin to revive. There were green and grey plover, redshanks, snipes, hares, without number. They are little disturbed; for the law here is, that every man is to sport only on his own ground; and I conclude the Dutch are either too busy or too lazy to follow much that amusement. I wonder, shall I ever have a day's partridge shooting in Ireland again? The last day I was out was with my dear friend Russell. Poor fellow! God knows what may be his situation this day, or whether he has not been sacrificed by that infernal Government of Ireland. Well, let me think no more of that. The banks of the canal, as we approached the Hague, are covered with villas, as thick as they can stand, and kept with an astonishing neatness; under the local difficulties of situation it is astonishing how much they have contrived to make of their country. They have "*turned diseases to*

commodity;" but to judge of this, it is necessary to be on the spot, and see what they have done. Nothing short of Dutch patience, perseverance, and resolution could have commenced, continued, and concluded the astonishing works which are executed everywhere in Holland. A Dutchman cultivates his garden with a precision inconceivable, and brings it to a state of absolute perfection; and within fifty yards he has a windmill built for pumping off the water, which is constantly at work; and were it to cease, he and his garden would be inundated in twenty-four hours. I have remarked twenty villas, built literally in the water, to which the master entered by a bridge; and they were the neatest boxes I ever saw.—Arrived at the Hague at five o'clock. My journey of thirteen leagues has lasted twelve hours. To Monastereven, from Dublin, which is pretty nearly the same space, it occupies nearly, as well as I can remember, the same time, and costs five shillings. In the Dutch Canal there are no locks; the boat, which is much inferior to our packet boats, in size, beauty, and in all respects, is drawn by one horse, who makes regularly about three miles an hour: so that here they say, indifferently, "Such a place is so many leagues, or so many hours off." Set up at the Seven Churches, which, however, the intelligent reader, who knows his Geography, will be careful not to confound with a place of the same denomination in county Wicklow, which is called by the natives Glendalough. Dined at the *table d'hôte*, with nine members of the Dutch Convention, very plain and respectable-looking men, and put me exceedingly in mind of my old and much and ever respected masters of the General Committee. I feel the tears gush in my eyes, and my pulse beat fast, in writing that sentence. After dinner, walked out alone, to see the town; visited sundry places, of which I know not yet the names; found myself at last in a wood, intersected by a noble avenue, on the right side of which was a Dutch regiment (the uniform blue, faced white) at exercise, and on the left a battalion of French. The Dutch exercise, beyond all comparison, with more precision than our troops; they are taller and stouter men, better dressed and kept, their arms and accoutrements in better order. At fifty yards

distance, to see them together, there is no man who, at the first blush, would not give the preference to the Dutch. But I looked closer at them when the exercise was over, and saw, at once, in the French, something of a fire and animation that spoke that ardent and impetuous courage which is their chief characteristic, and which the others totally wanted. I would not, after that glance, hesitate one instant, with our little battalion, to attack the Dutch regiment, which was at least twice as strong, and we would beat them. It was very amusing to me to observe the *fierté* of our soldiers, as they marched by the others; there was a saucy air of civil superiority, which made me laugh excessively, both then and ever since. The physiognomy of the French is sharp, quick, and penetrating; that of the Dutch, round, honest, and unmeaning; the step, air, and manner of the former are free and assured; they are the true stuff whereof to make soldiers. There are, however, some important points to be considered. You must leave the French grenadier permission to wear a very large cravat, if it be the fashion, tied just as he likes. His hat is likewise his absolute property, in the disposition of which he is by no means to be interrupted or constrained; he must try it on in every possible shape and form, and wear it absolutely in that position which best becomes, as he conceives, the cast of his figure. When satisfied in those important, indeed indispensable points, he is ready for everything, and Cæsar himself is not so brave as those *petits maîtres;* for every soldier in France is a *petit maître.* I have seen them, God knows, ragged enough, but I never saw them but with their cravat, well and fashionably arranged, and their hat cocked and put on with an air. To return. Once again, it was curious to see them march by the Dutch. In the manner with which they regarded the others, most of whom were the head and shoulders taller than they, there was a certain assurance which pleased me exceedingly; the Dutchmen looked to me like so many tailors beside them. Saw a *corps de garde* of Dutch cavalry, uniform white, faced black, and lined red, buff vest and breeches, buff cross and waist belts, black cockades. So many colours had not a good effect; I should like, however, to see the regiment mounted.

April 27th. Visited this morning the *Convention Batave;* it is held in the palace of the *ci-devant* Stadtholder, in the room which was formerly the ball-room, the orchestras whereof are converted into *tribunes*, as they are called here and in France, and galleries with us. The tribunes are open, and no introduction by a member is necessary. The room is handsome, but has nothing particularly striking; it is an oblong of, I judge, about 120 feet by 50, illuminated by six large, and as many smaller windows, over the others, of plate glass. The President is placed on a *banquette*, raised four steps, open to the front, and railed in on the other three sides; on his right and left hand are two tables, and seats for four secretaries; opposite to him is the bar; his table is covered with a crimson velvet cloth, laced with gold, and his chair is covered and trimmed in like manner; he wears a silk scarf of red and white, passed on his right shoulder and round his waist, and he is furnished with a middling-sized ivory mallet, with which he announces the decision of the assembly by a stroke on the table. The mallet I do not like; it gives the President terribly the air of an auctioneer, but nobody here minds it. On his right hand, but on the floor, is a small kind of pulpit, from which all reports of committees are read by the respective chairmen. The members, who are 126 in number, are placed round the three sides of the room; there are five rows of benches, raised one above the other, covered with green cloth; every member has before him paper, pens, and ink; the places are all numbered, and every fifteen days, at the election of the President, whose office lasts no longer, the members draw for their seats, by which means they avoid the denomination of right and left sides, Government and Opposition sides, &c. They receive ten florins a day, which is nearly the same pay as in France, being about 16s. 8d. sterling, English. It is moderate enough, if it be not too moderate; for my principle is, that public functionaries should be liberally paid, but receive no fees of office. When you pay liberally you can insist that he whom you employ shall do his duty, and infinitely fewer hands are necessary. I have seen sufficiently in France the mischief of a different system, where, for want of being able to pay their public functionaries, every one was careless, and

ten persons were required to do the work, and do it ill, which might be well done by one, and for the fourth of the expense in the upshot. Liberality is, in many instances, true economy. The members were extremely decorous in their manner and appearance, and order is sufficiently kept; infinitely better, for example, than in the *Conseil des* 500, but not quite as well as in the English House of Commons. I observed very few members who were not at least thirty-five years of age, and most of them seemed to me to be forty and upwards; they wear no distinctive mark of any kind. Altogether, I was extremely pleased with the decorum and appearance, both of the assembly and auditors. The tribunes were full, but not crowded; there were some women of a decent appearance, and in the tribune opposite to the President, which is reserved for the friends of the members, there were some very handsome and well dressed. When I entered, the House was, as we would say, in committee, on some ordinary business, and the President *pro tempore* wore a black velvet scarf over his right shoulder, with the words République Batave, embroidered in gold on the front. At twelve the House resumed, and the President took the chair, as I have described. The question for discussion was, whether the Dutch people should or should not be obliged, by the constitution, to pay the clergy. I know not what may be, but I know very well what ought to be, their decision. In France, where there is no religion, there is no salary fixed by law for the priests. In America, where there is a great deal of religion, there is no salary settled by law for the clergy. The Catholic priests and the Dissenting ministers of Ireland are paid by the voluntary subscriptions of their hearers, and after all these examples I have no doubt as to the inconvenience of a Church Establishment. By the by, there are several of the clergy members of the Convention Batave; I saw to-day one Catholic priest and three Protestant ministers sitting in their places, and the priest spoke in the debate; I know not what he said, but he made the assembly laugh heartily. There are likewise some of the *noblesse* in the Convention, and I find they do not vote as a caste; some of them are patriots, and others aristocrats. All this information was given me by an honest Dutch patriot, who, seeing

me in a French uniform, was so good as to do me the honours of the assembly, and point out to me the most distinguished members, particularly Van Kastacle, who is the leader of the democratic interest. It seems the principle which divides the assembly is unity or federalism. The democrats are for the first, the aristocrats for the latter, and they have succeeded in carrying their point in the plan of the intended constitution; but my Dutch friend tells me he hopes that for that very reason the constitution will be rejected by the people, in their primary assemblies. He likewise informed me that, under the intended constitution, the clergy are to be excluded from seats in the Legislature; and that he wished to God they would exclude the lawyers also, who were intriguers and caballers, and from being more in the habit of public speaking, and confounding right and wrong, were often able to confute and silence honester and abler men than themselves. I could not help laughing internally at this sketch of my *ci-devant* brethren of the Dutch bar. I find a lawyer is a lawyer all over the world. The most scandalously corrupt and unprincipled body, politically speaking, that I ever knew, was the Irish bar; I was a black sheep in their body, and I bless God that I am well rid of them; rot them! I hate the very memory of the Four Courts, even at this distance. Well, with God's blessing, no man will ever see me again in a black gown and nonsensical big wig; so let the profession of the law go and be hanged, I am happily done with it. To return: I have now seen the Parliament of Ireland, the Parliament of England, the Congress of the United States of America, the Corps Législatif of France, and the Convention Batave; I have likewise seen our shabby Volunteer Convention in 1783, and the General Committee of the Catholics in 1793; so that I have seen, in the way of deliberative bodies, as many I believe as most men; and of all those I have mentioned, beyond all comparison the most shamelessly profligate and abandoned by all sense of virtue, principle, or even common decency, was the legislature of my own unfortunate country; the scoundrels, I lose my temper every time I think of them. Dined at my *auberge;* at the dessert there entered a sort of a band of music, consisting of four women (two of whom were

pretty) and two men. One of the women had a *tambour de basque*, the rest had violins ; they played and sung alternately, and not ill. I observed they sung in parts, first, second, and bass ; they finished with the Marseillaise hymn in their *patois*, and the prettiest of the women then went round with a plate to make her collection. I am not sure that I should have been as much pleased with better music ; I thought at the time of the ballad singers of Ormond Quay, and blushed. Went to the coffee-house, and read the Paris papers, viz., the Royalist ones, which were the only ones I could find ; excessively disgusted with their dulness and impudence ; the liberty of the press is not yet understood in France ; the indecent attacks which are made with impunity on the Government are scandalous and abominable. In England there is not one of those scoundrelly journalists but would be sent to Newgate for two years for one-fiftieth part of the libels which are published day after day in Paris, with the most perfect impunity ; yet the rascals cry out that they are enslaved, and call the Directory tyrants and oppressors, whereas the proof that the most unbounded liberty, or, to speak more properly, the most outrageous license, exists in France, is, that such audacious libels are published, and that the authors are not sent instantly to the galleys. All over Europe there is not a tyrant whose subjects dare outrage him with such impunity ; and it is hard that, in the only Government emanatory from the choice of the people, liberty should be made the instrument of her own destruction. But would I destroy the liberty of the press ? No, but I would most certainly restrain it within just and reasonable limits. All fair and cool discussion I would not only permit, but encourage ; but the infamous personalities, the gross and vulgar abuse that disgrace the Paris journals, I would most severely punish. Liberty of the press, somebody has very well said, is like the liberty to carry a stick, which no man should be hindered from doing ; but if he chooses to employ it in breaking his neighbour's head, or his windows, it is no breach of his liberty to make him answer for the mischief he has committed. In short, I am of opinion—and if ever I have the opportunity I will endeavour to reduce that opinion to practice—that the Government of a Republic,

properly organised, and freely and frequently chosen by the people, should be a strong Government. It is the interest and security of the people themselves, and the truest and best support of their liberty, that the Government which they have chosen should not be insulted with impunity; it is the people themselves who are degraded and insulted in the persons of their Government. I would, therefore, have strong and severe laws against libels and calumny, and I do not apprehend the least danger to the just and reasonable liberty of the press from the execution of those laws, where the magistrates, the judges, and the jury are freely named by the people. The very same laws which, under the English constitution, I regard as tyrannical and unjust, I would, in a free Republic, preserve, and even strengthen. It is because the King names the judges and the sheriffs, because the sheriffs pack the juries, and a thousand other obvious reasons, that I regard the English trials, in many instances, as a mockery of justice; it is not that in theory the law is bad, but that in practical execution it is tyrannical; and, as I have already said, I do not see why tyrants alone should be protected by the laws, and liberty left unprotected and defenceless. I hope I am deceived, but I much fear the French Government will have reason sorely to repent their extravagant caution with regard to infringing the liberty of the press. It is less dangerous for a Government to be feared, or even hated, than despised; and I do not see how one which suffers itself, day after day, without remission, to be insulted in the most outrageous manner, with the most perfect impunity, can avoid, in the long run, falling into disrepute and contempt. In America such gross indecency would not be suffered to pass unpunished; and surely, if rational liberty exists upon the earth, it is in the United States. "*Here endeth the first lesson on the liberty of the press.*" I have now disburthened my soul of the indignation which was kindled in it by those abominable libels. To return: walked forth into the wood in quest of the palace of the *ci-devant* Stadtholder, but could not find it, so that must be for to-morrow. Returned to my *auberge*, somewhat afflicted with the blue devils; remembered one of Voltaire's precepts in such cases. "*Ou bien buvez; c'est un*

parti fort sage;" determined to put it in practice. Got off my boots and coat, got into my wrapper and slippers, and determined to enjoy myself. I do not see why I should come to the Hague without tasting some Holland gin. "*The liquor, when alive, whose very smell I did detest and loathe.*" Called for gin, water, and sugar, '*on which the waiter disappeared, and returned instantly with the noggin.*" Performed the part of Lord B. with infinite address; drank "to the health of my dearest love;" "our friends in Ireland;" "the French Republic, with three times three;" "a speedy Republic to Ireland, with loud and universal acclamations;" "General Hoche, and the army of *Sambre et Meuse.*" The evening concluded with the utmost festivity.

April 28th. As I am about to leave the Hague to-morrow, bought the Traveller's Guide, in order to amuse myself in the boat by reading what I ought to have seen whilst I was there. I do not much see the good sense of my purchase, but I perceive I am of that class, respectable at least for its numbers, who are celebrated for their facility in parting with their money, of which, by the by, it may be supposed I am not just now afflicted with a prodigious quantity. Dinner as usual, but the company more mixed; at the lower end of the table sat a member of the Convention, worth a *plum*, and a staunch patriot; next him, in order, were three plain men, "*said they were farmers—indeed looked like farmers, in boots, and spattered.*" They and the representative of the Convention had a long discussion. I observed he listened to them with great attention, and took notes of their remarks. This is as it ought to be. After dinner a concert, as yesterday, but the band was differently composed: "*On n'y voyait ni tetons ni beaux yeux.*" In plain English, the performers were men, except one woman, who sung, agreeably, two or three duos, the other part being performed by a little *bossu*, about three feet high, but who was penetrated to the very soul by his own music. I was exceedingly amused by his style of singing and acting; for he acted also, and, at the end of the concert, gave him a trifle for himself. I could not help thinking what a choice *morceau* Sterne would have made out of one of these concerts and this poor little *bossu*, who seemed a sort of

enthusiast in his art. These ambulant musicians are nothing, if you think of the opera ; but if you think of the ballad singers of other countries, they are highly respectable, and, in fact, I remarked two or three among them whom I would have been very glad to equal on their instruments. After dinner strolled out about the Hague : "*People may say this and that of being in Newgate, but, for my part, I find Holland as pleasant a place as ever I was in in my life.*" It is delicious. I am tempted, as I walk about the Hague, to cry out, "*Thou almost persuadest me to be a Dutchman.*" Whoever may be Ambassador from the Republic of Ireland to Holland will not be the worst off of the future Corps Diplomatique. Returned to the *auberge ;* demanded of the waiter "*if he could help me to a glass of genever, or so ?*" (I defy man, woman, or child to track me in that quotation.) The waiter produced the needful—Lord B., &c.

April 29th. Set off this morning in the trakschuyt for Amsterdam, saw two storks, male and female, at work building their nest ; it was a delightful emblem of a *bon ménage*, and I cannot express the pleasure I felt in observing how intent they were on their work, and the assistance they mutually gave each other. How my dearest love would have enjoyed it ! Travelled with the Citizen Van Amstel, a deputy to the Convention, whom I had already met at dinner, and who had been pointed out to me when I went to the assembly by my Dutch acquaintance, "*whose name I know not, but whose person I reverence,*" as a most excellent patriot and republican. We soon found one another out ; he tells me that the Committee for Foreign Affairs have received an express from General Daendels, Commander-in-chief, that the preliminaries of the peace between the French Republic and the Emperor are certainly signed, and that they have no doubt but that the fact is so ; if so, it is most excellent news, indeed the best we could desire ; but I have a mighty good rule, from which I will not now depart, which is to believe all excellent news always four-and-twenty hours after all mankind is convinced of its certainty. He gives me another piece of intelligence, which, if it be true, I regard as scarcely of less importance than the peace with the Emperor, viz., that there has

been a mutiny aboard the English fleet; that the seamen had nearly thrown their Admiral overboard, and that they had tried, condemned, and hanged one of their comrades for opposing their measures. This is too good news to be true, and I long most anxiously to see it explained. It has been communicated to the Comité des Relations Extérieures from Hamburg, so I shall probably learn the truth when I meet my family at Groninguen. At our parting, Van Amstel requested to see me on my return to the Hague, and offered his services if he could be of any convenience to me there, on which "*I flourished my hands three times over my head in the most graceful manner*," and took my leave. I think I will ask him to introduce my dearest love into the grand gallery of the Convention. Returned to my old hutch in the Neuss, where, by the by, I am very well and reasonably lodged. I like the Dutch inns mightily.

April 30th. Set off on my journey to Groninguen, where I have given my wife and babies a meeting, crossed the Zuyder Zee in the night; it took us just twelve hours.

May 1st. Arrived at Lemmer at eight in the morning, and set off instantly in the trakschuyt for Strobosch; a delightful day and beautiful breeze all the way; immense quantities of game all along the canal. Planned a voyage, to be executed, God knows when, by my wife, Russell, and myself; to hire a trakschuyt for a month certain, to go where we liked, and stop when we liked, to live aboard our boat, to bring guns, fishing tackle, &c., and in this manner make a tour through a great part of Holland. It would be delicious; "*a very pretty journey indeed, and besides, where is the money?*" O Lord! O Lord!

May 2nd. Slept last night at Strobosch in a six-bedded room, the other five beds being occupied by five snoring Dutchmen, genteel and agreeable. Arrived at Groninguen at twelve o'clock; the town extremely neat, like all the Dutch towns, but not as handsome as most of those I have seen; put up at the Nieuwe Münster.

May 3rd to 6th. Tormented with the most terrible apprehensions on account of the absence of my dearest love, about whom I hear

nothing; walked out every day to the canal, two or three times a day, to meet the boats coming from Nieuschans, where she will arrive. No love! no love! I never was so unhappy in all my life. One evening went to the Dutch comedy; I am enraged to see, every instant, how unjustly the Dutch are treated by other nations; this was but a strolling company, and the theatre was patched of boards, being a temporary building raised for the Fair only, which lasts here three weeks. They played, however, a translation of Voltaire's *Merope* very decently, and the after-piece, which was the *tableau parlant*, exceedingly well—better, for example, than I have seen it played in French at Rennes and at Brest. Saw a battalion of Chasseurs in dark green coat, waistcoat, and breeches, with crimson cape and cuffs; two or three companies were armed with rifles, with which I saw them fire at the target very badly, though they had a machine to rest their firelocks upon, which is a vile custom; at 150 yards not one in ten of them struck a target of three or four feet, and not one of them, by any chance, the bull's-eye. The fourth Dutch demi-brigade is here in garrison, blue faced pale yellow, and makes a very good appearance; there is likewise a regiment of Hussards in dark blue, like our sixth regiment, which looks very well.

May 7th. At last, this day, in the evening, as I was taking my usual walk along the canal, I had the unspeakable satisfaction to see my dearest love and our little babies, my sister and her husband, all arrive safe and well; it is impossible to describe the pleasure I felt. (Here is an end of my journals now, for some time at least.) Since I came to France, which is now above fourteen months, I have continued them pretty regularly for the amusement of my dearest love. As we are now together once more they become unnecessary; we must wait for another separation.

[Tone remained with his family for a fortnight, travelling through Holland and Belgium. He then returned to Germany, and they went on to Paris.—ED.]

Cologne, May 26th. I see to-day, in the Journal Général, an article copied from an English paper, dated about a fortnight ago, which mentions that a discovery had been made in Ireland of

a communication between the discontented party there and the French; that one of the party had turned traitor, and impeached the rest, and that, on his indication, near fifty persons in and near Belfast had been arrested, one of them a Dissenting clergyman; that their papers had been all seized, and that, on the motion of Mr. Pelham, the English Secretary, they were to be submitted to the inspection of a Secret Committee of the House of Commons. All this looks very serious. There has been a formal message from the Government on this business. For my part, all I can say is that, if communication has been had, it was without my knowledge; but even so, I am heartily glad of it; the Dissenting clergyman is Sinclair Kilburne, as I saw in a newspaper at Amsterdam; but I wonder who was the traitor; methinks I should be curious to see him!

Remainder of May. Blank.

June 1st, 2nd, 3rd. Blank.

June 4th, Friedberg. In the *Moniteur* of the 27th is a long article copied from the English papers of the 18th of May, and containing the substance of the report made by the Secret Committee above mentioned; most of the facts contained in it I was already acquainted with; the organisation is, however, much more complete then when I left Ireland. The most material fact is that above 100,000 United Irishmen exist in the North of Ireland, and that they have a large quantity of arms, and at least eight pieces of cannon and one mortar concealed. I presume that martial law is proclaimed long before this, as I see in the *Frankfort Gazette* an article from England of the 23rd of May, viz., five days after that in the *Moniteur*, which mentions two or three skirmishes between the army and some detached proportion of the people, who are denominated the rebels, in which the army had of course the advantage. I do not at all believe that the people are prepared for a serious and general insurrection, and, in short—why should I conceal the fact?—I do not believe they have the spirit. It is not fear of the army, but fear of the law, and long habits of slavery, that keep them down; it is not fear of the General, but fear of the Judge. In the meantime it seems Marquis Cornwallis is named to

the command in Ireland, and that Lord O'Neil, Mr. Conolly, and the Duke of Leinster have resigned their regiments. The example of the last has been followed by all the officers of the Kildare militia ; this last circumstance is, in some degree, consolatory.

June 5th to 11th. The sedition continues aboard the English fleet, and has reached the army. For the present, however, they seem to be appeased, but at the expense of dismissing a number of officers of the navy who were obnoxious to the seamen, and increasing the pay both of seamen and soldiers. When a Government is forced to such concessions it seems to me an inevitable symptom of decaying empire. Martial law is proclaimed in Dublin, and I see that the presses of the *Northern Star* have been broken and burnt in Belfast by the Donegal militia. In return, it is said that Buonaparte has seized on thirty-two sail of the line, and twenty-six frigates at Venice ; but if the half of that only be true it is a great prize. It is also certain, I believe, that Massaredo has sailed from Cadiz with the Spanish fleet on the 21st of May. I wish he were safe and well in Brest Harbour. To-day I rode out with the rest of the État-Major to pay our respects to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, who passed by Friedberg on his way to Hanau, where he reviews his troops to-morrow ; I wish I were there. There is great talk at head-quarters of an immediate rupture between the Emperor and the King of Prussia, which last is supported by the Landgrave. Time will show.

CHAPTER X.

WITH THE BATAVIAN REPUBLIC.

Written aboard the "Vryheid," of 74 guns, commanded by Admiral De Winter, at the Texel, July 10, 1797.

It is a long time since I have made a memorandum, notwithstanding I have been fully employed; but the fact is, I have had too much business. All I can now do is to make an imperfect abstract of what has passed, that is most material, in the last month.

June 12th. Quartier-Général at Friedberg. This evening the General called me into the garden and told me he had some good news for me. He then asked, "Did I know one Lewines?"[1] I answered I did, perfectly well, and had a high opinion of his talents and patriotism. "Well," said he, "he is at Neuwied, waiting to see you; you must set off to-morrow morning: when you join him, you must go together to Treves, and wait for further orders." The next morning I set off, and, on the 14th, in the evening, reached—

June 14th, Neuwied; where I found Lewines waiting for me. I cannot express the unspeakable satisfaction I felt at seeing him. I gave him a full account of all my labours, and of everything that had happened since I have been in France, and he informed me, in return, of everything of consequence relating to Ireland, and especially to my friends now in jeopardy there. I

[1] [Lewines, a Dublin solicitor, was sent by the United Irish Executive to urge the French Government to send another expedition to Ireland.—Ed.]

cannot pretend to detail his conversation, which occupied us fully during our stay at Neuwied, and our journey to—

June 17th, Treves; where we arrived on the 17th. What is most material is, that he is sent here by the Executive Committee of the United People of Ireland, to solicit, on their part, the assistance in troops, arms, and money, necessary to enable them to take the field, and assert their liberty; the organisation of the people is complete, and nothing is wanting but the *point d'appui.* His instructions are to apply to France, Holland, and Spain. At Hamburg, where he passed almost two months, he met a Señor Nava, an officer of rank in the Spanish navy, sent thither by the Prince of Peace on some mission of consequence; he opened himself to Nava, who wrote off, in consequence, to his Court, and received an answer, general, it is true, but in the highest degree favourable. A circumstance which augurs well, is, that in forty days from the date of Nava's letter, he received the answer, which is less time than he ever knew a courier to arrive in, and shows the earnestness of the Spanish Minister. Lewines' instructions are to demand of Spain £500,000 sterling and 30,000 stand of arms. At Treves, on the 19th, Dalton, the General's aide-de-camp, came express with orders for us to return to—

June 21st, Coblentz; where we arrived on the 21st, and met General Hoche. He told us that, in consequence of the arrival of Lewines, he had sent off Simon, one of his Adjutant-Generals, who was of our late expedition, in order to press the Executive Directory and Minister of the Marine; that he had also sent copies of all the necessary papers, including specially those lately prepared by Lewines, with his own observations, enforcing them in the strongest manner; that he had just received the answers of all parties, which were as favourable as we could desire; but that the Minister of the Marine was absolutely for making the expedition on a grand scale, for which two months, at the very least, would still be necessary; to which I, knowing Brest of old, and that two months in the language of the Marine meant four at least, if not five or six, remarked the necessity of an immediate exertion, in order to profit of the state of mutiny and absolute disorganisation

in which the English navy is at this moment, in which Lewines heartily concurred ; and we both observed that it was not a strong military force that we wanted at this moment, but arms and ammunition, with troops sufficient to serve as a *noyau d'armée*, and protect the people in their first assembling ; adding, that 5,000 men sent now, when the thing was feasible, would be far better than 25,000 in three months, when, perhaps, we might find ourselves again blocked up in Brest Harbour ; and I besought the General to remember that the mutiny aboard the English fleet would most certainly be soon quelled, so that there was not one minute to lose ; that, if we were lucky enough to arrive in Ireland before that took place, I looked upon it as morally certain that, by proper means, we might gain over the seamen, who have already spoken of steering the fleet into the Irish harbours, and so settle the business, perhaps without striking a blow. We both pressed these, and such other arguments as occurred, in the best manner we were able ; to which General Hoche replied, he saw everything precisely in the same light we did, and that he would act accordingly, and press the Directory and Minister of the Marine in the strongest manner. He showed Lewines Simon's letter, which contained the assurance of the Directory "that they would make no peace with England wherein the interests of Ireland should not be fully discussed agreeably to the wishes of the people of that country." This is a very strong declaration, and has most probably been produced by a demand made by Lewines in his memorial, "that the French Government should make it an indispensable condition of peace, that all the British troops be withdrawn from Ireland, and the people left at full liberty to declare whether they wished to continue the connection with England or not." General Hoche then told us not to be discouraged by the arrival of a British negotiator, for that the Directory were determined to make no peace but on conditions which would put it out of the power of England longer to arrogate to herself the commerce of the world, and dictate her laws to all the maritime powers. He added, that preparations were making also in Holland for an expedition, the particulars of which he would communicate to us in two or

three days, and, in the meantime, he desired us to attend him to—

June 24th, Cologne; for which place we set off, and arrived the 24th.

June 25th. At nine o'clock at night the General sent us a letter from General Daendels, Commander-in-chief of the army of the Batavian Republic, acquainting him that everything was in the greatest forwardness, and would be ready in a very few days; that the army and the navy were in the best possible spirit; that the Committee for Foreign Affairs (the Directory *per interim* of the Batavian Republic) desired most earnestly to see him without loss of time, in order to make the definitive arrangements; and especially they prayed him to bring with him the deputy of the people of Ireland, which Daendels repeated two or three times in his letter. In consequence of this I waited on the General, whom I found in his bed in the Cour Impériale, and received his orders to set off with Lewines without loss of time, and attend him at—

June 27th, The Hague; where we arrived accordingly, having travelled day and night. In the evening we went to the Comédie, where we met the General in a sort of public *incognito;* that is to say, he had combed the powder out of his hair, and was in a plain regimental frock. After the play we followed him to his lodgings at the Lion d'or, where he gave us a full detail of what was preparing in Holland. He began by telling us that the Dutch Governor-General Daendels and Admiral De Winter were sincerely actuated by a desire to effectuate something striking to rescue their country from that state of oblivion and *decadence* into which it had fallen; that, by the most indefatigable exertions on their part, they had got together, at the Texel, sixteen sail of the line, and eight or ten frigates, all ready for sea, and in the highest condition; that they intended to embark 15,000 men, the whole of their national troops, 3,000 stand of arms, 80 pieces of artillery, and money for their pay and subsistence for three months; that he had the best opinion of the sincerity of all parties, and of the courage and conduct of the General and Admiral, but that here was the difficulty. The French Government had demanded

that at least 5,000 French troops, the *élite* of the army, should be embarked, instead of a like number of Dutch, in which case, if the demand was acceded to, he would himself take the command of the united army, and set off for the Texel directly; but that the Dutch Government made great difficulties, alleging a variety of reasons, of which some were good; that they said the French troops would never submit to the discipline of the Dutch navy, and that in that case, they could not pretend to enforce it on their own, without making unjust distinctions, and giving a reasonable ground for jealousy and discontent to their army; "but the fact is," said Hoche," "that the Committee, Daendels, and De Winter, are anxious that the Batavian Republic should have the whole glory of the expedition, if it succeeds; they feel that their country has been forgotten in Europe, and they are risking everything, even to their last stake—for, if this fails, they are ruined—in order to restore the national character. The demand of the French Government is now before the Committee; if it is acceded to, I will go myself, and, at all events, I will present you both to the Committee, and we will probably then settle the matter definitively." Both Lewines and I now found ourselves in a considerable difficulty. On the one side, it was an object of the greatest importance to have Hoche and his 5,000 grenadiers; on the other, it was most unreasonable to propose anything which could hurt the feelings of the Dutch people, at a moment when they were making unexampled exertions in our favour, and risking, as Hoche himself said, their last ship and last shilling to emancipate us. I cursed and swore like a dragoon; it went to my very heart's blood and midriff to give up the General and our brave lads, 5,000 of whom I would prefer to any 10,000 in Europe; on the other hand, I could not but see that the Dutch were perfectly reasonable in the desire to have the whole reputation of an affair prepared and arranged entirely at their expense, and at such an expense. I did not know what to say. Lewines, however, extricated himself and me with considerable address. After stating very well our difficulty, he asked Hoche whether he thought that Daendels would serve under his orders, and, if he refused, what effect that might have on

the Batavian troops? I will never forget the magnanimity of Hoche on this occasion. He said he believed Daendels would not, and therefore that the next morning he would withdraw the demand with regard to the French troops, and leave the Dutch Government at perfect liberty to act as they thought proper. When it is considered that Hoche has a devouring passion for fame; that his great object, on which he has endeavoured to establish his reputation, is the destruction of the power of England; that he has for two years, in a great degree, devoted himself to our business, and made the greatest exertions, including our memorable expedition, to emancipate us; that he sees, at last, the business likely to be accomplished by another, and, of course, all the glory he had promised to himself ravished from him; when, in addition to all this, it is considered that he could, by a word's speaking, prevent the possibility of that rival's moving one step, and find, at the same time, plausible reasons sufficient to justify his own conduct;—I confess his renouncing the situation which he might command is an effort of very great virtue. It is true he is doing exactly what an honest man and a good citizen ought to do; he is preferring the interests of his country to his own private views; that, however, does not prevent my regarding his conduct, in this instance, with great admiration, and I shall never forget it. This important difficulty being removed, after a good deal of general discourse on our business, we parted late, perfectly satisfied with each other, and having fixed to wait on the Committee to-morrow in the forenoon. All reflections made, the present arrangement, if it has its dark, has its bright sides also, of which hereafter.

June 28th. This morning, at ten, Lewines and I went with General Hoche to the Committee for Foreign Affairs, which we found sitting. There were eight or nine members, of whom I do not know all the names, together with General Daendels. Those whose names I learned were Citizens Hahn (who seemed to have great influence among them), Bekker, Van Leyden, and Grasveldt. General Hoche began by stating extremely well the history of our affairs, since he had interested himself in them; he pressed, in the strongest manner that we could wish, the advantages to be

reaped from the emancipation of Ireland, the almost certainty of success if the attempt were once made, and the necessity of attempting it, if at all, immediately. It was Citizen Hahn who replied to him. He said he was heartily glad to find the measure sanctioned by so high an opinion as that of General Hoche; that originally the object of the Dutch Government was to have invaded England, in order to have operated a diversion in favour of the French army, which it was hoped would have been in Ireland; that circumstances being totally changed in that regard, they had yielded to the wishes of the French Government, and resolved to go into Ireland; that, for this purpose, they had made the greatest exertions, and had now at the Texel an armament of 16 sail of the line, 10 frigates, 15,000 troops in the best condition, 80 pieces of artillery, and pay for the whole for three months; but that a difficulty had been raised within a few days, in consequence of a requisition of the Minister of Marine, Truguet, who wished to have 5,000 French troops, instead of so many Dutch, to be disembarked in consequence. That this was a measure of extreme risk, inasmuch as the discipline of the Dutch navy was very severe, and such as the French troops would probably not submit to; that, in that case, they could not pretend to enforce it with regard to their own troops, the consequence of which would be a relaxation of all discipline. This was precisely what General Hoche told us last night. He immediately replied, that, such being the case, he would take on himself to withdraw the demand of the Minister of Marine, and satisfy the Directory as to the justice of their observations; and that he hoped, all difficulty on that head being removed, they would press the embarkation without a moment's delay. It was easy to see the most lively satisfaction on all their faces at this declaration of General Hoche, which certainly does him the greatest honour. General Daendels, especially, was beyond measure delighted. They told us then that they hoped all would be ready in a fortnight, and Hahn observed, at the same time, that, as there was an English squadron which appeared almost every day at the mouth of the Texel, it was very much to be desired that the Brest fleet should, if

possible, put to sea, in order to draw off at least a part of the British fleet, because, from the position of the Texel, the Dutch fleet was liable to be attacked in detail in sailing out of the port; and even if they beat the enemy, it would not be possible to proceed, as they must return to refit. To this, General Hoche replied, that the French fleet could not, he understood, be ready before two months, which put it out of the question; and as to the necessity of returning to refit, he observed that, during the last war, the British and French fleets had often fought, both in the East and West Indies, and kept the seas after; all that was necessary being to have on board the necessary articles of *rechange;* besides, it was certainly the business of the Dutch fleet to avoid an action by all possible means. General Daendels observed that Admiral De Winter desired nothing better than to measure himself with the enemy, but we all, that is to say, General Hoche, Lewines, and myself, cried out against it, his only business being to bring his convoy safe to its destination. A member of the Committee—I believe it was Van Leyden—then asked us, supposing everything succeeded to our wish, what was the definite object of the Irish people? To which we replied categorically, that it was to throw off the yoke of England, break for ever the connection now existing with that country, and constitute ourselves a free and independent people. They all expressed their satisfaction at this reply, and Van Leyden observed that he had travelled through Ireland, and to judge from the luxury of the rich, and extreme misery of the poor, no country in Europe had so crying a necessity for a revolution. To which Lewines and I replied, as is most religiously the truth, that one great motive of our conduct in this business was the conviction of the wretched state of our peasantry, and the determination, if possible, to amend it. The political object of our visit being now nearly ascertained, Hahn, in the name of the Committee, observed that he hoped either Lewines or I would be of the expedition, as our presence with the General would be indispensable. To which Hoche replied "that I was ready to go," and he made the offer, on my part, in a manner peculiarly agreeable to my feelings. It was then fixed that I

should set off for the army of *Sambre et Meuse* for my trunk, and especially for my papers, and that Lewines should remain at the Hague, at the orders of the Committee, until my return, which might be seven or eight days. The meeting then broke up. We could not possibly desire to find greater attention to us, personally, or, which was far more important, greater zeal and anxiety to forward this expedition, in which the Dutch Government has thrown itself "*à corps perdu.*" They venture no less than the whole of their army and navy. As Hoche expressed it, "they are like a man stripped to his breeches, who has one shilling left, which he throws in the lottery, in the hope of being enabled to buy a coat." The Committee are very plain men in their appearance, not unlike my old masters of the Sub-committee. On our return to the *auberge* with Hoche, we took occasion to express our admiration of the singularly disinterested conduct which he had manifested on this occasion. He then told us his plan : that the Minister of the Marine, thus far, had not been lucky, counting from his expedition against Sardinia, in the beginning of the war ; that he had the greatest desire to do something which might give *éclat* to his administration ; that he, General Hoche, had ceded to the wish of the Dutch Government, principally because he would press no measure, however grateful to himself, which might cool their zeal in this great business ; and in the next place, because he knew that the instant the Dutch fleet was at sea, Truguet's vanity would be piqued, and that he would move heaven and earth to follow them, and instead of waiting to complete the expedition on a great scale, according to his present system, would despatch instantly whatever was ready for sea ; so that, in all probability, if we reached Ireland, the French army would be there in a fortnight after us. He told us, likewise, that the Dutch army was not now what it had been in the commencement of the war ; that they had numbers of French among them, particularly in the *artillerie légère;* that they had also a great quantity of Austrians, particularly of the garrison of Luxembourg, and especially that Daendels was an excellent officer, and as brave as Cæsar, on whom we might rely ; that he would send all such plans and papers as might be of

service to him in this business, and, finally, that he hoped we would all speedily meet in Ireland. The main business being finished, we talked of other matters, particularly of the present state of Paris, where the audacity of the Royalists seems to have no bounds. Hoche made use of these remarkable expressions: "If these rascals were to succeed and put down the Government, I march my army that instant against Paris, and when I have restored the constitution, I break my sword and never touch it afterwards." Our meeting then broke up; the General set off for head-quarters at four, and I followed him at six in the evening.

July 1st. Arrived at Cologne, where I found the General. He told me that, as he had expected, the Minister of Marine was piqued, and had given orders, in consequence, to prepare everything at Brest with the greatest possible expedition; that he had, if necessary, £300,000 at the disposal of the Minister; that he had just received orders from the Directory to proceed instantly to Paris, by way of Dunkirk; that from Paris he would set off for Brest, where everything would be ready in a fortnight, and in a month he hoped to be in Ireland. He then ordered me £50 sterling, with orders to return immediately to the Hague, with a letter for General Daendels. I told him that if he expected to be ready so soon, it was my wish not to quit him. He replied, he had considered it, and thought it best I should accompany Daendels, on which I acquiesced. I then took occasion to speak on a subject which had weighed very much upon my mind—I mean the degree of influence which the French might be disposed to arrogate to themselves in Ireland, and which I had great reason to fear would be greater than we might choose to allow them. In the Gazette of that day there was a proclamation of Buonaparte's, addressed to the Government of Genoa, which I thought most grossly improper and indecent, as touching on the indispensable rights of the people. I read the most obnoxious passages to Hoche, and observed, that if Buonaparte commanded in Ireland, and were to publish there so indiscreet a proclamation, it would have a most ruinous effect; that in Italy such dictation might pass, but never in Ireland, where we understood our rights too well

to submit to it. Hoche answered me, "I understand you, but you may be at ease in that respect; Buonaparte has been my scholar, but he shall never be my master." He then launched out into a very severe critique on Buonaparte's conduct, which certainly has latterly been terribly indiscreet, to say no worse of it, and observed that, as to his victories, it was easy to gain victories with such troops as he commanded, especially when the General made no difficulty to sacrifice the lives of his soldiers, and that these victories had cost the Republic 200,000 men. A great deal of what Hoche said was very true, but I could see at the bottom of it a very great jealousy of Buonaparte. I am also sorry to see the latter losing so fast that spirit of moderation which did him as much honour at first as his victories. Hoche and I then talked of our own business. He said we must calculate on being opposed at the landing, by 8,000 or 10,000 men; that, if they were not there, so much the better, but we must expect them; that the British would probably act as they did in America last war—retreat, and burn the towns behind them; that he did not desire more than twelve, or, at most fifteen thousand troops, and had made his arrangements, so that the maintenance of that force should not cost the Irish people above 12,000,000 livres, equal to £500,000 sterling. He then promised to send me his instructions for carrying on the war in La Vendée, which would exactly apply to our case in Ireland; and, giving me a letter for General Daendels, in which, amongst other things, he demanded for me the rank of Adjutant-General in the service of the Batavian Republic, we embraced each other and parted. He set off that evening for Bonn, and I the next morning, at five, for the Hague, where I arrived in the morning of—

July 4th. Instantly on my arrival I waited on General Daendels, whom I found on the point of setting out for the Texel. He read the letter, and told me everything should be settled with regard to my rank, and that I should receive two months' pay in advance, to equip me for the campaign. His reception of me was extremely friendly. I stayed with Lewines, at the Hague, three or four days, whilst my regimentals, &c., were making up,

and at length, all being ready, we parted, he setting off for Paris, to join General Hoche, and I for the Texel, to join General Daendels.

July 8th. Arrived early in the morning at the Texel, and went immediately on board the Admiral's ship, the *Vryheid*, of 74 guns, a superb vessel. Found General Daendels aboard, who presented me to Admiral De Winter, who commands the expedition. I am exceedingly pleased with both one and the other; there is a frankness and candour in their manners which is highly interesting.

July 10th. I have been boating about the fleet, and aboard several of the vessels; they are in very fine condition, incomparably better than the fleet at Brest, and I learn from all hands that the best possible spirit reigns in both soldiers and sailors. Admiral Duncan, who commands the English fleet off the Texel, sent in yesterday an officer with a flag of truce, apparently with a letter, but in fact to reconnoitre our force. De Winter was even with him: for he detained his messenger and sent back the answer by an officer of his own, with instructions to bring back an exact account of the force of the enemy.

July 11th. This day our flag of truce is returned, and the English officer released. Duncan's fleet is of eleven sail of the line, of which three are three-deckers. I do not yet exactly know our force, either by sea or land, but I must endeavour to learn it.

July 13th. I have had a good deal of discourse to-day with General Daendels, and I am more and more pleased with him. His plan is, to place such of our people as may present themselves at first in the cadres of the regiments which we bring out until our battalions are 1,000 each; that then we may form a corps, and he will give us proper officers to discipline and organise it; that he will keep the main army of 18,000 or 20,000 men in activity, and leave the security of our communications, the guarding of passes, rivers, &c., to the national troops, until they are in a certain degree disciplined. A great deal of this is good, but we must be brought more forward in the picture than that, for every reason in the world. I replied that the outline of his

plan was just, but that cases might occur where it would be necessary to depart from it occasionally. For instance, if the militia were to join us, they ought not, nor would they consent to be, incorporated in the Dutch battalions. Daendels said, "Certainly not; that he knew what the *esprit de corps* was too well to think of it; that the militia battalions would, in that case, become themselves cadres of regiments"; so that affair will be settled to the satisfaction of all parties. We then spoke of the administration, and I gave him an idea how we had been circumstanced in that regard in the Brest expedition, where we had a little army of commissaries, ready to eat up the country, who would sacrifice the liberty of Ireland, the interests of the Republic, and the honour of the General, for half-a-crown; and I did not restrain myself in speaking of those gentry as they deserve. Daendels replied that his instructions were to leave all the details of supplying the army to the Irish people; that he brought with him but five commissaries, who were to superintend the forage, the bread, the meat, &c., and that all their proceedings should be subject to his own immediate inspection, and nothing stand good that was not authorised by his signature; that he prided himself more on his character for administration than for military talents, and that I might rely on it we should have no difficulties on that head. I was very glad to hear all this, the more because I have confidence in him. If the Brest expedition had succeeded, we should have had damned work with those scoundrelly administrations, but I had made up my mind on that head as to what we should do. With the Dutch I have by no means the same uneasiness, and this is one of the circumstances where we gain by the present expedition. But enough of this for the present. "*All is for the best in this best of all possible worlds.*"

July 14th. General Daendels showed me to-day his instructions from the Dutch Government. They are fair and honest, and I have no doubt he will act up to them. The spirit of them is always to maintain the character of a faithful ally, not to interfere in the domestic concerns of the people; to aid them by every

means in his power to establish their liberty and independence; and to expect no condition in return, but that we should throw off the English yoke, and that, when all was settled on that score, we should arrange our future commerce with the Dutch Republic, on the basis of reciprocal advantage and accommodation. Nothing can be more fair and honourable, and I am convinced, from what I see of Daendels, and the frankness of his character, that he will act up to his instructions. The report to-day is, that we shall get under way to-morrow, and I see a bustle in the ship which seems to confirm it; but I follow my good old rule, to ask no questions. Several boats full of troops have passed us to-day, going on board the different vessels; the men are in the highest spirits, singing national songs, and cheering the General as they pass; it is a noble sight, and I found it inexpressibly affecting. Daendels assures me that in the best days of the French Revolution he never witnessed greater enthusiasm than reigns at present in the army. It is, to be sure, glorious, the prospect of this day. The following is our line of battle :—

Avant garde: Jupiter, seventy-four guns, Vice-Admiral Reyntzies; *Cerberus*, sixty-eight, Capt. Jacobson; *Haarlem*, sixty-eight, Capt. Wiggerts; *Alkmaar*, fifty-six, Capt. Krafft; *Delft*, fifty-six, Capt. Verdoom. *Frigates: Monnikendam*, forty-four, Capt. Lancaster; *Minerva*, twenty-four, Capt. Elbracht; *Daphne*, sixteen, Lieut. Fredericks. Five sail of the line and three frigates and sloops.

Corps de Bataille: Vryheid, seventy-four, Admiral De Winter and Capt. Von Rossum; *Staaten General*, seventy-four, Rear-Admiral Story; *Batavia*, fifty-six, Capt. Souter; *Wassenaer*, sixty-eight, Capt. Holland; *Leyden*, sixty-eight, Capt. Musquettier. *Frigates: Mars*, forty-four, Capt. Kolff; *Furie*, Capt. Buschman; *Galatea*, Lieut. Rivery; *Atalanta*. Five sail of the line and four frigates and sloops.

Arrière garde: Brutus, seventy-four, Rear-Admiral Van Tresling; *Hercules*, sixty-eight, Capt. Reyscort; *Glykheid*, sixty-eight, Capt. Ruysch; *Admiral De Vries*, sixty-eight, Capt. Zeegers; *Beschermer*, fifty-six, Capt. Heinst. *Frigates*: *Embuscade*, forty-four, Capt. Huys; *Waakzenheid*, twenty-four, Capt. Nicrop; *Ajax*.

Five sail of the line and three frigates and sloops, with twenty-seven sail of transports, from one hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty tons burthen.

Our land force I do not yet accurately know. I should have remarked that two or three days ago Noël, Minister of the French Republic, dined aboard us, with his wife. All was in grand costume, the shrouds manned, and twenty-one guns fired at his departure. He was dressed, like a *représentant du peuple aux armées*, in blue, with a tricolour sash, and his hat *à la* Henry IV. with a band and *panache*, also "*aux trois couleurs.*" Yesterday the Swedish Ambassador dined with us, with his *unchat*, &c. He is a damned dog, and a dunce, and an English partisan, as I soon found out, and, I understand, a spy. The rascal! To-day, indeed at this present writing, I can see from the cabin windows ten sail of English ships of war, little and big, who have presented themselves off the mouth of the Texel. It put me in mind of the *goulet* of Brest, where I have been often regaled in the same manner. Nobody here seems to mind them, and so, "*Je m'en fiche, allons!*"

July 15*th.* The human mind, or at least my mind, is a singular machine. I am here in a situation extremely interesting, and on the result of which everything most dear to me as a man and a citizen depends, and yet I find myself in a state of indifference, or rather apathy, which I cannot myself comprehend. My sole amusement is reading an odd volume of Voltaire's, which I found by chance; and, for our expedition, I declare I think no more of it than if it were destined for Japan, which indifference, on my part, as I have already said, I cannot comprehend, but so it is. Yesterday I wrote to my wife, enclosing a bill which Admiral De Winter accepted for 250 florins, "*moyennant*," the like sum paid into his hands; also to General Hoche, to Mr. Shee, to my sister, and to Lewines. I have now finished all my business, and to-morrow, I understand, we put to sea if the wind permits. It is strange, but I feel as if I were to set out in the trakschuyt from the Hague, to go to Amsterdam. Hove up one of our anchors; it was beautiful to see the

men at work, in which our chasseurs assisted heartily ; all was executed in cadence to the music. General Daendels showed me a letter from General Dupont, announcing the immediate departure of General Hoche for Brest ; he also told me that he and I would go on board a sloop of war, and not mount the Admiral's ship until the issue of the affair (if any there may be) between the two fleets is determined. I am not sorry for that arrangement.

July 16th. The General tells me just now that a spy, sent out by the Admiral, returned last night with the news that the English fleet is strong twenty-four sail of the line. A few days ago he said nineteen, but he explains that by saying that five sail had been detached to assist at the execution of Parker, the mutineer. The Admiral's opinion is that the fellow is a double spy, and that the story of twenty-four sail is a lie, in which I join him. In the *Morning Chronicle* of the 6th instant is an article which mentions that Admiral Duncan had demanded a reinforcement, and that in consequence three sail had set off to join him, which, with ten or eleven that he had before, and perhaps two which he might draw from the Dogger Bank, where they are stationed to protect the fishery, may bring him up to fifteen or sixteen sail, and this calculation agrees with the reports made to the Government, and those of neutral vessels which have lately entered. Be that as it may, the Admiral summoned this morning all the Admirals and Captains of the fleet, and gave them their last instructions, which were, that the frigates of forty-four guns should fall into the line ; that they should fight to the last extremity, even to sinking of their vessels, in which case they were to take to their boats ; that if any Captain were to attempt to break the line and hang back the others should immediately fire on him. This is resolute of De Winter, and I have every reason to think his fleet will second him. He has in the meantime sent off a courier to the Government to announce all this, and, if the wind springs up in our favour, we will set off instantly without waiting for the answer.

July 17th. Yesterday evening the Admiral told me his plan,

as above set forth. He is a fine fellow, that is the God's truth. Received yesterday a letter from my dearest love, dated the 9th. Thank God, she and the babies are well and in spirits. To-day I received two letters, one from Madgett, and the other, dated the 13th of June, from Napper Tandy, to which I have written two answers, which I will not despatch till we are just setting off. The wind is as foul as the devil. At Brest we had, against all probability, a fair wind for five days successively, during all which time we were not ready, and at last, when we did arrive at our destination, the wind changed and we missed our blow. Here all is ready and nothing is wanting but a fair wind. We are riding at single anchor. I hope the wind may not play us a trick. It is terribly foul this evening. Hang it, and damn it for me! I am in a rage, which is truly astonishing, and can do nothing to help myself. Well! well!

July 18th. The wind is as foul as possible this morning; it cannot be worse. Hell! Hell! Hell! Allah! Allah! Allah! I am in a most devouring rage! Well, what can't be cured must be endured, as our ancestors have wisely remarked. An officer, sent out in disguise to reconnoitre, is just returned; his report is favourable; he saw the English fleet, strong twelve sail of the line and seven or eight frigates; one of the frigates bore down on the Admiral and spoke him, on which he instantly made signal, and the whole squadron stood to the S.W. I do not conceive what could be the reason of that manœuvre, for it leaves us clear if the wind would let us stir out. Perhaps they are going to reinforce the fleet before Brest, perhaps something has happened again at the Nore. I should have mentioned yesterday, in its place, that when the Admiral had determined to fight the enemy in the manner I have recited, he supposed them to be at least nineteen sail of the line strong, which does the more honour to his courage. It is most terrible to be locked up by the wind as we are now.

July 19th. Wind foul still. Horrible! Horrible! Admiral De Winter and I endeavour to pass away the time playing the flute, which he does very well; we have some good duets, and that

is some relief. It is, however, impossible to conceive anything more irksome than waiting, as we now are, on the wind; what is still worse, the same wind which locks us up here is exactly favourable for the arrival of reinforcements to Duncan, if Lord Spencer means to send him any. Naval expeditions are terrible for their uncertainty. I see, in the Dutch papers, for I am beginning, with the help of a dictionary, to decipher a little, that the Toulon fleet is at sea since the 20th of June, strong six sail of the line, two of eighty, and four of seventy-four guns, and six frigates. I wish them safe and well in Brest Harbour. There never was, and never will be, such an expedition as ours, if it succeeds: it is not merely to determine which of two despots shall sit upon a throne, or whether an island shall belong to this or that state; it is to change the destiny of Europe, to emancipate one, perhaps three, nations; to open the sea to the commerce of the world; to found a new empire; to demolish an ancient one; to subvert a tyranny of six hundred years. And all this hangs to-day upon the wind. I cannot express the anxiety I feel. Well, no matter! I can do nothing to help myself, and that aggravates my rage. Our ships exercise at great guns and small arms, one or other of them, every day; they fire in general incomparably well, and it is a noble spectacle.

July 20th. This evening I had the pleasure to count nineteen sail of British vessels, which passed the mouth of the Texel under an easy sail. The General assures me, however, that there are not above twelve sail of the line among them, according to the comparison of the best accounts which have been received. Wind foul, as usual. The following is a state of our army. Infantry, eighteen battalions, of 452 men, 8,136; Chasseurs, four battalions, at 540 men, 2,160; Cavalry, eight squadrons, 1,650; Artillery, nine companies, 1,049; Light Artillery, two companies, 389; État-Major, 160; total, 13,544. It is more than sufficient. Would to God we were all arrived, safe and well, at our destination.

July 21st, 22nd, 23rd. I pass my time here in an absolute torpor. When I was at Brest I was bad enough, but at least we had some conversation. But here—well, &c. The Admiral tells me to-day

that he had a letter from London, dated the 16th, which mentions that Lord Bridport has put in for fresh provisions, and that three of his ships are still in revolt. That his destination is for before Brest; that Sir Edward Pellew is arrived at Falmouth, and that his report is that the French fleet appears in a state not likely soon to put to sea; which, by the by, De Winter believes to be the case, and attributes to want of money. That Duncan has applied for a reinforcement, but that the reply was that they must first finish the trial of the mutineers, in order to reduce the rest to a sense of their duty, from whence I infer that they are afraid as yet to send the ships at the Nore to sea; however, the *Warrior*, of seventy-four guns, is arrived, which brings Duncan up to thirteen sail of the line. His report in England is, that we have twenty (I wish we had), besides frigates, with 15,000 troops embarked, and 30,000 stand of arms, but that our destination is a secret. The wind is, to-day, at N.W., which is not quite so execrable as yesterday and the day before. With a N.N.E. wind the Admiral says we might get out; *ergo*, we want yet six points of the compass. Damn it to all eternity for me. Was there ever anything so terrible? Wrote to my wife on the 21st instant.

July 24th, 25th, 26th. To-day I saw in the Dutch papers that great changes have taken place in the French Ministry. Talleyrand Perigord, *ci-devant* Bishop of Autun, whom I saw in Philadelphia, is appointed to the Foreign Affairs, in place of Charles de la Croix; Pléville le Peley to the Marine, in place of Truguet; Lenoir Laroche to the Police, in place of Cochon; François de Neufchateau to the Interior, in place of Benezech; and Hoche to the War Department, in place of Petiet. Of all these new men I only knew Hoche. Sat down immediately and wrote him a letter of congratulation, in which I took occasion to mention the negotiation now going on at Lisle with the English Plenipotentiary, Lord Malmesbury, and prayed him, in case that peace was inevitable, to exert his interest to get an article inserted, to restore to their country or liberty all the Irish patriots who are in exile, or in prison, and assuring him, at the same time, that I should never profit of such an article, as I never would return to Ireland whilst

she remained in slavery. The wind has been detestable these three days. At this moment the Admiral tells me it is hauling to the northward, and that he will weigh one anchor to-night and heave short on the other, to be ready to profit of the first favourable breeze. God send! But I am sworn never to believe that our expedition will succeed till I am once more upon the sod. I am, to-day, eighteen days aboard, and we have not had eighteen minutes of fair wind. Well, "'Tis but in vain," &c.

July 27th, 28th. Yesterday we had a sort of fair wind, but which came so late and was so feeble that we could not weigh anchor; at eight in the evening it came round to the west, as bad as ever, and to-day it is not much better. I am weary of my life. The French are fitting out a squadron at Brest, which, it now appears, is to be only of twelve sail of the line. Lord Bridport's fleet is twenty-two sail; *ergo*, he may detach, with perfect security, seven sail to reinforce Duncan, who will then have at least nineteen sail against our fifteen; *ergo*, he will beat us, &c. Damn it to all eternity for me. I am in a transport of rage, which I cannot describe. Everything now depends upon the wind, and we are totally helpless. Man is a poor being in that respect. Fifty millions of money cannot purchase us an hour of fair wind, and talents and courage avail no more than money. But I am moralising like an ass. "*Damn morality, and let the constable be married.*" Well, "*Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain*" (for the 595th time). (Six o'clock.) I am now alone in the great cabin, and I see from the window twenty-two sail of English vessels, anchored within a league of our fleet. It is impossible to express the variety of innumerable ideas which shoot across my mind at this moment. I think I should suffer less in the middle of a sea-fight; and the wind is still foul. Suspense is more terrible than danger. Little as I am of a Quixote, loving as I do, to distraction, my wife and dearest babies, I wish to Heaven we were this moment under way to meet the enemy, with whom we should be up in an hour. It is terrible to see the two fleets so near, and to find ourselves so helpless. The sea is just now as smooth as a millpond. Ten times, since I began this note, I have lifted my eyes to look

at the enemy. Well, it cannot be that this inaction will continue long. I am now aboard twenty days, and we have not had twenty minutes of a fair wind to carry us out. Well! Well!

July 29th. This morning the wind is fair, but so little of it that we cannot stir. About mid-day it sprung up fresh, but the tide was spent and it was too late. To sail out of the Texel there must be a concurrence of wind and tide. The Admiral went ashore to-day and mounted the Downs with his perspective glass, like Robinson Crusoe; he counted twenty-five sail of three-masted vessels and six luggers, or cutters, of the English, at anchor; he concludes they are about fifteen or sixteen of the line, the rest frigates. He tells me also that his idea is that, if there is anything like parity of success, in case of an action, Admiral Duncan will not push the fight to extremity, as he is on an enemy's coast, and if any of his ships are dismasted, he must leave them; that in that case the action will be a cannonade until night, when both parties will draw off, sing *Te deum*, and claim the victory; in which case he will immediately push off with his convoy and such of his ships as will be in state to keep the sea. I like De Winter's behaviour very much; there is nothing like fanfaronade in it; and I fancy Duncan will have warm work of it to-morrow morning. The wind to-night is excellent, and blows fresh; if it holds, as I trust in God it may, to-morrow, at eight o'clock, we shall be under way, being the hour of the tide. God knows how earnestly I long for that moment. I hear nothing of our mounting a cutter, as the General mentioned to me, so I may happen to be taken in a sea-fight against my expectation. Well, if it must be, it must be, but I had rather not. I do not love your sea-fights at all; however, happy go lucky! We shall see what is to be done in that case. (Sings.) "*Madam, you know my trade is war!*" &c.

July 30th, 31st. Blank.

August 1st, 2nd. Everything goes on here from bad to worse, and I am tormented and unhappy more than I can express, so that I hate even to make these memorandums. Well, it cannot be helped. On the 30th, in the morning early, the wind was fair, the signal given to prepare to get under way, and everything ready,

when, at the very instant we were about to weigh the anchor and put to sea, the wind chopped about and left us. Nothing can be imagined more tormenting. The Admiral, having some distrust of his pilots (for it seems the pilots here are all Orangists) made signal to all the chiefs of the fleet, to know if they thought it possible to get out with the wind which then blew (E.S.E.), but their answer was unanimous in the negative, so there was an end of the business. In an hour after, the wind hauled round more to the S. and blew a gale, with thunder and lightning; so it was well we were not caught in the shoals which environ the entry of this abominable road. At last it fixed in the S.W., almost the very worst quarter possible, where it has remained steadily ever since. Not to lose time, the Admiral sent out an officer with a letter addressed to Admiral Duncan, but, in fact, to reconnoitre the enemy's force. He returned yesterday with a report that Duncan's fleet is of seventeen sail of the line, including two or three three-deckers, which is pleasant. It is decided that we all remain on board the *Vryheid* and take our chance, which is very brave and foolish: for there is no manner of proportion between the good to be obtained and the hazard to be run—a rule by which I am fond to examine questions. If General Daendels is killed, our expedition will be at least greatly embarrassed, and perhaps fail totally thereby; and as to my personal concerns, if I get knocked on the head, and the expedition does not take place after, both which circumstances are at least probable, what will become of my dearest love and our little babies, left without protection or support? I cannot bear to think of it. If I were in Ireland, once fairly landed, and that I were killed, they would be taken care of by my country; but here I have no such consolation. It is terrible! but I cannot help it. "*Slave! I have set my life upon the cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die.*" With all submission, it is a very idle point of honour of General Daendels, but it is determined, so there is an end of it. One thing more—If we should happen to be taken, the rest will be prisoners of war, but how will it be with me in that case? "*C'est une chose à voir.*" We shall see. Wrote to General Hoche, Lewines, and my wife. Wind

still S.W. Damn it! damn it! damn it! I am, to-day, twenty-five days aboard, and at a time when twenty-five hours are of importance. There seems to be a fate in this business. Five weeks, I believe six weeks, the English fleet was paralysed by the mutinies at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the Nore. The sea was open, and nothing to prevent both the Dutch and French fleets to put to sea. Well, nothing was ready; that precious opportunity, which we can never expect to return, was lost; and now that at last we are ready here, the wind is against us, the mutiny is quelled, and we are sure to be attacked by a superior force. At Brest it is, I fancy, still worse. Had we been in Ireland at the moment of the insurrection at the Nore, we should, beyond a doubt, have had at least that fleet, and God only knows the influence which such an event might have had on the whole British navy. The destiny of Europe might have been changed for ever; but, as I have already said, that great occasion is lost, and we must now do as well as we can. "*Le vin est tiré, il faut le boire.*"

August 3rd, 4th. Wind foul. Proposed to-day to the Admiral to try an experiment in firing shells from the lower-deck guns. He said he thought it would not answer, but that he would try notwithstanding. *Nine at night*, tried the shell with a thirty-six pounder, and found it answer famously. The Admiral, I fancy, will profit of this circumstance in case of an action with the English, and I am in hopes it will produce a considerable effect.

August 5th. This morning arrived aboard the *Vryheid*, Lowry, of county Down, member of the Executive Committee, and John Tennant,[1] of Belfast. I am in no degree delighted with the intelligence which they bring. The persecution in Ireland is at its height, and the people there, seeing no prospect of succour, which has been so long promised them, are beginning to lose confidence in themselves and their chiefs, whom they almost suspect of deceiving them. They ground their suspicions on the great crisis of the mutiny being suffered to pass by without the French Government making the smallest attempt to profit of it, and I can hardly blame them.

[1] [Tennant afterwards entered the French army, and was killed in battle 1813.—ED.]

They held out till the 24th of June, the last day allowed by the British Government in the proclamation offering a general pardon, and, that day being arrived, they have almost entirely submitted, and taken the oath of allegiance ; most of them have likewise given up their arms, but it appears that the number of firelocks was much less than was imagined. In consequence of all this the Executive Committee has doubled its efforts. MacNeven was despatched from Dublin to France, and sailed from Yarmouth on the 7th of July ; of course he is, I reckon, long before this in Paris. Lowry, Tennant, and Bartholomew Teeling came together to Hamburg, where they arrived about a fortnight ago, and finding the letter I wrote to my sister acquainting her with my being here, Teeling immediately sailed for England, and I am in hopes he will get back safe, in which case his arrival will give courage to the people ; the other two came here. All this is very disagreeable, but in fact the matter depends upon one circumstance. If either the Dutch or the French can effectuate a landing, I do not believe the present submission of the people will prevent their doing what is right ; and if no landing can be effectuated, no part remains for the people to adopt but submission or flight. By what Lowry and Tennant tell me, there seems to me to have been a great want of spirit in the leaders in Dublin. I suspected it very much from Lewines' account, though I saw he put the best side out ; but now I am sure of it. However I did not say so to them, for the thing is passed, and criticising it will do no good, but the reverse. The people have been urgent more than once to begin, and at one time eight hundred of the garrison offered to give up the barracks of Dublin if the leaders would only give the signal ; the militia were almost to a man gained over, and numbers of these poor fellows have fallen victims in consequence. It is hard to judge at this distance, but it seems to me to have been an unpardonable weakness, if not downright cowardice to let such an occasion slip. With eight hundred of the garrison and the barracks to begin with, in an hour they would have had the whole capital, and by seizing the persons of half a dozen individuals paralysed the whole Government, and, in my opinion, accomplished the whole revolution by a single proclama-

tion. But, as I said already, it is hard to judge at a distance Keogh I know is not fit for a "*coup de main;*" he has got, as Lewines tells me, McCormick latterly into his hands, and besides Dick is now past the age of adventure. I am surprised that Emmet did not show more energy, because I know he is as brave as Cæsar of his person. It seems to me to have been such an occasion missed as we can hardly expect to see return. Lowry and Tennant say there are now at least 80,000 men in Ireland of British troops including the militia and yeomanry corps, who together may make 35,000; but in this account I am sure there is great exaggeration: for they spoke very much by guess, and a number that is guessed, as Johnson remarks, is always exaggerated. I suppose, however, there may be 50,000 or perhaps 55,000 of all kinds, and it is not that force, composed as I know it is, that would make me despair of success if we could once get out of this damned hole, of which I see no sign; and, to comfort me still more, I learn that in general the westerly winds, which lock us up, prevail during the whole of this month, before the end of which time we shall have eaten up our provisions, and probably be encumbered with sick: for it can hardly be supposed the troops will keep their health so long, cooped up as they are in transports, where they are packed like herrings. Add to this the chance of a peace being concluded with England, and I think I am not too gloomy in saying that nothing can well be more unpromising than the appearance of things to-day. I have made out a list of Duncan's fleet from Steel's list of the navy, and I see he has two ships of 98, two of 80, two of 74, eight of 64, and three of 50 guns, besides frigates. Wind still foul, viz., W.S.W.

August 6th, 7th, 8th. Wind foul. We have now been detained here so long that our hopes of undertaking the expedition to Ireland are beginning exceedingly to relax, and I more than suspect the General is speculating on one elsewhere, for I have remarked him within these three days frequently examining a map of England, particularly the eastern coast about Yarmouth, and he has asked me several questions which lead that way. As Lowry and Tennant travelled that road very lately, I learn from them that there are few or no troops on that coast, except a small camp at Ipswich,

about half-way, or sixty-nine miles, to London. In consequence last night, when the General and I were walking alone on the quarter-deck and cursing the wind, he began to mention his apprehensions on the score of our provisions running short, as well as the danger of attempting the passage north about so late in the season, and he began to moot again the point about Yarmouth. I said, that if unfortunately we were detained so far in the season as to render the Irish expedition utterly impracticable, it was undoubtedly desirable to do something in England, as well for the glory of the Dutch arms as that all the expense hitherto incurred in the affair might not be lost. That in that case my idea was to run over to the English coast and debark the army, not at Yarmouth, but at Harwich, or nearer London if possible; to carry nothing with us but bread for six days and ammunition; to make a desperate plunge, by forced marches, for the capital, where I did not consider it impossible to arrive before the enemy could be in sufficient force to oppose us, supposing the eastern coast to be as unfurnished of troops as Lowry and Tennant had represented. That if we were once there, we might defy all the force of England; for, if they were assembled to the number of 100,000 in Hyde Park, we could at all times make conditions by threatening, in case they drove us to extremity, to set fire to the city at the four corners and defend ourselves afterwards to the last man; that I had no doubt but with such a pledge in our hands we might make our own terms. And I dwelt a good deal, I cannot say with any great success, on the glory of such a desperate enterprise, if we had the good fortune to succeed, which seemed to me though very far from certain yet at least so possible as to deserve serious consideration. I mentioned likewise, as a subordinate circumstance, that if we once reached London we should to a certainty find a strong reinforcement, inasmuch as a large portion of the mob, and these very desperate fellows, consisted of Irishmen to the amount of many thousands, who I was sure would desire nothing more than to have their will of the English. All these arguments seemed, however, to make no great impression on Daendels, who still recurred to his Yarmouth scheme. He seems to me to expect some co-operation there, on

what grounds I know not; but I fancy he will find himself egregiously deceived. If anything can be done in England it must be, in my mind, by a "*coup de main*," whereas he talks of maintaining himself for some time in the country, which, with 14,000 men, is flat nonsense. He asked me, if he were to land on the eastern coast, would it not be possible for any of the Irish to effectuate a landing on the other side, cross the country and join him—when he would give them arms? To this most extravagant of all questions I contented myself with declaring gravely, that I looked upon it as impracticable. To be sure it is most egregious nonsense to suppose for an instant that such a measure could by any possibility be executed by a body of unarmed men, without a single ship prepared to carry them over. Far from invading England, I wish to heaven they were able to take the field in their own country. I cannot conceive how such a wild idea could for a moment enter Daendels' head; yet he seemed to be in earnest. To return to my scheme. I think that Charles XII. with 14,000 men would execute it, supposing he could effectuate the landing; but I readily admit that it requires much such a head and heart as his to attempt such an enterprise. Certain it is that we will not try it. Daendels' answer at length was, that he was of opinion that the Dutch Government would not consent to it, and that, even if they did, it would require too much time, as he must in that case new model the army, which I do not understand. I think Hoche with 15,000 French grenadiers would effectuate it, but for the Dutch I cannot pretend to say; it seems to me, however, at least possible. From Harwich to London the distance is but seventy-two miles, which could be made by forced marches in three days, supposing we had horses to draw the artillery, which in that case we must bring with us. But this is raving, for the thing will not be done; so there is an end of it.

August 9th. This morning, the General, Lowry, Tennant, and myself took a walk ashore for a couple of hours. He examined them particularly as to what they knew of the state of the public mind in Scotland, and the possibility of meeting support from the patriots in that country, in case the expedition to Ireland were so long delayed as to become impracticable, and that he should decide

in consequence to try an attack on Scotland. They answered him very rationally: it seems emissaries have been sent from the north of Ireland to that country, to propagate the system of the United Irishmen, and that they have to a certain degree succeeded in some of the principal manufacturing towns, such as Paisley and Glasgow, where societies are already organised, and, by the last accounts, they had even advanced so far as to have formed a provincial committee; nevertheless they observed that these facts rested on the veracity of the agents sent from the north, the Scotch having sent none of their body in return; that they could not pretend to say whether the Scotch patriots were up to such a decided part as to take arms in case of an invasion, but their opinion rather was that they were not so far advanced. As to the possibility of assistance from Ireland, on which head Daendels examined them pretty closely, they were decidedly of opinion that it was utterly impracticable, and not to be thought of. Certainly it is a most extravagant expectation. After discussing the question fully we parted, the General returning aboard the *Vryheid*, and Lowry, Tennant, and I setting off for the Texel, where they are tolerably lodged in a little village. We walked over a great part of the island, which is by nature one of the most barren, uncomfortable spots that can be imagined; but such are the inconceivable efforts of liberty and good government, that this ungrateful soil is in a great degree reclaimed, enclosed, and drained, covered with flocks and herds, filled with neat and snug dwellings, and supporting five little towns, which are beautiful in their kind. The population is inconceivable for the extent, and the peasants all well fed and clothed. I thought of Ireland a thousand times, with her admirable soil and climate, and the vast advantages which nature has showered down upon her, and which are all blasted by the malignant influence of her execrable government, till my blood boiled within me with rage and vexation. Well, I cannot help it, so let me think no more, if possible, on that melancholy subject.

August 10*th*, 11*th*. Passed two days very agreeably with Lowry and Tennant, and then returned on board. They are a couple of fine lads, especially Lowry, whom I like extremely. I

think he will make a figure, if ever we have the good fortune to reach our own country.

August 12th. The General has been making an excursion ashore, and is not yet returned. The wind is as foul as ever, and I begin fairly to despair of our enterprise. To-night Admiral De Winter took me into secret and told me he had prepared a memorial to his Government stating that the design originally was to be ready for the beginning of July, and that everything was, in consequence, embarked by the 9th ; that the English fleet at that time consisted, at the very most, of thirteen sail of the line, which could not make any effectual opposition ; that contrary winds having prevailed ever since, without an hour's intermission, the enemy had had time to reinforce himself to the number of seventeen sail of the line, so that he had now a superiority in force over the Dutch fleet, which, of course, rendered the issue of an engagement to a certain degree doubtful ; that by this unforeseen delay, which might, and probably would, continue still longer, a great additional consumption of provisions had taken place, so that in a very few days there would be barely sufficient for the voyage north about ; that the season was now rapidly passing away, and, if the foul wind continued a fortnight longer, the voyage would become highly dangerous, if not utterly impracticable, with a fleet encumbered with so many transports, and amounting to near seventy sail, of all kinds ; and that, in consequence, even a successful action with the English would not ensure the success of the enterprise, which the very season would render impracticable; that, for all these reasons, his opinion was that the present plan was no longer advisable, and, in consequence, he proposed that it should be industriously published that the expedition was given up ; that the troops should be disembarked, except from 2,500 to 3,000 men, of the *élite* of the army, who, with twenty or thirty pieces of artillery and all the arms and ammunition, should remain on board the frigates and one or two of the fastest sailing transports ; that, as the vigilance of the enemy would probably be relaxed in consequence, this flotilla should profit of the first favourable moment to put to sea and push for

their original destination, where they should land the men, arms, and artillery, and he would charge himself with the execution of this plan; that, by this means, even if they failed, the Republic would be at no very great loss, and if they succeeded, must gain exceedingly; that she would preserve her grand fleet, which was now her last stake, and during the winter would be able to augment it, so as to open the next campaign, in case peace was not made during the winter, with twenty sail of the line in the North Sea, whereas, on the present system, to the execution of which were opposed the superiority of the enemy, extra consumption of provisions, and especially the lateness of the season, a successful engagement at sea would not ensure the success of the measure, and an unsuccessful one, by ruining the fleet, would render it impossible for the Republic to recover, for a long time at least, the blow. These are, most certainly, very strong reasons, and unfortunately the wind gives them, every hour, fresh weight. I answered that I did not see at present any solid objection to propose to his system, and that all I had to say was that if the Batavian Republic sent but a corporal's guard to Ireland, I was ready to make one. So here is our expedition in a hopeful way. It is most terrible. Twice within nine months has England been saved by the wind. It seems as if the very elements had conspired to perpetuate our slavery and protect the insolence and oppression of our tyrants. What can I do at this moment? Nothing. The people of Ireland will now lose all spirit and confidence in themselves and their chiefs, and God only knows whether, if we were even able to effectuate a landing with 3,000 men, they might act with courage and decision. I hope they would, and believe it; yet, after all, it is uncertain: their hopes have been so often deceived, and they have suffered such a dreadful persecution in consequence of what they have already done in this business; yet their sufferings must have only still more exasperated their minds, and I cannot suppose that if they saw the arms they would not instantly seize and turn them on their oppressors. I cannot doubt it. At all events, we should at least know the worst, and if they had not courage to assert their liberty,

they deserve to suffer their present slavery and degradation. But, once again, I do not believe it. I shall in consequence, so far as in me lies, support the Admiral's plan—the more as it is, I see now, our only resource ; and, feeble as it is, it is still better than nothing. We must now begin, if at all, like the French in La Vendée. Well, we have a good cause, and they had a bad one ; we are the People, and they were but a faction of two provinces ; we have powerful means, and, on the present plan, we must use them, *all.* All things considered, I do not know but there is something in the proposed expedition more analogous to my disposition and habits of thinking, which is a confession on my part more honest than wise, for I feel very sensibly that there is no common sense in it ; but, after all, it is my disposition, and I cannot help it. I am growing utterly desperate, and there are times in which I would almost wish for death, if it were not for the consideration of my wife and my darling little babies, who depend for their existence upon mine. God Almighty for ever bless them ! But this is a subject on which I must not think. Let me quit it here.

August 13th. The General returned last night from his excursion, and this morning he mentioned to me the Admiral's plan, in which he said he did not well see his way, and was proceeding to give me his reasons, when we were interrupted by General Dumonceau, our second in command, and a heap of officers, who broke up our conversation. When he renews it, I will support De Winter's plan, as far as I am able. The wind is as foul as ever, viz., S.W., in or near which point it has now continued thirty-six days that I am aboard, viz., since the 8th of July last. (*At night.*) The General and I have been poring over the map of England, and he has been mooting a plan which, in my mind, is flat nonsense—viz., to land at or near Lynn, in Lincolnshire, with his 14,000 men, where he thinks he could maintain himself until the fleet could return and bring him a reinforcement of as many more, and then march upon London and stand a battle. It is hardly worth while combating a scheme which will certainly never be adopted ; it is sufficient to observe that his plan necessarily includes that he must be absolute master of the sea during the whole time necessary for its

execution, which, without going further, is saying enough. Besides, I presume it is hardly to be expected that, with 28,000 men, supposing he had horses to mount his cavalry and draw his artillery, which he would not have, that he would be able to force his way through an enemy's country for above one hundred miles, who would have time more than sufficient to collect his forces and make the necessary dispositions to give him a warm reception. But it is unnecessary to combat this idea, because, as I have said already, it will never be attempted; so let it lie there.

August 14th. The General is gone off again on a party of pleasure to North Holland. He invited me to accompany him, but I have no stomach for pleasure or enjoyment of any kind, so I refused, and set off for the Texel to see Lowry and Tennant, and talk over the Admiral's new plan, in order to have their opinion thereupon. After dinner we walked out to a pretty little farm, about half a mile from the town, where they are lodged, and sat down on a hillock, where we had a view of the fleet riding at anchor below. I then told them that I looked upon our expedition, on the present scale, as given up, and I stated the reasons assigned by De Winter, and which are unanswerable. I then communicated his plan, and desired their advice and opinion on the whole, and especially as to the material fact, whether they thought the people would join us if they saw no more than 3,000 men. After a long consultation, their opinion, finally, was that the scheme was practicable but difficult, and that, by great exertions and hazards on the part of their chiefs, the people might be brought forward; but that for that it was indispensable that the landing should be effected in the counties of Down or Antrim, but especially the former, where there were in June last twenty-four regiments of a thousand men each, ready organised, with all their officers and sub-officers. They mentioned, at the same time, that if the expedition had taken place three months ago with five hundred men, it could not have failed of success; but that public spirit was exceedingly gone back in that time, and a great number of the most active and useful chiefs were either in prison or exile, which would considerably increase the difficulty of carrying the present

system into execution. I saw they were a good deal dejected by the change of the plan and consequent diminution of our means, and did my best to encourage them. At last we all got into better spirits, consoling ourselves with the reflection that, if we succeeded with so slender a force, the glory of our success would be the greater, and if we failed, there would be the less reason to reproach us. We agreed that we should be, at our landing, in the case of men who have burned their ships—that we had no retreat, but must conquer or die; and we counted a good deal, and I think with reason, on the spirit of enthusiasm which we would be able to raise in the people. We likewise agreed that we would stop at no means necessary to ensure our success rather than turn back one inch from our purpose. After this discussion, we returned to the inn, where we supped, and, after divers loyal and constitutional toasts, retired to bed at a very late hour.

August 15th. As it will require from three weeks to a month to arrange matters for the expedition on the present plan, Lowry and Tennant have determined to go on to the Hague, and if they have time, to Paris, in order to see MacNeven and Lewines, and to join with them in endeavouring to procure assistance from France; and especially, if possible, to obtain a small armament to co-operate with that from the Texel, and which, by spreading the alarm and distracting the attention of the enemy, must produce the most beneficial effects. It is likewise their wish that I should accompany them, and if I had the time and money to spare, I should like it well enough, and I think it might do good. In consequence, it was determined this morning that I should return immediately aboard the *Vryheid* and propose the measure to Admiral De Winter. I returned accordingly, but the Admiral was not on board. At my arrival, I found three frigates and four armed brigs just getting under way, which surprised me a little. Late in the evening the Admiral returned, and I told him of our project, which he approved highly, and will give Lowry and Tennant letters of introduction to the Dutch Government. I said nothing of my going until I see the General, who is not yet returned from his party. De Winter told me that the English

frigates having approached very near the road, and stopped two or three neutral vessels laden with timber, he had ordered out a flotilla to the entry of the road, partly to protect the commerce, and partly to give the change to the enemy on the subject of our present plan, by habituating them to see the frigates going out and in; his order being that they should never hazard an action. He has not yet received the answer of the Dutch Government to his plan. Grasveldt, who came aboard the *Vryheid*, asked me what I thought of it. I answered that undoubtedly there was not an equal certainty of success, with our means so mutilated, as on the original plan, but that, nevertheless, there was such a probability as, comparing the object with the risk, ought to decide the Government to try the enterprise, and that such was also the opinion of my two friends. Grasveldt upon this wrote a letter (I presume to the Committee for Foreign Affairs) in *favour* of De Winter's plan. I should have observed in its place that the General, when he was setting off yesterday morning, told me that he was ready, on his part, to undertake the command with 2,500 men, provided he saw such a probability as would acquit him in the eyes of the world of downright insanity in throwing away himself and his army; and that, in consequence, he would support the Admiral's plan. We must now wait, to see the answer of the Dutch Government; and, for that reason, I wish we were all three at the Hague; perhaps our opinion might decide them.

August 16th. Went to the Texel to see Lowry and Tennant, and spent the day.

August 17th. We all three came aboard the *Vryheid*, in order to settle about our journey to the Hague, and on our arrival found things as unpleasantly situated as possible. I see clearly there is a coolness pretty far advanced between the Admiral and the General, whose manner toward each other is marked with a manifest dryness which bodes no good. The General was the first who spoke to me. He said that with 4,000 men—viz., four battalions of yagers, 2,000; two battalions of grenadiers, 1,300; two squadrons of hussars, 400; a company of light artillery, 150; artillerists, 100; and officers of the État-Major, 50—he would

undertake the enterprise, but not with less; that, if his Government ordered him, he would go with one battalion, but would give his opinion, decidedly, against trying the measure with less than 4,000 men. I replied that undoubtedly the Dutch Government would be decided, with regard to a military operation, by his opinion, which must necessarily influence theirs. I then addressed myself to the Admiral, to whom I communicated what the General had said with regard to the number of troops which he thought indispensable. The Admiral answered at once that it was impossible, and that 2,500 was the very utmost that he would undertake to transport; and that even that force would require eighteen sail to carry them—viz., six frigates, which might carry 600 men; six large transports, 1,800; and the remaining 100 in six luggers and cutters. I think this calculation not reasonable. At Brest we had 250 men on board of each frigate, whereas De Winter allows but 100; certainly they might carry 200 each. The Admiral also objected to the hussars as being unnecessary and requiring too much room for their baggage, in which I by no means agree with him. In short, our expedition seems now, independent of all other reasons, to be aground on the same shoal where so many others have been shipwrecked; I mean the disagreement between the land and sea service, about which I can no longer doubt. It is pleasant!

August 18th. This morning we have had the same scene repeated which has happened to us once or twice already. At four or five in the morning the wind came round to the east; the signal was given to prepare to get under way, the capstan was manned, one anchor heaved, and the other hove short to be ready for the tide; the Admiral and General prepared their despatches, and I wrote to my wife. At nine, at length the wind slackened, and at ten came round to the old point, S.W., where it stuck; so there was an end of the business. I have been so often and so long disappointed that I am now used to it; I therefore bore this very quietly. To console me, I received a letter from my wife, which gave me unspeakable satisfaction. Thank God she is well, and my poor little babies. May God Almighty bless them all!

August 19th, 20th. Yesterday morning the General and Grasveldt set off for the Hague in one carriage, and Lowry, Tennant, and I in another. We arrived safe this evening, *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.*

August 21st. Breakfasted with the General. He told me, in the first place, that the Government had rejected the plan proposed by the Admiral, viz., to transport 2,500 men, and the arms, stores, and ammunition, and had determined to persist in their original design; that, however, in consideration of the lateness of the season, he had prepared a memorial, which he showed me, for a new arrangement, which is shortly this: To sail out and fight Admiral Duncan. If the issue of the battle be favourable, to pass over immediately 15,000 men, or as many more as we can send, in everything that will swim, to Scotland; to seize, in the first instance, on Edinburgh, and march right on Glasgow, taking every possible means to alarm the enemy with the idea that we meant to penetrate by the North of England, which is to be done by detaching flying parties, making requisitions, &c., on that side; to maintain ourselves meantime behind the canal which joins the Frith of Forth to the Clyde, having our right at Dumbarton and our left at Falkirk, as well as I can remember, for I have not at present either the map or the memorial before me; to collect all the vessels in the Clyde, and pass over the army to the North of Ireland; to send round, whilst these military operations were going on by land, the frigates and such transports, as few as possible, as might be necessary to carry over the artillery, stores, &c. Finally, that the English would probably be alarmed by all this for their own country, and perhaps recall a part of their troops from Ireland, which would very much facilitate the success of the enterprise. He added, in addition, that we waited only for General Dejean, who commands the army of the North, in order to settle with him the military arrangements, and that the Government would probably be decided in a day or two. In the meantime he desired us to wait upon Van Kastacle, President of the Convention, which he did accordingly. Van Kastacle received us, of course, very civilly, and said that, in case the Government had any questions to pro-

pose to us, he would send to request our attendance; on which we took our leave.

August 22nd, 23rd. Breakfasted all three with Van Leyden, Secretary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs, whom I had seen with Lewines. We had a good deal of conversation on the state of Ireland, but nothing new, as it consisted entirely of questions on his part and answers on ours. He was so good as to give us English papers from the 1st of July to the 10th of August, with which we retired to our lodgings and set ourselves to devour them.

August 24th. Hard work at the newspapers. All we have found remarkable is that Roger O'Connor[1] surrendered himself, and was discharged about the middle of July; Arthur O'Connor the 3rd of July, his sureties being Fitzgerald and Emmet; and it should seem, though it is not very clearly expressed, that nearly if not the whole of the other State prisoners have been also enlarged. God Almighty send! If we arrive, they will be of use; if we do not, at least they are not languishing in prison.

August 25th, 26th. The General has submitted his plan to General Dejean, who approves of it entirely in a military point of view, provided the frigates can get round to meet us; but of this, barring some unforeseen accident, I think there can be little doubt, inasmuch as the Admiral himself, who seems at present cool enough in all that concerns the expedition, has already, in his project of the 10th instant, not only given his opinion in favour of the possibility of effectuating with frigates the passage North about, but even offered to command the expedition. The General's plan is now before the Government, with General Dejean's approbation, and he tells me he has strong hopes it will be adopted.

August 27th to 30th. The General set off, 27th of August, on his return to the Texel, where we followed him next day, and arrived on the 30th.

September 1st. A new system, rendered indispensable by the course of events, has been mentioned to me to-day by the General, which will probably oblige me to make a course to the head-quarters of the army of Sambre et Meuse, and from thence to

[1] [Brother of Arthur O'Connor, *ante*.—ED.]

Paris. Admiral Duncan's fleet has been reinforced to twenty-one sail of the line; so that, even if the wind come round in our favour, it would be madness in us to venture an action with such a terrible inferiority of force; in addition to which we have now, in consequence of the delays occasioned by the wind, not above ten days' provisions remaining for the troops on board. The plan proposed is, in fact, but an improvement on the last one, viz., to land the troops and quarter them in the neighbourhood, so as to be able to collect them in forty-eight hours; to appear to have renounced the idea of the expedition, but in the meantime to revictual the fleet with all diligence and secrecy, which may occupy probably a month; to endeavour even to reinforce it by one or two vessels, which might in that time be got ready for sea. All this will bring us to the time of the equinox, when it will be impossible for the enemy—who will besides, it is probable, have relaxed in his vigilance, in consequence of these manœuvres—to keep the sea. When all is ready the troops are to be re-embarked with the greatest expedition, and a push to be made instantly for Scotland, as already detailed. "*Capot me, but it wears a face.*" Such is the present idea, which we shall probably lick into more shape. The General talks of sending me to the Hague to confer with the Dutch Government and General Dejean, from thence to Wetzlar, to communicate with Hoche, and from thence to Paris, to open the affair to the Minister of Marine. "*A very pretty journey indeed, and, besides, where's the money?*" Well, I do not see how I can be so well employed during this vacant month; so, in God's name, I am ready.

September 2nd, 3rd. This day the General gave me my instructions to set off to join General Hoche at Wetzlar, and give him a copy of the memorial containing the plan already mentioned. In addition, he gave me verbal instructions to the following import: that, in addition to the written plan, it might be expedient to follow up the first debarkation by a second 15,000 of the French troops, now in the pay of Holland, with which reinforcement the army, being brought up to 30,000 men, could maintain itself in Scotland in spite of any force that could be brought against them;

that they might even penetrate into England, and by that means force the enemy to a peace; that 25,000 might be employed on this service, and the remaining 5,000 detached into Ireland, from whence it was morally certain that a great portion of the troops would be withdrawn to defend England itself. That, if General Hoche would in that case take the command of the united armies, he (Daendels) desired nothing better than to serve under him; if not, he was ready to serve under any other French general, being a senior officer, in which case each army was, as to all matters of discipline, administration, &c., to remain under their respective chiefs. He mentioned Chaumont as a proper person, in case Hoche declined to command the expedition; Macdonald to command the French troops, and himself, of course, the Dutch. He desired me likewise—but this was matter of great confidence—to tell Hoche that in case he approved of the plan, he should write to the Directory, recommending to them to press the Dutch Government strongly to the adoption of it; that to this effect the Directory should write a letter to the Committee for Foreign Affairs at the Hague, flattering and praising them extremely for what they had hitherto done, and the great exertions they had made, and exhorting them to continue the same laudable zeal, reminding them that France was now negotiating with England, and if it were not for the interests of her allies, could have an honourable peace in an hour; that the success of the enterprise in question would exceedingly strengthen her hands, and infallibly secure the restitution of all the Dutch possessions in both Indies; finally, to make them feel that it was incumbent on them to make every effort on their part to second the Republic at a time when she was exposing herself to war merely for their interests, when she could by renouncing them secure that peace so necessary to herself in all respects at this moment. In addition to all this, Daendels desired me to explain to Hoche the necessity of a greater degree of communication on the part of the French Government; that of the Batavian Republic being in utter ignorance of the state of preparations at Brest and elsewhere, and whether any or what degree of support or co-operation might be expected, which

naturally threw a certain degree of damp, and had a sinister effect, on their operations. With these instructions, I set off the same day with Lowry and Tennant, who determined to take this opportunity to go to Paris; the General accompanied us as far as Alkmaer, where we lay this night, and pursue our journey at six next morning.

September 4th to 12th. These eight days I spent on the road 'twixt Alkmaer and Wetzlar. I came by Brussels, though it was out of my way, in order to accommodate my comrades, whom I put into the diligence for Paris on the 8th. At Brussels we heard the first rumour of the conspiracy of Pichegru, CARNOT, and the downfall of the Royalists, on the 18th Fructidor. Having sent them off, I proceeded by Liège to Juliers, where, luckily, finding the *Courrier des armées*, I got with him into the mail, and, travelling day and night, arrived at length at headquarters extremely fatigued, my journey from Brussels having cost me, one way or other, about 150 livres.

September 13th. This day I saw General Hoche, who is just returned from Frankfort; he has been very ill with a violent cold, and has still a cough, which makes me seriously uneasy about him; he does not seem to apprehend anything himself, but I should not be surprised, for my part, if in three months he were in a rapid consumption. He is dreadfully altered, and has a dry, hollow cough, that is distressing to the last degree to hear. I should be most sincerely and truly sorry if anything were to happen to him, but I very much fear he will scarcely throw off his present illness. I immediately explained to him the cause of my arrival, gave him Daendels' plan and the map of Scotland, and such further elucidation as I was able in conversation. He shook his head at the idea of a second embarkation at the mouth of the Clyde, and observed that if we got safe into Scotland the British would immediately detach a squadron of frigates into the Irish Channel, which would arrive to a moral certainty before the Dutch frigates, which were, according to the plan proposed, to go North about, and that they would thus cut us off from all communication with Ireland. As to the officers whom Daendels named, he observed that "Chaumont

was as much of a general as he was that bottle," pointing to one that stood on the table before him; "that as to Macdonald, he was a good officer, but he knew he would not go." I replied that as to the second embarkation, I was entirely of his opinion, and looked upon it as inexecutable; that, nevertheless, I thought well of the project as a measure against England; that it would embarrass her most extremely if it succeeded, and if it failed the French public would not lose a man nor a shilling; and that consequently it was, I thought, a measure which should be adopted, or at least very maturely weighed, as it might be—for example, in his hands—susceptible of great improvements. He then told me that he would take it into his most serious consideration, and let me know the result in three or four days; in the meantime, I am to attend to his orders. Our conversation ended by his desiring me to give him a note of the principal events which took place on board the Dutch fleet whilst I lay at the Texel, and so we parted.

September 14th. I have read this day a great number of the pieces relative to the last Royal conspiracy; there can be no doubt of the guilt of Pichegru and several others. It seems that, so far back as three years ago, when he commanded the army of the Rhine, he was in treaty with Prince Condé to proclaim Louis XVIII. and march upon Paris; and, had it not been for the stupid obstinacy of Condé, who refused to let the Austrians have any share in the business, which Pichegru made an indispensable condition, the treason would have taken effect: that is, so far as Pichegru could ensure it; for I have no doubt but he would have found himself speedily deserted by his army, as was that scoundrel Dumourier before him. Such treachery in a man of the situation, character, and high reputation of Pichegru is enough to put a man out of humour with human nature. If I had any doubt of his guilt, the proclamation of Moreau to his army would decide me where he mentions that papers had fallen into his hands, which proved the fact of the correspondence; which papers he had transmitted to the Directory on the 17th Fructidor, the day before Pichegru and the other conspirators were arrested. This testimony is the stronger, inasmuch as Moreau has been the pupil and friend

of Pichegru, and is at this moment on bad terms with the Directory. With regard to Carnot, who surprises me much more, and who has made his escape, I see nothing to prove his guilt in the pieces as yet published. There are two Directors, Carnot and Barthélemy, about seventy Deputies of both Councils, and as many journalists, transported by order of the Corps Législatif; the report is that they will be sent to Madagascar. For this time the Republic is triumphant; I hope to God they may know how to make a proper use of their victory.

CHAPTER XI.

DEATH OF HOCHE.—CAMPERDOWN.

September 15th, 16th, 17th. The General's health is in a most alarming state, and nobody here seems to suspect it—at least, to the extent that I do. I look on it as a moral impossibility that he should hold out long if he persists to remain at the army, as he seems determined to do. As for his physician, I have no great faith in his skill, and, in short, I have the most serious alarms for his life. I should be sincerely sorry for every reason, public and private, that we should lose him. Urgent as the affair is on which I am here, I have found it impossible to speak to him about it, and God knows when or whether I may ever find an opportunity, which, in addition to my personal regard and love for him, is a circumstance which very much aggravates my uneasiness. To-day he has been removed by four grenadiers from one chamber to another, for he is unable to walk. It is terrible to see a fine handsome fellow, in the very flower of his youth and strength, so reduced. My heart bleeds for him. I am told that the late attacks made on him by the Royalists in the Convention, and the journalists in their pay, preyed exceedingly on his spirits, and are the probable cause of his present illness. Is it not strange that a man who has faced death a thousand times with intrepidity in the field should sink under the calumny of a rabble of miscreants? Wrote yesterday to General Daendels to apologise for my silence, letting him know that I found it as yet impossible to speak to General Hoche about our affair, partly on account of the state of his health, and partly on account of his being so extremely occupied, as well by the command of the two armies of the Rhine and Sambre et Meuse as by the late events in Paris, promising at the same time to write again

in three or four days, and entreating him in the meantime to continue his preparations on the system we had settled at my departure from the Texel. I did not in this letter let him know the very dangerous state in which I consider the General to be. There is a rumour here that Massaredo and Jarvis have had a fight off Cadiz, and that the latter had the worst of it. It is too good news to be true, and consequently I do not believe it. I remember the last drubbing which the Spaniards got from Jarvis was, in like manner, preceded for seven or eight days by the report of a grand victory. Le Tourneur and Maret are recalled from Lisle, and two others (Treilhard, I think, and another) named in their place. This does not look, in my mind, like a speedy termination of the negotiation with England. Merlin de Douai, late Minister of Justice, and François de Neufchateau, late Minister of the Interior, are nominated to replace in the Directory Barthélemy and Carnot. There is no man in France so obnoxious to the Royalists as Merlin de Douai; of course his nomination is a proof that they are at this moment completely down. All is quiet at Paris.

September 18th, 19th. My fears with regard to Hoche were but too well founded. He died this morning at four o'clock. His lungs seemed to me quite gone. This most unfortunate event has so confounded and distressed me, that I know not what to think nor what will be the consequences. Wrote to my wife and to General Daendels instantly. Yesterday Simon, by the General's orders, after communicating with me, wrote to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and of the Marine, but I know not to what effect.

September 20th, 21st. The death of General Hoche having broken my connection with the army of Sambre et Meuse, where I have no longer any business, I applied this day (20th) for an order to set off for Paris, which I obtained instantly from General Lefebvre, who commands in chief *per interim.* Set off at four o'clock, and travelled all night; arrived at twelve on the 21st at Coblentz, and at night at Bonn.

September 22nd. This is the 1st of Vendémiaire, the anniversary of the establishment of the French Republic. Called early on my friend Mr. Shee, whom I found occupied preparing for the *fête*

which is to be celebrated on the occasion. At twelve, assisted at the *fête*, where Mr. Shee pronounced a discourse as President of the *Commission Intermédiaire*. At one accompanied the procession to the *grande place*, where the Municipality planted the Tree of Liberty under the auspices of France, and proclaimed the *République Cis-Rhenane*. The same ceremony has taken place at Cologne, Coblentz, and other cities, and the idea is to erect the country between the Meuse and Rhine into an independent Republic, in order to terminate the differences between France and the Empire as to that territory. After the ceremony, dined in state with the *Commission Intermédiaire*, the Municipality of Bonn, the constituted authorities, and drank sundry loyal and constitutional toasts, &c., but not too many, as appears by this journal, which I am peaceably writing at my inn. After dinner Mr. Shee told me he had just received intelligence, from a quarter on which he very much relied, that the negotiation with England was knocked on the head, which, if it be true, as is highly probable, is excellent news. Settled to call upon him to-morrow early, and show him sundry papers, &c., and came home soberly and wrote to General Daendels. I had promised a very pretty woman at dinner, whose name I know not, but whose person I reverence, to meet her to-night at a grand ball given by the Municipality, but I will deceive her like a false traitor, and go to my innocent bed; yet she is very pretty for all that, and speaks very pretty German-French, and I am sure has not one grain of cruelty in her composition, and besides, "*à la guerre, comme à la guerre;*" but then, I must set off to-morrow, and so, "*Oh, cruel fate that gave thee to the Moor!*" Besides, I have just received a delightful letter from my dearest love, written three months ago, which has put me out of conceit with all women but herself; so, as before, I will go to my virtuous bed.

N.B.—*November 21st.* It is to-day upwards of two months since I made a memorandum, which is downright scandalous; for many important circumstances have happened in that time. The only good in my journals is, that they are written at the

moment, and represent things exactly as they strike me, whereas, when I write after an interval of some time——." But I am going into an essay on journal writing, instead of my business. Let me endeavour to take up, as well as I can, from memory the thread of my history.

October 1*st*, or thereabouts, I arrived in Paris, where I had the satisfaction to find my wife and little babies in health and spirits; went to Lewines, who is in high favour here with everybody; he is all but acknowledged as Minister from Ireland, and I am heartily glad of it, for I have an excellent opinion of his integrity and talents. He has the *entrées libres* with Barras, Pléville le Peley, Minister for the Marine, and Talleyrand Perigord, Minister for Foreign Affairs, whom I saw in Philadelphia, when we were both in exile. In a day or two we went together to the Minister for the Marine, in order to ask him to give me a note of introduction to Barras, but we were not able to beat it into his head that we did not want him to present me formally to the Directory as an agent from some foreign power. On which I set him down in my own mind for a dunce. In consequence of his refusal, we determined to go ourselves to the Luxembourg, which we did accordingly two or three evenings after. We found Barras at home, giving favourable audience to Madame Tallien, with whom he retired into an inner room, where they continued, I have no doubt, very seriously employed for about half an hour. On his return, we presented ourselves, and I delivered him the memorial, which General Daendels had entrusted me with, for General Hoche, and, at the same time, detailed to him fully all the verbal instructions I had received from General Daendels. He heard me very attentively, and told me in reply, that he expected General Debelle, brother-in-law to General Hoche, in town every day, who had the thread of our affairs in his hands, and that, on his arrival, I should address myself to him. We then took our leave, after a short conversation between him and Lewines. Lewines tells me that he has Barras's word, that if the Directory can make a separate peace with the Emperor, they will never quit England until our

independence shall be recognised. This is going a very great length on their part.

October 5th, or thereabouts, General Debelle arrived, and I immediately waited on him, agreeably to Barras's orders. After telling him all that I was instructed to do, he desired me to make a note of it, which I did accordingly, and delivered to him a day or two after. Some short time after, he told me generally, that the Directory were determined to take up our business, and that most probably it would be Simon, Adjutant-General in the army of Sambre et Meuse, and who was in the same capacity with us in the expedition to Bantry Bay, who would be charged with the command. I saw clearly the fact that Debelle knew nothing of the determination of the Government; however, I received his information thankfully, and told him, as indeed the fact was, that I had a very good opinion of Simon, and that if they were decided to try an expedition on a small scale, I would not desire a better General to command it. Debelle set off for the army in a day or two after, and I have not seen him since. As it was now time to think a little of my own affairs, I applied to General Hédouville, whom I had known at Rennes and Brest, and who has just been nominated to the command of St. Domingo, to obtain me an order to stay in Paris, in order to follow up the affair wherewith I was charged by Generals Hoche and Daendels, and to receive the arrears of my appointments, which are due to me. General Hédouville charged himself with my business, in a manner so friendly, that I shall never forget it. Besides speaking to Barras, he brought me to the Luxembourg, and presented me to La Reveillière Lepaux, to whom he spoke of me in terms of great commendation. La Reveillière received me with attention, and desired me to draw up a memorial stating my request, and to get it certified by the Ministers at War and for Foreign Affairs. In consequence, on—

October 15th General Hédouville introduced me to Talleyrand Perigord, who signed my memorial immediately, and the same day to Scherer, Minister at War, to whom he presented my

memorial. Scherer took it, and promised to expedite it directly, but from that to this (viz., Nov. 21st) he has given himself no concern about it, which delay on his part I attribute to the circumstance of my being attached to General Hoche, whose very memory Scherer abhors, and to my having spoken respectfully of him in my memorial. If that be so, it is shabby in the last degree in Scherer, but we shall see more about it.

The peace is at last concluded with the Emperor, and England only remains. With the conditions of the peace, strictly speaking, I have nothing to do, my great object and wish being confined to the prostration of English tyranny. Yet it is a great satisfaction to me to see that they are as favourable as I think any reasonable man can desire. The Cisalpine Republic is acknowledged, and I fancy we have got the Rhine for our limit. Venice goes to the Emperor, which is bad, if it could be helped, but we cannot get everything. General Berthier was the bearer of this great news. Firing of cannon, bonfires, illuminations—Paris was that day in great glory.

The day after the proclamation of the peace, I saw an *arrêté* of the Directory, ordaining the formation of an army, to be called *l'Armée d'Angleterre*, and appointing Buonaparte to command it. Bravo! This looks as if they were in earnest. General Desaix, of the army of the Rhine, who distinguished himself so much by his defence of Kehl against Prince Charles, in the last campaign, is ordered to superintend the organisation of the army until the arrival of Buonaparte. All this is famous news.

It is singular enough that I should have forgotten to mention in its place the famous battle fought on the 11th of October, between the English fleet, under Admiral Duncan, and the Dutch, commanded by De Winter. It shows the necessity of making memorandums on the moment. There never was a more complete victory than that gained by the English. The fleets were equal in number, but they had the advantage in number of guns and weight of metal. De Winter fought like a lion, and defended himself to the last extremity, but was at length forced to strike, as were nine of his fleet out of sixteen, whereof it consisted.

With him were taken the Admirals Reyntzies, who is since dead, and Meurer. Bloys lost his right arm, and Story is the only one who came off clear; the two last were not taken. I cannot conceive why the Dutch Government sent out their fleet at that season, without motive or object, as far as I can learn. My opinion is, that it is direct treason, and that the fleet was sold to Pitt, and so think Barras, Pléville le Peley, and even Meyer, the Dutch Ambassador, whom I have seen once or twice. It was well I was not on board the *Vryheid*. If I had, it would have been a pretty piece of business. I fancy I am not to be caught at sea by the English; for this is the second escape I have had, and by land I mock myself of them.

CHAPTER XII.

BUONAPARTE.

November 1st to 3rd. My brother Matthew joined me from Hamburg, where he arrived about a month ago. It is a great satisfaction to me, and I hope he arrives just in time to take a part in the expedition.

November 4th to 9th. This day General Hédouville brought me to General Berthier, and presented me to him, recommending me in the warmest manner. We had very little conversation, but he promised to speak of me to General Buonaparte, whom he sets off to join, in three or four days. Two days after, I called, and left for him a memorial of about five lines, addressed to Buonaparte, offering my services, &c. It is droll enough I should be writing to Buonaparte.

November 20th. Yesterday General Hédouville presented me to Desaix, who is arrived within these few days. I could not possibly desire to meet a more favourable reception ; he examined me a good deal as to the localities of Ireland, the face of the country, the facility of finding provisions ; on which I informed him as well as I could. He told me that he had not directly the power himself to name the officers who were to be employed in the army of England, but that I need not be uneasy, for I might rely I should be of the number. His expression at parting was, "*Laissez moi faire, nous arrangerons tout cela.*" So I may happen to have another offer at John Bull before I die. God knows how I desire it. I like Desaix at least as well if not better than any of his *confrères* I have yet seen. There is a soldier-like frankness and sincerity in his manner, from which I augur everything favourable.

November 21st to 25th. This day we, viz., Lewines, Lowry, Tennant, Orr, Teeling, and myself, gave a grand dinner at Méots, to General Desaix, Hédouville, Watrin, Mermet, and Dufalga, and one or two of their aides-de-camp. Watrin and Mermet we asked as being friends of General Hoche, and embarked in the expedition of last year. Our dinner was superb, and everything went off very well; we had the fort of Kehl represented in the dessert, in compliment to Desaix.

November 26th to 29th. This day received my arrears for four months, so now I am at my ease as to cash—2,330 livres.

December 1st to 10th. This day was a grand *fête*, to receive the ratification of the treaty of peace by the Emperor, which has been brought up by Buonaparte in person to the Directory. It was superb, and I was particularly pleased with Barras, the President's, speech, wherein reigns a spirit of the most determined hostility to England. As far as I can observe, all parties in France are sincerely united in this sentiment.

December 11th and 12th. Called this day, with Lewines, on General Desaix, and gave him Taylor's map of Ireland. He tells us to be under no anxiety; that the French Government will never quit the grip which they have got of England, till they humble her to the dust; that it is their wish, and their interest (that of all France, as well as of Ireland), that the Government now had means, and powerful ones, particularly money, and they would devote them all to this great object; it might be a little sooner or a little later, but that the success of the measure was inevitable. Barras has lately, in one or two different conversations, gone as far with Lewines as Desaix with me.

December 13th. Talleyrand Perigord sent for Lewines this morning, to tell him that the Directory were positively determined on our business; that the arrangements were all concluded upon, and that everything would be ready for April next, about four months from this. All this is very good.

December 14th to 17th. Called with Lewines on Desaix, and gave him a letter from General Daendels. Desaix repeated the assurances which Talleyrand had given on the 15th, and told us

further, that Buonaparte and the Directory were now occupied in the reorganisation of the Marine, and the funds, and that, when that was arranged, the military part of the business would be easily settled. Finally, he desired us to set our hearts at ease: for that everything was going on as well as we could possibly desire it.

December 18th to 21st. General Desaix brought Lewines and me this morning and introduced us to Buonaparte, at his house in the Rue Chantereine. He lives in the greatest simplicity; his house is small, but neat, and all the furniture and ornaments in the most classical taste. He is about five feet six inches high, slender, and well made, but stoops considerably; he looks at least ten years older than he is, owing to the great fatigues he underwent in his immortal campaign of Italy. His face is that of a profound thinker, but bears no marks of that great enthusiasm and unceasing activity by which he has been so much distinguished. It is rather, to my mind, the countenance of a mathematician than of a General. He has a fine eye, and a great firmness about his mouth; he speaks low and hollow. So much for his manner and figure. We had not much discourse with him, and what little there was, was between him and Lewines, to whom, as our Ambassador, I gave the *pas*. We told him that Tennant was about to depart for Ireland, and was ready to charge himself with his orders if he had any to give. He desired us to bring him the same evening, and so we took our leave. In the evening we returned with Tennant, and Lewines had a good deal of conversation with him; that is to say, Lewis *insensed* him a good deal on Irish affairs, of which he appears a good deal uninformed: for example, he seems convinced that our population is not more than two millions, which is nonsense. Buonaparte listened, but said very little. When all this was finished he desired that Tennant might put off his departure for a few days, and then, turning to me, asked whether I was not an Adjutant-General. To which I answered, that I had the honour to be attached to General Hoche in that capacity. He then asked me where I had learned to speak French. To which I replied, that I had learned the little that I knew since my arrival in France, about twenty months ago. He then desired us to return the next evening but one, at the same

hour, and so we parted. As to my French, I am ignorant whether it was the purity or the barbarism of my diction which drew his attention, and as I shall never inquire, it must remain as an historical doubt, to be investigated by the learned of future ages.

December 22nd. Good news to-day! The merchants of Paris have presented a famous address to the Directory, encouraging them to the war with England; and (which is the criterion of their sincerity) offering to advance money for that purpose. The Directory, of course, received them with the greatest respect, and made a flourishing reply; which, as well as the address, they transmitted immediately to the two Councils, where the news was received with great applause and satisfaction. I regard this as of great consequence; not so much on account of the money (25,000,000 livres, as I understand), though that sum is very convenient just now, as on account of the spirit which dictates the loan, and, above all, of the confidence which, it seems, the monied men (no bad judges in such affairs) have in the establishment of the Government. I have no doubt but, in this point of view, it will produce a great effect on the mind of every thinking man in England. It will prove that the Republic and Directory have taken an *assiette* or *aplomb* which may embarrass J. Bull not a little in his future discussions with the Great Nation, as the French have begun latterly, and not without great reason, to call themselves. This, without doubt, is the money to which Desaix alluded the other day.

December 23rd. Called this evening on Buonaparte, by appointment, with Tennant and Lewines, and saw him for about five minutes. Lewines gave him a copy of the memorials I delivered to the Government in February, 1796 (nearly two years ago), and which, fortunately, have been well verified in every material fact, by everything that has taken place in Ireland since. He also gave him Taylor's map, and showed him half a dozen of Hoche's letters, which Buonaparte read over. He then desired us to return in two or three days, with such documents relating to Ireland as we were possessed of, and, in the meantime, that Tennant should postpone his departure. We then left him. His manner is cold, and he

speaks very little ; it is not, however, so dry as that of Hoche, but seems rather to proceed from languor than anything else. He is perfectly civil, however, to us ; but, from anything we have yet seen or heard from him, it is impossible to augur anything good or bad. We have now seen the greatest man in Europe three times, and I am astonished to think how little I have to record about him. I am sure I wrote ten times as much about my first interview with Charles De la Croix, but then I was a greenhorn ; I am now a little used to see great men, and great statesmen, and great generals, and that has, in some degree, broke down my admiration. Yet, after all, it is a droll thing that I should become acquainted with Buonaparte. This time twelve months, I arrived in Brest, from my expedition to Bantry Bay. Well, the third time, they say, is the charm. My next chance, I hope, will be with the *Armée d'Angleterre—Allons ! Vive la République !* I make no memorandums now at all, which is grievous ; but I have nothing to write.

January 1st. I wish myself the compliments of the season; a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Received a letter from my sister, wherein she informs me that my father has at length received a letter from my brother William, of whom I have not heard since 1794 ; he is alive and well, in the service of the Mahrattas, with a liberal appointment of £750 per annum, and this is the whole of what she tells me, and, I suppose, of what she knows. It is most provoking that they did not send her his letter, or at least a copy of it ; I do not even know the date. I cannot express the satisfaction I feel at this news, which is certainly not diminished by the reflection that he is not in the British service. Poor fellow ! Well, we may meet yet : for our family, I see, are not to be sunk ; we are, to be sure, a strange set, for proof of which, see *the history of my life and opinions*, written by myself. Wrote to my sister, desiring her, of all love, to procure and forward me a copy of Will's letter. One or two things have happened lately which gave me, personally, some pleasure : The Minister of Foreign Affairs has written to the Minister of Police, that whereas Pitt may probably endeavour to slide in some of his emissaries under the character of Refugee United Irishmen, none be permitted

to remain but such as I may vouch for; which shows they have some confidence in me, and the Minister of Police has given his order in consequence. The first use I made of it, was to apply for the liberty of two lads, named Burgess and McCan, who are detained at Liège, and I hope they are enlarged before this. Another thing is, a young man, whom I do not know, named McKenna, who was recommended, as he says, by Tallien, applied to Buonaparte to be employed as his Secretary and Interpreter. Buonaparte, after some discourse, gave him, for answer, to address himself to me, and that I should report thereupon to him, Buonaparte. All this is very good; I have not seen the General since, but expect I shall in a few days.

January 2nd to 6th. Called on my old friend General Clarke, who is at last returned to Paris: his close connection with Carnot has thrown him out of employment, and I am heartily sorry for it: for I have a very good opinion of him. He is, however, very well with Buonaparte, to whom he tells me he has spoken of me in the strongest manner, for which I feel most sincerely obliged. Buonaparte, among other things, asked him whom he had most confidence in as to Irish affairs, and Clarke answered, "In me, by all means;" I thanked Clarke heartily for all this, and, at the same time, explained to him the nature of Lewines' mission, and my wish to cede him the *pas* on all occasions; we talked a great deal of Hoche, of our Bantry Bay expeditions, and parted the best of friends in the world; I was very glad to see Clarke, and it is a great loss and pity he is not employed.

January 6th to 13th. Saw Buonaparte this evening with Lewines, who delivered him a whole sheaf of papers relative to Ireland, including my two memorials of 1795, great part of which stands good yet. After Lewines had had a good deal of discourse with him, I mentioned the affair of McKenna, who desires to be employed as Secretary. Buonaparte observed that he believed the world thought he had fifty secretaries, whereas he had but one; of course there was an end of that business; however, he bid me see what the man was fit for, and let him know. I took this opportunity to mention the desire all the Refugee United Irishmen now in Paris

had to bear a part in the expedition, and the utility they would be of in case of a landing in Ireland. He answered that they would all be undoubtedly employed, and desired me to give him in, for that purpose, a list of their names. Finally, I spoke of myself, telling him that General Desaix had informed me that I was carried on the tableau of the *Armée d'Angleterre;* he said "I was." I then observed that I did not pretend to be of the smallest use to him whilst we were in France, but that I hoped to be serviceable to him on the other side of the water; that I did not give myself to him at all for a military man, having neither the knowledge nor the experience that would justify me in charging myself with any function. "*Mais vous êtes brave,*" said he, interrupting me. I replied that, when the occasion presented itself, that would appear; "*Eh bien,*" said he, "*cela suffit.*" We then took our leave.

January 14th to 22nd. There has been an 18th Fructidor in Holland, and some of those whom I saw at the Hague at the head of affairs are now in arrestation, particularly Becker and Hahn. It was Hahn who drew up the proclamation which was to have been published on our landing, in case the expedition had taken place. It is three months, at least, since Meyer, the Dutch Ambassador here, told Lewines and me that this event would take place; and the fact is, it seems to me to have been full as necessary in Holland as in France. If the late Government was honest, which I very much doubt, they were evidently incapable; witness their conduct in the maritime affairs of their country, and especially their sending out De Winter to be sacrificed on the 11th of October, without rhyme, reason, or apparent object, that I can hear of from any quarter. Some time since Daendels sent up Adjutant-General Vischery, who brought me a letter, desiring me to present him to General Desaix as a person in whom Daendels had the utmost confidence, which I did accordingly, without prying at all into the nature or object of his mission. From the conversation, however, I could collect that the French Government were determined, at length, to speak intelligibly to the Dutch, and give them to know that they must adopt a more decided and energetic line of conduct. Desaix's expression was, "*Puisque vous ne voulez pas*

vous faire une constitution, on vous priera d'en accepter que, et j'espére que vous ne la refuserez pas." I could likewise see that the support of the French was in a manner set up to auction between the party that is in, and the party that wants to get in, in Holland, and I was very glad to find that the price was to be paid in maritime support. The party now uppermost offered twenty-five sail of the line for the approaching campaign, which I learn from Vischery absolutely exceeds the faculties of the Dutch Republic to accomplish ; however, if they promise twenty-five, it is probable they will have eighteen, or perhaps twenty ; at least it is certain they will move heaven and earth to bring it to bear. If the late Government had not sacrificed, either through treachery or incapacity, the fleet of De Winter, there might have been, by April next, a fleet of at least twenty-five sail of the line at the Texel, in which case the English would have been obliged to keep one, of at least thirty sail, in the North Sea : for they would not hazard an equality of force ; and then what a powerful diversion would that have been for our projected campaign ! This is one of the fruits of the incapacity, or, as I rather think, the treachery of the late Dutch Government. Well, I hope now they are in a great degree regenerated, and especially as France has interfered with a high hand, that they may conduct themselves better for the future. I cannot blame the French at all for their interposition on this occasion ; having conquered Holland, they had a right, if they pleased, to have thrown it into the Zuyder Zee. Instead of that, they left the Dutch at liberty to organise their own Government, and frame their own constitution. After nearly three years of independence, they are not further advanced than they were the first month ; the plan of the Constitution which they devised having been rejected by an immense majority of the people. Under these circumstances, and especially in a crisis like the present, where great and active energy is so necessary, the French are justified in retracing their steps, and obliging the Dutch to accept a Constitution, since, after three years' experiment, they have shown that they want either talents or integrity to frame one for themselves. Individually, I wish most heartily it were otherwise : for I am sorry to see a people incapable

to profit of such a great occasion as the Dutch have had in their hands; but if, unfortunately, the fact be against them, I must once more acquit the French for their interposition; and, I think I should do so, even in the case of my own country, if she were to show similar incapacity in like circumstances, which, however, I am far from apprehending. I do not know how Daendels may stand now, but I hope well; for I have an esteem for him, and should be sorry if he were to lose the confidence that his past services and sacrifices have procured. Meyer is decidedly with the new men, and I know he has no great devotion for Daendels. Well, time will show!

January 23rd to 31st. Blank.

February 1st. The number of Irish refugees is considerably increased. Independent of Lewines, Tennant, and Lowry, of whom I have spoken, there are Teeling of Lisburn, Orr of Derry, M'Mahon of county Down, McCan and Burgess of county Lowth, Napper Tandy, and my brother. There is also one Maguire, who was sent by Reynolds from Philadelphia, in consequence of my letter to him by Monroe, and one Ashley, an Englishman, formerly Secretary to the Corresponding Society, and one of those who was tried with Thomas Hardy in London for high treason. We all do very well except Napper Tandy, who is not behaving correctly. He began some months ago by caballing against me with a priest of the name of Quigley, who is since gone off, no one knows whither; the circumstances of this petty intrigue are not worth my recording. It is sufficient to say that Tandy took on him to summon a meeting of the Irish refugees, at which Lewines and I were to be arraigned, on I know not what charges, by himself and Quigley. Lewines refused to attend, but I went, and when I appeared, there was no one found to bring forward a charge against me, though I called three times to know "whether any person had anything to offer." In consequence of this manœuvre, I have had no communication since with Tandy, who has also lost ground by this mean behaviour with all the rest of his countrymen; he is, I fancy, pestering the Government here with applications and memorials, and gives himself out for an

old officer, and a man of great property in Ireland, as I judge from what General Murat said to me in speaking of him the other night at Buonaparte's. He asked me did I know one Tandy, "*un ancien militaire, n'est ce pas?*" I said I did know him, but could not say that he was exactly "*un ancien militaire*, as he had never served but in the Volunteer corps of Ireland, a body which resembled pretty much the *Garde nationale* of France at the beginning of the Revolution." "*Mais c'est un très riche propriétaire.*" I told him I believed he was always in easy circumstances; and there the discourse ended. By this I see how he is showing himself off here. He has got lately a coadjutor in the famous Thomas Muir,[1] who is arrived at Paris, and has inserted two or three very foolish articles, relating to the United Irishmen, in the Paris papers, in consequence of which, at a meeting of the United Irishmen, now in Paris, with the exception of Tandy, it was settled that Lowry, Orr, Lewines, and myself should wait upon Muir, and, after thanking him for his good intentions, intreat him not to introduce our business into any publications which he might hereafter think proper to make. Accordingly, we waited on him a few days since, but of all the vain, obstinate blockheads that ever I met, I never saw his equal. I could scarcely conceive such a degree of self-sufficiency to exist. He told us roundly that he knew as much of our country as we did, and would venture to say he had as much the confidence of the United Irishmen as we had; that he had no doubt we were very respectable individuals, but could only know us as such, having shown him no powers or written authority to prove that we had any mission. That he seldom acted without due reflection, and when once he had taken his party, it was impossible to change him; and that, as to what he had written, relative to the United Irishmen, he had the sanction of, he would say, the most respectable individual of that body, who had, and deserved to have, their entire confidence and approbation, and whose authority he must and did consider as justifying every

[1] [Thomas Muir (b. 1765, d. 1798) was transported from Scotland to Botany for sedition in 1793. After two years' banishment he escaped, and took refuge in France.—ED.]

syllable he had advanced. This most respectable individual of the body we presume to be Tandy; for we did not ask his name. So that, after a discussion of nearly three hours, we were obliged to come away *re infectâ*, except that we gave Mr. Muir notice, that he had neither license nor authority to speak in the name of the People of Ireland, and that if we saw any similar productions to those of which we complained, we should be obliged to take measures that would conduce neither to his ease nor respectability; for that we could not suffer the public to be longer abused. On these terms we parted very drily on both sides. The fact is, Muir and Tandy are puffing one another here for their private advantage; they are supporting themselves by endorsing each other's credit, and issuing, if I may so say, accommodation bills of reputation. This conversation has given the *coup de grâce* to Tandy, with his countrymen here, and he is now in a manner completely in Coventry. He deserves it. These details are hardly worth writing, but as there may be question of the business hereafter, I thought I might as well put them down.

February 2nd to 10th. Lewines was the other night with Buonaparte when a conversation took place, which I think from his relation of it, worth recording. Since the 18th Fructidor, the Jacobins are, in a certain degree, more tolerated by Government than formerly, and some of their leaders, who had been tried at Vendome with Babœuf, venture to show themselves a little. On that evening a person called on the General from the Minister of Police, and spoke to him for a considerable time in a low voice, so that Lewines did not hear what he said, but it appears by the sequel that it was probably relative to some overtures from the chiefs of that party: for Buonaparte all at once sprang into the middle of the room with great heat, and said, "What would these gentlemen have! France is revolutionised! Holland is revolutionised! Italy is revolutionised! Switzerland is revolutionised! Europe will soon be revolutionised! But this, it seems, is not enough to content them. I know well what they want; they want the domination of thirty or forty individuals, founded on the massacre of three or four millions; they want the constitution

of 1793, but they shall not have it, and *death* to him who should demand it. We did not fail to reduce them to order when we had but 1,500 men, and we will do it much easier now when we have 30,000. We will have the present constitution, and we will have no other, and we have common sense and our bayonets to maintain it. I know these persons, in order to give themselves some little consequence, affect to spread reports of some pretended disunion between the Government and the Legislative Body. It is false. From the foundation of the Republic to this day, there never was, perhaps, a moment where there reigned such perfect harmony between the constituted authorities, and, I may add, since it seems they are so good as to count me for something in the affair, that I am perfectly in union of sentiment and esteem with the Government, and they with me. He that fears calumny is below me. What I have done has not been done in a *boudoir*, and it is for Europe and posterity to judge me. No! we will not have the assistance of those gentlemen who call themselves chiefs and leaders of the people; we acknowledge no chiefs or leaders but those pointed out by the Constitution, the Legislative Body, and the Executive Directory; and to them only will we pay respect or attention. For the others, we know very well how to deal with them, if necessary, and, for my part, I declare for one, that if I had only the option between royalty and the system of those gentlemen, I would not hesitate one moment to declare for a King. But we will have neither the one nor the other; we will have the Republic and the Constitution, with which, if those persons pretend to interfere, they shall soon be made sensible of their absolute nullity." He spoke to this effect, as Lewines reported to me, but in a strain of the greatest animation, and with admirable eloquence. From two or three words he dropped, Lewines concludes that Sotin, the present Minister of Police, will probably not continue long in office.

February 11th. In conversation to-day with General Clarke, I mentioned to him how happy I was when the news of the armistice between Buonaparte and the Austrians arrived, as I began to be extremely uneasy at his situation. Clarke assured me I was quite

right in that respect; that the fact was, the division of Joubert was completely beaten out of the Tyrol by the peasants, with no better arms than chance furnished down to clubs and sticks, with which they charged the French like madmen, and drove before them the very same troops who had so often defeated the best disciplined forces of Austria. Of such an uncertain nature is the courage of armies, and so much are they disconcerted by a mode of fighting, different from that to which they had been accustomed. That the Venetians were rising *en masse*, and Trieste was retaken, so that the communication with Italy was exceedingly embarrassed. That, if the army had met with the least check in front, it was ruined, and every step that Buonaparte advanced increased his difficulties, and multiplied the probabilities against him. I was glad to hear my own opinion confirmed by Clarke, who is a military man of experience and character, and especially who was at the spot on the moment.

February 12th to 28th. Blank.

March 1st. An event has taken place of a magnitude scarce if at all inferior in importance to that of the French Revolution. The Pope is dethroned and in exile. The circumstances relating to this great event are such as to satisfy my mind that there is a special Providence guiding the affairs of Europe at this moment, and turning everything to the great end of the emancipation of mankind from the yoke of religious and political superstition, under which they have so long groaned. Some months ago, in the career of his victories, Buonaparte accorded a peace, and a generous one, to the Pope; it was signed at Tolentino, and Louis Buonaparte, brother to the General, proceeded to Rome as the first Ambassador from the Republic. Many people thought at the time, and I was of the number, that it was unwise to let slip so favourable an opportunity to destroy for ever the Papal tyranny; but it should seem the necessity of following up close the impression made on Austrian armies, overbore all inferior concerns, and, as I have said already, peace was made with the Cabinet of Rome. One would have thought that so narrow an escape might have prevented the Pope from rashly embarking into a second contest with the Republic, holding, as he did, his very existence dependent on the

breath of Buonaparte, who might with a single word have annihilated him. But Providence, for its own wise and great purposes, the happiness of man, and the complete establishment of civil and religious liberty, seems to have utterly taken away all sense and understanding from the Pope and his councils. After a fruitless attempt to trepan the French ambassador into a fabricated insurrection, they procured a tumultuous mob to assemble under the windows of his palace, and within the circuit of his jurisdiction; the guards were immediately called out and began to fire; the ambassador rushed out, attended by Generals Duphot, Sherlock, and some other officers, all dressed in the costume of their respective situations, in order, if possible, to restore tranquillity, or assert at least the neutrality of the *enceinte* of the ambassador's palace, which is, in all nations, privileged ground. They are received with a running fire which levels Duphot to the ground; he recovers his feet, though dreadfully wounded, and whilst supporting himself on his sabre a corporal advances and discharges his piece in his bosom. The ambassador and his suite escaped the fire, as it were, by a miracle, and regained the palace by a back way, leaving the body of Duphot at the mercy of his assassins, who covered it with wounds, and had even the barbarity to pelt it with stones. The unfortunate Duphot had commanded the grenadiers of the army of Italy, and was the next morning to have been married to the ambassador's sister-in-law. That no doubt might remain as to who authorised this massacre; both the captain, who commanded the guard, and the corporal who committed the murder, were rewarded, and the latter promoted to the rank of sergeant. But now the measure of the folly and wickedness of the Papal government was filled even to running over. The ambassador instantly quitted Rome with his family, announcing these events to the Directory, who gave orders to General Berthier to advance with the invincible army of Italy on the ancient capital of the world. A few days put him in quiet possession of Rome, from whence all those concerned in the late abominable transaction had fled, the Pope alone remaining. On his arrival, the Roman people assembled in the Capitol, formally deposed the Pope and declared

themselves free and independent, choosing a provisory government under the ancient Roman names of Consuls, Prætors, and Ædiles. Two or three days after the Pope left Rome, attended by two French aides-de-camp, and where he is gone to I do not yet know. Thus has terminated the temporal reign of the Popes after an existence of above 1,000 years. What changes this great and almost unparalleled event may produce on the moral and political system of Europe I cannot pretend to conjecture; but they must be numerous and of the last importance. It seems to me once more to be an absolute fatality which drove that unfortunate and guilty Government into this most frantic of all attempts at the precise time when all the potentates of Europe were obliged to receive the law from the victorious Republic; without friends, allies, or support, without pretext or excuse, to wantonly commit a most barbarous outrage on the person of a gallant officer, on the dignity of France, and the allowed rights of all civilised nations, is such a degree of infatuation as I am utterly at a loss to conceive, especially in a court so long celebrated for the depth of its cunning, and its art and address in steering with whatever wind might blow. So it is, however—the fact is certain, and the Pope, who has so often at his will and pleasure disposed of crowns and monarchs, is himself deposed without effort or resistance. "*How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning!*" The Revelations have many fine things on this subject, touching the "Beast and Babylon," &c. "*Of the Pope's ten horns, God bless us, I've knocked off four already.*" He is now a Prelate *in partibus*, his means are gone, his cardinals, his court, his wealth, all disappeared, and nothing remains but his keys. It is a sad downfall for the "Servant of the Servants of God." But I scorn to insult the old gentleman in his misfortunes: *Requiescat in pace!*

March 2nd. Received a letter from General Daendels, desiring me to send on Aherne to him, without loss of time, to be employed on a secret mission. The letter also contains a very favourable testimony to my good conduct during the time I had the advantage to be attached to him in Holland, which certificate I am very proud

of and will carefully keep. Gave Aherne immediately his instructions to set off in a very few days.

March 3rd. I have seen lately in the paper called the *Bien Informe* two articles relating to Napper Tandy, which are most ridiculous rhodomontades. They describe him as an Irish general, to whose standard 30,000 United Irishmen will fly the moment he displays it, and other trash of the like nature. This must come directly or indirectly from himself; for I remember some time ago, at a dinner given to him, Madgett, and myself, by Aherne, as soon as he got warm with wine, he asserted he would answer himself for raising all the yeomanry of Ireland, who were at least 30,000 men, precisely the number above stated. This is sad, pitiful work, puffing a man's self in this manner, especially when it is *not true.*

March 4th. On the 19th of February last, as I see in the *Courier* of the 26th, Lord Moira made a motion of great expectation in the Irish House of Lords, tending to condemn the vigorous measures which have been pursued by the British Government in that country, and to substitute a milder system. I was exceedingly disappointed at his speech, which was feeble indeed, containing little else than declamation, and scarcely a single fact, at a time when thousands of crimes of the most atrocious nature have been perpetrated for months over the whole face of the country. In times like ours, half-friends are no friends. A man in his situation, who can tell the truth with safety, or even with danger, and does not, is a feeble character, and his support is not worth receiving. He must speak out ALL, boldly, or be silent. Independent of this which I cannot but consider as a timid and unmanly suppression of facts, which at this great occasion especially should be sounded through Europe if possible by every man having a drop of genuine Irish blood in his veins, there is introduced a strained compliment to the virtues of the King, and a most extravagant and fulsome eulogium on the magnanimity of his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, which completely disgusted me. A pretty time, indeed, to come out with a panegyric on the royal virtues, and the virtues of the princely heir, when his ministers and his army are laying the country waste with fire and with sword. "*I hate such*

half-faced fellowship." His lordship, at the conclusion of this milk-and-water harangue, comes to his conciliatory plan, which is to check the army in their barbarities, and to grant Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform. It is really amusing to see the various shifts, and struggles, and turns, and twists, and wry faces the noble lord makes before he can bring himself to swallow this last bitter pill. This kind of conduct will never do well at any time; but it is downright folly in times like the present. His lordship has mortally offended one party and not at all satisfied the other, as will always be the case in similar circumstances. I am sorry for all this, because I esteem him personally; politically, I must give him up, the more so as HE OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN BETTER. But if Lord Moira speaks in this half-and-half style, the Chancellor, on the other side, appears not to have been so reserved. He openly calls the United Irishmen *rebels*, and says they should be treated as such; he mentions me by name, as having been Adjutant-General in Hoche's expedition, and again in the armament at the Texel, and says I am at this very moment an accredited envoy at Paris from that accursed Society, who had also, as he is pleased to say, their envoys at Lisle, by whose insidious and infernal machinations it was that Lord Malmesbury's negotiation was knocked on the head. He also makes divers commentaries on a well-known letter written by be to my friend Russell, in 1791, and which, one way or other, he has brought regularly before the House, at least once a session ever since, and which figures in the secret report made by Secretary Pelham in the last one. From all these facts, and divers others which he enumerates, he infers that the design of the United Irishmen is to separate Ireland from Great Britain, and that consequently all measures to destroy that infamous conspiracy are fair and lawful; of which opinion the House of Lords was also, Lord Moira's motion being rejected by a large majority. I can hardly, I think, be suspected of partiality to the Chancellor, but I declare I have a greater respect for his conduct on this occasion than for that of Lord Moira. He is at least an open and avowed enemy; he takes his party, such as it is, like a man who expects no quarter, and is therefore determined to

give none. Had Lord Moira brought as much sincerity to the attack, on that most atrocious of all Governments, as the Chancellor did to its defence, though I am far from thinking he would have been able to influence the decision of the House of Lords, he would at least have been able to scandalise it to all Europe. Instead of that, he has trimmed, and by trimming has lost himself: for to repeat it once more, in terrible times as ours now are, a man must speak out the whole truth or be silent. There is no mean, especially when, as in the case of Lord Moira, he may do it with perfect safety to his person. But to return to my friend Fitzgibbon. Though his speech be sincere, I cannot think it very wise, under all the circumstances of the case. If the people of Ireland had any doubts as to the determination of the French Government to support them, he has taken care to remove them all by dwelling on the reception their envoys have met with there. If the United Irishmen, groaning so long under a horrible persecution, might be supposed to relax a little in their resolution, he has been so kind as to raise their drooping spirits by showing them that a simple emissary from their Society has had such influence with the Executive Directory, as to outweigh all the offers of his Majesty's Ministers to obtain peace, and even to cause the sending away of his ambassador in a manner certainly not the most grateful to his feelings; in short, he has let out the grand secret that there is a regular communication between the patriots, or, as he is pleased to call them, the rebels of Ireland, and the French Executive; that the independence of our country is the common object of both, which they are determined to pursue in concert until it is attained; and that all the efforts of Government to stop the progress of this most fearful event have been and continue to be vain. Whether this candid avowal of such important facts coming from such authority, be likely to raise the spirits of the adherents to the English Government, and to extinguish all hope in the breasts of the patriots, is, I confess, more than I can bring myself to believe. On the whole, I do not think the Chancellor's speech that of a profound and temperate statesman; such as it is, however, I will take care to submit, or cause it to be submitted, to Buonaparte,

and one or two other Republicans here, who I think will be edified by the contents thereof. With regard to what he says of Lewines and myself, who, I presume, are the envoys of this pernicious Society that he alludes to, his information, wherever he got, or however he came by it, is correct enough: what relates to me, is quite right; and as to Lewines, though he certainly was not at Lisle artfully undermining Lord Malmesbury, I do admit he was doing his best to defeat him at the Luxembourg and elsewhere, and I hope and believe with success. What weight his representations may have had, we cannot exactly know, not being in the secrets of the Directory; but without vanity he may reasonably conclude that some weight they certainly had, and if it was they which turned off my Lord Malmesbury, according to the Chancellor's assertion, Lewines may boldly say that he has, in that instance, deserved well of his country. The fact is, he and I have both done our best here to serve the cause of liberty in Ireland, but we have neither done as much good nor as much evil as Fitzgibbon is pleased to lay to our charge; and, for example, in the present instance, I do not think in my conscience that it was we who hunted Lord Malmesbury out of the country.—*Allons!*

March 5th to 20th. It is with the most sincere concern and anxiety that I see in the late English papers that Arthur O'Connor has been arrested at Margate, endeavouring to procure a passage for France; the circumstances mentioned indicate a degree of rashness and indiscretion on his part which is astonishing. It seems he set off from London in company with four others, viz., Quigley the priest, who was some time since in Paris, and of whom I have no great reason to be an admirer; Binns of the Corresponding Society; Alley, also of the Corresponding Society, and his servant of the name of Leary. Quigley called himself at first Captain Jones, and afterwards Colonel Morris; the others passed for his servants. Their first attempt was at a place called Whitstable, where the vigilance of the custom-house officers embarrassed them. They then hired a cart, which they loaded with their trunks, of which it seems they were sufficiently provided, and crossed the country on foot for twenty-five miles to Margate. It does not

appear they made much mystery of their intended destination; but be that as it may, at Margate they were arrested by the Bow Street runners, Fugin and Rivet, who had followed them *à la piste* from London. From Margate they were brought back with their luggage to London, where they were examined two or three successive days before the Privy Council, and finally committed to the Tower. Since their committal several other persons have been arrested, particularly a Colonel Despard, a Mr. Bonham, a Mr. Evans. It is inconceivable that five men should attempt such an enterprise, and with such a quantity of luggage; it is equally incredible that they should bring papers with them, of which the newspapers say several have been found, and especially one in the great-coat pocket of Quigley, purporting to be an address from the Executive Directory of England to that of France, and desiring the latter to give credit to Quigley, as being "*the worthy citizen whom they had lately seen.*" These last expressions stagger me, or I should not believe it possible any man living would leave a paper of such consequence in such a careless extraordinary place. Other newspapers, however, say that no papers have been found, but the expressions above quoted shake me a good deal. It is also said that O'Connor has said that his friends may be easy about him, as he has nothing to fear. God send it may be so, but I am very much afraid he will find it otherwise. It is dreadful to think of a man of his situation, character, and talents being caught in so extraordinary and unaccountable a manner. I cannot conceive it. Time, and time only, will explain whether there is any treachery in the business. It is certain Government had notice of their intentions before they set off, for the Bow Street officers left London as soon as they did. The report is, that they will be tried at Maidstone by a special commission consisting of Justices Buller, Heath, and Lawrence, which is expected to sit before the 10th of April. I expect that event with the most anxious solicitude, but fear the very worst, for a thousand reasons.

March 21st to 24th. This day I received my orders to set off for headquarters at Rouen, where I am to remain at the suite of the État-Major, till further orders. There is at least one step made.

March 25th. Received my letters of service from the War Office, as Adjutant-General in the *Armée d'Angleterre.* This has a lofty sound, to be sure, but God knows the heart! Applied to the Minister at War for leave to remain a few days in Paris, to settle my family, which he granted.

March 26th. I see in the English papers of March 17th, from Irish papers of the 13th, news of the most disastrous and afflicting kind, as well for me individually as for the country at large. The English Government has arrested the whole Committee of United Irishmen for the province of Leinster, including almost every man I know and esteem in the city of Dublin. Amongst them are Emmet, MacNeven, Dr. Sweetman, Bond, Jackson, and his son; warrants are likewise issued for the arrestation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, McCormick, and Sampson, who have not, however, yet been found. It is by far the most terrible blow which the cause of liberty in Ireland has yet sustained. I know not whether in the whole party it would be possible to replace the energy, talents, and integrity of which we are deprived by this most unfortunate of events. I have not received such a shock from all that has passed since I left Ireland. It is terrible to think of, in every point of view. Government will move heaven and earth to destroy them. What a triumph at this moment for Fitzgibbon! These arrestations, following so close on that of O'Connor, give rise to very strong suspicions of treachery in my mind. I cannot bear to write or think longer on this dreadful event. Well, if our unfortunate country is doomed to sustain the unspeakable loss of so many brave and virtuous citizens, woe be to their tyrants if ever we reach our destination. I feel my mind growing every hour more and more savage. Measures appear to me now justified by necessity, which six months ago I would have regarded with horror. There is now no medium. Government has drawn the sword, and will not recede but to superior force—*if ever that force arrives.* But it does not signify threatening. Judge of my feelings as an individual, when Emmet and Russell are in prison, and in imminent peril of a violent and ignominious death. What revenge can satisfy me for the loss of the two men I most esteem on earth?

Well, once more, it does not signify threatening. If they are sacrificed, and I ever arrive, as I hope to do, in Ireland, it will not go well with their enemies. This blow has completely deranged me—I can scarce write connectedly.

March 27th, 28th, 29th. The last arrestations seem to be followed up by others. Government will now stop at nothing.

March 30th, 31st. Called with Lewines on Talleyrand, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to take leave previous to my setting off for the army, and met with a gracious reception. I took that opportunity to tell him that I had reason to think that Lewines and I, as is the fact, were exposed to some little dirty intrigues here, and that all we desired was that he would judge us, not after any calumnious report, but after our conduct, such as he himself had observed it. He replied that we might make ourselves easy on that head; that he had heard nothing disadvantageous with regard to us, but even if he had, he should pay it no attention, the opinion of Government being made up in our favour. This is pleasant, the more so as poor Lewines and I have been tormented latterly with dirty cabals and factions which I scorn to commit to paper. We have, God knows, done our best to content everybody, but we find it impossible, whilst one of us is Adjutant-General and the other is well received, and with attention, by the French Government. I solemnly declare I believe these are our sole offences, but also they are offences not to be forgiven. I hate such pitiful work, and I am heartily glad I am getting off to the army, where I shall be out of the reach of it. If I would dirty my paper with them, I could record some anecdotes which are curious enough were it only for their singular meanness; but I will not; let them die and rot; my conduct will stand the test, and to that I trust. When a man knows he has nothing to accuse himself of, it is not very difficult to bear the malevolence of others.

April 1st, 2nd. Lewines waited yesterday on Merlin, who is President of the Directory for this *trimestre*, and presented him a letter of introduction from Talleyrand. Merlin received him with great civility and attention. Lewines pressed him, as far as he could with propriety, on the necessity of sending succours to

Ireland the earliest possible moment, especially on account of the late arrestations ; and he took that occasion to impress him with a sense of the merit and services of the men for whom he interested himself so much on every account, public and personal. Merlin replied that, as to the time or place of succour, he could tell him nothing, it being *the secret of the State ;* that, as to the danger of his friends, he was sincerely sorry for the situation of so many brave and virtuous patriots ; that, however, though he could not enter into the details of the intended expedition, he would tell him thus much to comfort him, "*That France never would grant a peace to England on any terms short of the independence of Ireland.*" This is grand news. It is far more direct and explicit than any assurance we have yet got. Lewines made the proper acknowledgments, and then ran off to me to communicate the news. The fact is, whatever the rest of our countrymen here may think, Lewines is doing his business here fair and well, and like a man of honour. I wish others of them whom I could name had half as good principles.

April 3rd. Lewines is determined to take a journey to Holland or perhaps to Hamburg, on his private affairs ; he will probably set off about the same time I do. He waited, in consequence, to-day on Barras, who, by the by, it seems has been looking for him these some days. From Barras, in the course of conversation, he received a confirmation of the assurance that Merlin had given him two days ago, "that the French Government would never make peace with England until our independence was acknowledged," which, indeed, Barras had promised himself, conditionally, before the peace with the Emperor. My name happening to be mentioned, Lewines spoke of me as he thought. Barras replied, that the French Government were sensible of the merits of Adjutant-General Smith. All this is *damned fine*, as poor Will used to say. Well, we shall see. Apropos of Lewines' private affairs : he has been now on the continent for the public business above fifteen months, at his own expense, to the amount of at least £500 sterling, during which time his colleagues at home have not thought proper to remit him one farthing ; and it is now in order to

raise money that he is going to Holland. It is to me unaccountable how men under whose good faith and authority he came here, can so neglect their engagements, the more so as MacNeven, when he was here, undertook to remind them of their duty, and that proper remittances should be made. It is the less excusable, as several of the individuals concerned are not only in easy, but in affluent circumstances. So, however, it is, and what is better, Lewines is accused here by some of his countrymen and fellow-sufferers of neglecting, if not sacrificing, the public cause to his own private interests; in which accusation, by the by, I have the honour to find myself included; but as to that, "*je m'en fiche.*" *Allons!* To be sure, if anything could shake the determination of a man who has made up his mind on our question, it would be the pitiful and mean persecution which he and I find ourselves exposed to here, for some time back. There is no sort of *désagrément* that we have not suffered. Well, it is no matter; that will all pass away, and, in the long run, it will be seen whether we have not, each of us in his vocation, done our best for the country. Certain it is, however, that the pleasure I formerly felt in pursuing this great object, is considerably diminished by recent experience. But once more, no matter: it is my duty to go on, and go on I will, arrive what may. I hope yet to do some good and prevent some mischief, and I foresee sufficient grounds to exercise me, both at one and the other. At all events, I will do my duty, and discharge my conscience, and then, come what may, I can abide the consequences.

April 4th. This day, at three o'clock, having previously received my letters of service, order to join, *frais de route*, &c., I set off for the headquarters of the *Armée d'Angleterre* at Rouen.

April 5th. After travelling all night, arrived at twelve next day, and took up my lodgings at the Maison Wattel. Met General Kilmaine by accident, who invited me to dinner; where I found General Lemoine, and Bessières, Commandant of the Guides of Buonaparte, &c., &c. Comedy in the evening.

April 6th. Strolling about the town, which is large, ugly, and dirty. It wears, however, a great appearance of manufacturing

and commercial activity, which, I have no doubt, in time of peace, is considerably augmented. The Cathedral is a beautiful relic of Gothic architecture. I have seen the inside of Westminster Abbey, and Nôtre Dame, of Paris, as well as several others in Germany and elsewhere, but I prefer the inside of the Cathedral of Rouen to them all. It is a magnificent *coup d'œil*. But, what is provoking, between the body of the church and choir, some pious Archbishop, who had more money than taste, has thrown a very spruce colonnade, of pure Corinthian architecture, which totally destroys the harmony of the building, and ruins what would otherwise produce a most magnificent effect. This little specimen of Grecian architecture is more truly Gothic than all the rest of the edifice.

April 7th. On a second inspection of the Cathedral this day, I find that the Corinthian colonnade, which is described in terms of such just indignation in yesterday's journal, turns out to be Ionic, but all's one for that. The Archbishop I still hold to be a blockhead in all the dialects of Greece, and all the orders of architecture; and, moreover, he is a fellow of no taste.

April 8th. Heard part of a sermon, this being Easter Sunday. Sad trash! a long parallel, which I thought would never end, between Jesus Christ and Joseph, followed by a second, equally edifying, comparing Him with the prophet Jonah, showing how the one lay three nights in the tomb, and the other three nights in the belly of a great fish, &c.; at all which I profited exceedingly. The church was full of women, but I did not see twenty men. I wonder how people can listen to such abominable nonsense. Apropos, I should have mentioned in its place, that Lewines called, a day or two before we left town, on Buonaparte, to endeavour to interest him in behalf of our unfortunate friends now in arrestation, and try whether it would be feasible to obtain a declaration from the Directory, similar to that which they issued in the case of the patriots of the Pays de Vaud, for whose safety they made the aristocracy of Berne personally responsible. Buonaparte replied that the case was totally different; with regard to the Swiss, France was in a situation to follow up the menace by striking instantly; with England it was not so. She was a power of the first rank, and the

Republic must never threaten in vain. Under these circumstances, he thought any interposition on the part of the French Government, in favour of the Irish patriots, might injure them materially, by inflaming still more the English Government against them, and could, at the same time, do them no possible service. In this reasoning Lewines was obliged to acquiesce, and, in fact, the argument is unanswerable. Lewines, however, has the consolation to think he has left nothing untried, on his part, to rescue our unfortunate friends from the peril which menaces their lives. It is a melancholy comfort, but still it is some comfort.

April 9th to 15th. This day I have got lodgings, by order of Adj.-Gen. Boulant, *Provisoirement Chef de l'État-Major*, in the house of Citizen Bigot. It is a large hotel, and I am well lodged. Mine host invited me to dinner, which passed *tête-à-tête.* He has been *President à mortier* in the *ci-devant Parlement de Normandie.* His father has been, I believe, *Maire de Rouen*, under the *ancien régime*, and they have lost a considerable property besides lying eleven months in prison during the *terreur.* It is easy to judge from all this that my host is no great admirer of the Revolution, which he always qualifies with the title of *malheureuse.* I forgive, with all my soul, aristocrats of his description, who were really something before the Revolution, and who find themselves now nothing or worse; besides, he seems a man of a gentle, not to say timid temper, and I rather fancy his sufferings and his fears have weakened his mind; if it be not so, justice must have been strangely administered in France, in times when men of his capacity could arrive at the first stations in the law. He is downright weak; however, I sat him out with great civility, though it was a terrible *corvée* to me, and we parted very good friends. He has asked me again for the day after to-morrow, when there is to be company. I am glad of that circumstance, for, in truth, I have no great stomach for another dinner *tête-à-tête.* My landlord is a *bore.*

April 16th to 20th. I pass my time here "*worse than the mutineers in the bilboes*," but there is no remedy, so "*what can't be cured must be endured*," as the poet sweetly sings. Seeing, yesterday, in the

papers, an article, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald had made his escape from Ireland, and got safe into France, I wrote immediately to the Chef-de-Bureau in the police, charged with the Foreigner's Department, to know if the report were true, and, in that event, praying the Minister to show Lord Edward every attention, &c.; but I am afraid it is too good news to be true. Walked out this evening along the river, to see the *batteaux plats* which are building here for the descent. There are ten of them, four of which are launched. I judge the whole might be ready in three weeks or a month at farthest; they cost 13,000 livres apiece, or £541 13s. 4d. sterling. Apropos of the expedition, I am utterly at a loss what to think since my departure from Paris. Desaix, whom I hoped to find here, seems certainly to be at Toulon; and the report in the papers of this day, as well as in my brother Matthew's letter, is, that Buonaparte is to set off in three days to join him, and take the command of the inconceivable armament which is preparing in the ports of the Mediterranean, the destination of which nobody knows. It is certain that Buonaparte's guides set off from this on the road to Paris three days ago. In the meantime it seems General Kilmaine commands, *per interim*, the army of England. All this I confess utterly *deroutes* me. "*I am lost in sensations of troubled emotions.*" The prevailing opinion in the Paris papers is, that Egypt is the object of this armament, and that the Turk is to concur with us in the expedition. If it were not for our own business, I should like extremely, in that case, to be with General Desaix. But that is "castle building." What if, when all was embarked, Buonaparte were suddenly to turn to the right on Gibraltar, and surprise Lord St. Vincent with a visit one of these fine mornings. But I am afraid he won't—the thing is, however, possible. His lordship would, in that case, find himself between two fires, and it may be, at last, those miserable Spaniards might make an exertion. But no! Well, time will show more, which observation I take to be a very safe one on my side. It is not a fortnight since the Directory passed a decree, conferring the command of both fleet and army to Buonaparte, with orders to render himself at Brest in ten days. How is that to be reconciled with the present

reports? At any rate, all this is well calculated to puzzle John Bull; for I am sure I am puzzled with a vengeance. In short, I will torment myself no more with conjectures, in which I only lose myself—time will explain all.

April 21st to 24th. The last Paris papers mention that Buonaparte is decidedly set off to take the command of the expedition which is preparing in the Mediterranean. It is, I learn, to consist of three divisions, one to embark at Toulon, commanded by Buonaparte, in person; another at Genoa, by Kléber; and the third, at Civita Vecchia, by Desaix. The object declared is Egypt and Syria. With regard to this last country, in which Palestine is included, I see to-day an article in the *Telegraph* which has struck me very much. It is a proposal to invite the Jews from all quarters of the world to return to their parent country and restore their ancient temple; it has not struck me so much in a political, as in a far different point of view. I remember Whitley Stokes, more than once, mentioned to me an opinion of his, founded on an attentive study and meditation of the Old and New Testament, that he did not despair, even in his own lifetime and mine, of seeing this great event take place; and I remember I laughed at him heartily for his opinion, which, however, seems this day far less visionary than it was at that time, in 1793. It is now not only possible, but highly probable, that the Jews may be once more collected and the temple restored. The French will naturally take care to stipulate for advantages in return, and there is a giant's stride made at once into Asia, the extent and consequences of which I am at this moment utterly unable to calculate or perhaps to comprehend. I see every day more and more, that after ten years of war and the defeat of all the despots of Europe united, the French Revolution is but yet begun; the Hercules is yet in swaddling bands. What a people! Combining this intended measure with the downfall of the Pope, already accomplished, I have no doubt but a person who had made the prophecies and revelations his study (Stokes, for example), might build very extraordinary systems. For my part I happily know nothing of Daniel and his seventy weeks, nor of St. John in his island of Patmos. I leave divinity to those who have a turn

that way, and confine my humbler speculations to the state of this world. I do not see the prodigious good sense of the Great Turk in abetting and encouraging, as he seems to do, this grand operation. I do not think the neighbourhood of the French will be wholesome for the crescent; but that is his affair. Moreover, if the Jews are restored, as their wealth is immense in Europe and in Asia incalculable, the Republic will of course exact certain "*shekels of gold*" before they consent to the elevation of the Tabernacle, which will be convenient. I would I had a good map of Asia to see how far it is from Jerusalem to Madras, for I have a great eye upon the Carnatic. Once again I lose myself utterly in the contemplation of the present position of the Republic. What miserable pigmies we unfortunate Irish are! But that is no fault of ours; we may be better yet. It is a great consolation to me, the assurance of Merlin and Barras with regard to our independence—I count upon it firmly.

April 25th. Wm. Hamilton, who married J. Russell's daughter, has arrived, a few days since, in Paris. He was obliged to fly from London, in consequence of the arrestation of O'Connor and his party. On his way he met Lewines at Brussels, and also saw in an English paper, of the 3rd, that the Revolution in Ireland was commenced, having broken out in the South, and that General Abercrombie and the army were in full march to suppress it. Both he and Lewines believe it. For my part I do not—it is, at most, some partial insurrection—and so much the worse. I wrote, however, to General Kilmaine to request an order to join him at Paris in case the news was true, which, however, I am sure it was not. My brother writes me word that there is a person waiting for Lewines at the Hague, who has made his escape with plans, charts, and other military information, and that Lewines is expected, with him, in Paris every day. Who can this be? I wish Lewines was returned.

CHAPTER XIII.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

April 26th. I see in the Paris papers to-day extracts from English ones, of a late date, by which it appears, as I suspected, that the news of an insurrection in Ireland was, as yet, premature; nevertheless, things in that country seem to be drawing fast to a close. There is a proclamation of Lord Camden, which is tantamount to a declaration of war; and the system of police, if police it can be called, is far more atrocious than it ever was in France in the time of the *terreur*. There is, however, no authentic account of any hostilities, except at a place called Holy Cross, where the people were easily dispersed by the Cashel Fencible Cavalry, and a party of the Lowth Militia, with the loss of three killed, and about twenty wounded and prisoners; but that is nothing. I see it is the policy of Government to employ such Irish troops as they can depend upon, to avoid, or at least lessen, the odium which would fall, otherwise, on the English and Scotch. It should seem, however, that they cannot reckon on all the troops; for, in the same papers, there is a report, but it is only a report, that several regiments of militia had refused to march against the people. What they ought to do, if they were in earnest, would be to march and then join them. On the whole, notwithstanding the menacing appearance of things in Ireland, it is my belief that there will be no serious hostilities there, unless the French arrive. Then, indeed, it would not be Lord Camden's proclamation which would stop our Revolution. I see, also, in the papers, that Arthur O'Connor is transferred to Maidstone, where his trial, and that of the others, will come on immediately. I attend the result with the most anxious expectation. Whatever may be O'Connor's fate, he will at least

sustain the dignity of his situation, and in the worst event he will bear it like a man.

April 27th. I am sadly off for intelligence here, having nothing but the imperfect extracts in the Paris papers. I see to-day, and am very glad to see it, that my friend, Sir Lawrence Parsons, has resigned the command of the King's County militia in consequence of the sanguinary measures about to be adopted by the English Government, in which he will take no share. His example should be imitated by every country gentleman in Ireland ; but they have neither the sense nor the virtue to see that. Alarming as the state of Ireland really and truly is to the English Government, I have no doubt on my mind that it is their present policy to exaggerate the danger as much as possible in order to terrify the Irish gentry out of their wits, and, under cover of this universal panic, to crush the spirit of the People, and reduce the country to a state of slavery more deplorable than that of any former period of our deplorable history. They take a chance against nothing. They see that Ireland will escape them without a struggle if they adopt lenient measures. They therefore prefer force. If it succeeds, well and good ; if it fails, still Ireland is the material sufferer ; it is she that bears all the actual calamities of war ; and if England must at last renounce her sovereignty, at least she will desolate what she cannot subdue. It is a most infernal policy, but no new one for her to adopt. In this point of view the conduct of the English Government, though atrociously wicked, is by no means deficient in system and arrangement. They have begun by seizing almost the whole of the Chiefs of the People, and now they are about to draw the sword in order to anticipate the possibility of assistance, and to reduce them to that state, that, if assistance should at length arrive, they may be unable to profit by it. In this lastdesign, however, I am sure they will find themselves mistaken ; the spirit is, I think, too universally spread to be checked now, and the vengeance of the People, whenever the occasion presents itself, will only be the more terrible and sanguinary. What miserable slaves are the gentry of Ireland ! The only accusation brought against the United Irishmen by their enemies, is that they wish to break the connection

with England, or, in other words, to establish the independence of their country—an object in which surely the men of property are most interested. Yet the very sound of independence seems to have terrified them out of all sense, spirit, or honesty. If they had one drop of Irish blood in their veins, one grain of true courage or genuine patriotism in their hearts, they should have been the first to support this great object; the People would have supported them; the English Government would never have dared to attempt the measures they have since triumphantly pursued, and continue to pursue; our Revolution would have been accomplished without a shock, or perhaps one drop of blood spilled; which now can succeed, if it does succeed, only by all the calamities of a most furious and sanguinary contest: for the war in Ireland, whenever it does take place, will not be an ordinary one. The armies will regard each other not as soldiers, but as deadly enemies. Who, then, are to blame for this? The United Irishmen, who set the question afloat, or the English Government and their partisans, the Irish gentry, who resist it? If independence be good for a country as liberty for an individual, the question will be soon decided. Why does England so pertinaciously resist our independence? Is it for love of us—is it because *she* thinks *we* are better as we are? That single argument, if it stood alone, should determine every honest Irishman. But, it will be said, the United Irishmen extend their views farther; they go now to a distribution of property, and an agrarian law. I know not whether they do or no. I am sure in June, 1795, when I was forced to leave the country, they entertained no such ideas. If they have since taken root among them, the Irish gentry may accuse themselves. Even then they made themselves parties in the business: not content with disdaining to hold communication with the United Irishmen, they were among the foremost of their persecutors; even those who were pleased to denominate themselves patriots were more eager to vilify, and, if they could, to degrade them, than the most devoted and submissive slaves of the English Government. What wonder if the leaders of the United Irishmen, finding themselves not only deserted, but attacked by those who, for every reason, should have been their

supporters and fellow-labourers, felt themselves no longer called upon to observe any measures with men only distinguished by the superior virulence of their persecuting spirit? If such men, in the issue, lose their property, they are themselves alone to blame, by deserting the first and most sacred of duties—the duty to their country. They have incurred a wilful forfeiture by disdaining to occupy the station they might have held among the People, and which the People would have been glad to see them fill; they left a vacancy to be seized by those who had more courage, more sense, and more honesty; and not only so, but by this base and interested desertion they furnished their enemies with every argument of justice, policy, and interest, to enforce the system of confiscation. Besides, if the United Irishmen succeed, there is no rational man can doubt but that a very short period will suffice to do away the evils inseparable from a contest; and that in seven years or less, after the independence of Ireland is established, when she can apply all her energy to cultivate her natural resources—her trade, commerce, agriculture, and manufactures will be augmented to a degree amply sufficient to recompense her for the sacrifices she will be undoubtedly obliged to make in order to purchase her liberty. The example of America is an evidence of this truth; and England knows it well; it is one reason why she is so eager in the contest. On the other hand, if the English party succeed and the United Irishmen are put down, what will be the consequence to Ireland? Her eternal prostration at the feet of her tyrant without a prospect of ever being able to rise. What, then, is to be said of a faction to whom defeat is extermination, and whose victory would be but the perpetuation of their slavery? At least the United Irishmen have a great and glorious object to terminate their prospect, and which sacrifices almost any means they may take to attain it. The best that can be said in palliation of the conduct of the English party, is that they are content to sacrifice the liberty and independence of their country to the pleasure of revenge, and their own personal security. They see Ireland only in their rent rolls, their places, their patronage, and their pensions. There is not a man among them who, in the bottom of his soul, does not feel that he

is a degraded being in comparison of those whom he brands with the names of incendiaries and traitors. It is this stinging reflection which, amongst other powerful motives, is one of the most active in spurring them on to revenge. Their dearest interests, their warmest passions, are equally engaged. Who can forgive the man that forces him to confess that he is a voluntary slave, and that he has sold for money everything that should be most precious to an honourable heart? that he has trafficked in the liberties of his children and his own, and that he is hired and paid to commit a daily parricide on his country? Yet these are charges which not a man of that infamous caste can deny to himself before the sacred tribunal of his own conscience. At least the United Irishmen, as I have already said, have a grand, a sublime object in view. Their enemies have not as yet ventured, in the long catalogue of their accusations, to insert the charge of interested motives. Whilst that is the case they may be feared and abhorred, but they can never be despised; and I believe there are few men who do not look upon contempt as the most insufferable of all human evils. Can the English faction say as much? In vain do they crowd together, and think by their numbers to disguise or lessen their infamy. The public sentiment, the secret voice of their own corrupt hearts, has already condemned them. They see their destruction rapidly approaching, and they have the consciousness that when they fall no honest man will pity them. "*They shall perish like their own dung; those who have seen them shall say, Where are they?*"

From April 27th to May 17th. Having obtained leave of absence for two decades, I have spent the last twenty days deliciously with my family at Paris. During that time we received a letter from my brother William, dated from Poonah, the 7th of January, 1797, sixteen months ago, at which time he was in health and spirits, being second in command of the infantry of the Peschwa or chief of the Mahratta state, with appointments of 500 rupees a month, which is about £750 sterling a year. I cannot express the pleasure which this account of his success gave us all; great as has been his good fortune it is not superior to his merit. Six years ago he went

to India a private soldier, unknown, unfriended, and unprotected; he had not so much as a letter of introduction; but talents and courage like his were not made to rust in obscurity; he has forced his way to a station of rank and eminence, and I have no doubt that his views and talents are extended with his elevation. The first war in India we shall hear more of him. He complains of never having received a letter from me (his being addressed to James Bell, in Dublin), by which I see that one I wrote to him in June, 1795, when I was on the point of sailing for America, never came to his hands. I wrote to him on the 8th instant, in as clear a manner as I durst venture, mentioning simply that my adventures had been nearly as romantic as his own; that in consequence of my political conduct I had been obliged to go into exile in America, after narrowly escaping with my life from Ireland; that since I had come to France, where, after some time, I had risen to the rank of Adjutant-General, which I then held, and that I thought about one year would settle my fate definitively for good or evil. I desired him to write to me under cover to Mr. G. Meyer, at Mr. Edward Simeon's, Bishopsgate Street, London; and also, in case of meeting an American ship at Bombay, to Mr. Benjamin Franklin Bache, at Philadelphia; this letter, to which everybody added a postscript, I sent to Meyer at Hamburg, to be forwarded to his brother at London, and so by way of the India house to Leonard Jacques, Esq., at Bombay, who is, it seems, William's agent, and to whom he desires Bell to address his answer. It is very uncertain whether my letter will ever reach him, having so many difficulties to encounter in the way, and our name being a suspicious one in the English post-office; at any rate my father, mother, and Bell can write to him with great certainty; so one way or other I am in hopes he will hear of us. His letter was enclosed in one from my mother to Mary, by which I see she and my father are in health and spirits. Two or three days after the receipt of Will's letter we were agreeably surprised by one from poor Arthur, of whom we had no news for a long time, viz., since Mat. parted from him at Philadelphia some time in July last, at which period he spoke of making a voyage to the West Indies, where he had been once already. His letter is dated from

Hamburg, where Meyer had shown him all possible kindness and friendship. We answered it immediately, desiring him to come directly to Paris, where I judge he may arrive in about a month. Poor fellow, he is but sixteen years of age, and what a variety of adventures has he gone through! It is now two years and a half since he and I parted at Philadelphia when I sent him home in the *Susannah*, Captain Baird, to notify to my friends my immediate departure for France. It was a delicate commission for a boy of his age, and he seems to have acquitted himself well of it; at least I have heard no complaint of his indiscretion. When the first arrestations took place in Ireland, in September, 1796, when my dear friend Tom Russell, Neilson, and so many others were arrested in Belfast, those of my friends in Dublin who were in the secret, dreading the possibility of the Government seizing on Arthur, and either by art or menaces wringing it from him, fitted him out and sent him again to America with the consent of my father and mother, who were with reason afraid for his personal safety. In America, where he arrived after my wife and family had sailed for Europe, he met with Mat., and after some little time embarked on board a sloop bound for the West Indies; on his return from this voyage he again met with Mat., who was on the point of sailing for Hamburg in consequence of my instructions. At Philadelphia they parted, and what poor Arthur's adventures have been since I know not. He is, however, safe and sound, having supported himself these two years without assistance from anybody. When I saw him last he was a fine, manly boy with a beautiful countenance. I hope and trust he will do well; if we ever come to have a navy in Ireland he is the very stuff of which to make a *Jean Bart*. I do not yet know what we shall or can do for him, but when he arrives we shall see. Perhaps I may be able to accomplish something, through Admiral Bruix, who is now Minister of the Marine, and with whom I became acquainted at Brest at the time of our last expedition, the nautical part of which he in effect conducted. I see in the papers that Bedout, who commanded the *Indomptable*, on board of which I was embarked, is returned from a cruise in the West Indies, and promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, which his

services have well merited. Perhaps by one or both of these channels I may be able to fix him, especially if Bedout takes a part, as I sincerely hope he may, in the present expedition. I am not superstitious, yet I cannot but remark the singularity of the circumstance that Mary, Mat., Arthur, and myself, with my family, should after such a diversity of strange events be all reassembled in France on the eve of this great expedition, and that precisely at the same time we should have the happiness of hearing from my father and mother, and especially from Will, after a silence of above four years. It is one of the singular traits in the history of our family, and increases the confidence I feel that we shall all meet together yet well and happy. "Which that we may do," &c. &c., as the parson ends his sermon. Well, we shall see.

May 18th. Dined to-day with Adjutant-General Rivaud, Chef d'État-Major *par interim* of the army of England; there were also General Marescot of the Engineers, and Adjutant-Generals Boulant and Dugommier. The last is son to Dugommier, who retook Toulon, and was afterwards killed, commanding the army of the Pyrenees; the dinner was very pleasant; all the war was talked over; the characters of the Generals canvassed, &c. At the battle of Jemappes the French were 50,000, the Austrians 18,000; the French lost 3,500 killed and wounded, every man of whom might have been spared, as the enemy's position could have been turned, in which case they had no choice but to evacuate their redoubts or be taken prisoners. It is to be observed, however, in defence of Dumourier, that it was absolutely necessary at that time to gain a victory in order to raise the credit of the French arms and the spirit of the soldiers, both of which were sunk very low by a succession of unfortunate events. It is certain that Houchard might have taken the Duke of York and his whole army at the time of his famous retreat, or rather flight, from before Dunkirk. There was but one passage open by which he could possibly escape, and Jourdan with his division was within half a league of it when Houchard's orders overtook him, commanding him to halt instantly on pain of immediate destitution. In consequence he was obliged to stop short, and had the mortification to see the English army defile quietly before him, every

man of whom he could have made prisoner. By this account it appears that Houchard at least was justly condemned. On the whole I got over this day pretty well.

May 19th. I do not know what to think of our expedition. It is certain that the whole left wing of the army of England is at this moment in full march back to the Rhine; Buonaparte is God knows where, and the clouds seem thickening more and more in Germany, where I have no doubt Pitt is moving heaven and hell to embroil matters and divert the storm which was almost ready to fall on his head. In the meantime Treilhard, principal negotiator at Rastadt, is elected into the vacant place in the Directory, in the room of François de Neufchateau, and Sieyes goes to Berlin as Ambassador Extraordinary, taking Rastadt in his way. Perhaps we may be able to arrange matters; I look for great things from his talents and activity. The Toulon expedition, of which so much was lately said, is no more spoken of, and the others from Genoa and Civita Vecchia are said to be given up. The fact is, that the gazettes speak in such various and contradictory terms with regard to these expeditions, that it is impossible to make anything out of them. The only conclusion I draw is, that they know nothing whatsoever of the matter. Nearer home, however, there has been an expedition, the failure of which has vexed me, not on account of the importance of the affair—for it was a trifle—but for the sake of example. A flotilla of about thirty gun-boats, under the command of Muskein, an officer who had made himself a reputation in this kind of *petite guerre*, sailed from La Hogue to attack the *Isles Marcou;* he had on board a detachment of the 4th demi-brigade. It appears, however, that on their arrival before the islands, five sail only attacked, and the remainder kept out of the range of fire; in consequence, after a cannonade of three or four hours, the five sail were obliged to fall back, having lost six men killed and fifteen wounded. The outcry is now against Muskein, whose conduct, the wits of La Hogue say, smells not of musk. They have "*made ballads upon him, and sing them to filthy tunes;*" and the report is that he is dismissed, and that Rear-Admiral Lacrosse takes the command. I know Lacrosse, having seen him

in our last expedition, where he commanded *Les Droits de l'homme*, and distinguished himself in an action with two frigates under Sir Edward Pellew, which ended in his driving one of the frigates, and being himself driven, ashore. He is one of the boldest officers in the French navy, and is at this moment confined to his room by a wound which he received in a *rencontre* with General Vandam. But to return to this check. I am sorry for it, principally on two accounts: first, that it may have a bad effect on the spirit of the troops, and perhaps disgust them with maritime expeditions; and, secondly, on the score of reputation. What! may the English well say, you are going to conquer England, and you cannot conquer the Isles Marcou! It is a bad business, take it any way. I wonder will the Directory examine into it? If they do not seriously establish a rigid responsibility in the Marine, it is in vain to think of opposing England by sea. There is a bad spirit existing in that corps, and I see nor hear of any means taken to correct it. "*They do not order this thing better in France.*"

May 20th. During my stay in Paris I read in the English papers a long account from the *Dublin Journal* of a visitation held by the Chancellor in Trinity College, the result of which was the expulsion of nineteen students, and the suspension for three years of my friend Whitley Stokes. His crime was having communicated to Sampson, who communicated to Lord Moira, a paper which he had previously transmitted to the Lord Lieutenant, and which contained the account of some atrocious enormities committed by the British troops in the South of Ireland. Far less than that would suffice to destroy him in the Chancellor's opinion, who, by the by, has had an eye upon him this long time; for I remember he summoned Stokes before the Secret Committee long before I left Ireland. I do not know whether to be vexed or pleased at this event as it regards Whitley; I only wish he had taken his part more decidedly; for, as it is, he is destroyed with one party, and I am by no means clear that he is saved with the other. He, like Parsons and Moira, have either their consciences too scrupulous or their minds too little enlarged to embrace the only line of conduct in times like ours. They must be with the People or against them, and that for

the whole, or they must be content to go down without the satisfaction of serving or pleasing any party. With regard to Stokes, I know he is acting rigidly on principle; for I know he is incapable of acting otherwise; but I fear very much that his very metaphysical unbending purity, which can accommodate itself neither to men, times, nor circumstances, will always prevent his being of any service to his country, which is a thousand pities, for I know no man whose virtues and whose talents I more sincerely reverence. I see only one place fit for him, and, after all, if Ireland were independent, I believe few enlightened Irishmen would oppose his being placed there—I mean at the head of a system of national education. I hope this last specimen of Fitzgibbon's moderation may give him a little of that political energy which he wants; for I have often heard him observe himself that nothing sharpened men's patriotism more than a reasonable quantity of insult and ill-usage; he may now be a living instance, and justify his doctrine by his practice.

May 21st. Rivaud, Chef de l'État-Major, tells me this morning that the English have landed about 10,000 men near Ostend, undoubtedly with a view to bombard it and burn the shipping and small craft preparing there for the expedition. I believe the number must be extremely exaggerated; be that as it may, he says 6,000 French are already collected, and that is more than enough to render a good account of 10,000 English. Championnet commands in that division, and Bessières is in the town, where there is a garrison of about 700 men, which is not by any means enough. If they suffice, however, to prevent the enemy from succeeding by a *coup de main* that will be sufficient; for a very few days will bring together a force which will make the English remember the attack with a vengeance. In the meantime Rivaud has despatched expresses to the Directory and to General Kilmaine, Commander-in-chief. To-morrow will let us know more of the matter.

May 22nd, 23rd. Yesterday passed without any news. To-day the journals announce that the English have attempted to bombard Ostend; that to this effect they landed 4,000 men, who were almost immediately attacked and defeated, the General wounded and

taken, with 2,000 men, besides 300 or 400 killed or wounded, five or six pieces of cannon, and about forty boats. This is all that the journals mention, the news having come by the telegraph. Of course we must wait for the particulars till the next courier. Rivaud, in speaking of this affair to-day, made a remark which I think worth recording. He said the French generals of to-day undoubtedly had not the extent and variety of knowledge of those under the old *régime*, but they made up for that deficiency by superior intrepidity ; and where the chiefs are intrepid, the French soldier, who is intrepidity itself, will always follow them, and undoubtedly beat any troops they meet with. I have no doubt but Rivaud is right. There is a very circumstantial account, in the journal of to-day, of the arrival of Buonaparte at Toulon, which I cannot yet bring myself entirely to credit ; they go so far as to give his speech to the army, which seems, however, to me somewhat apocryphal—at least, if it be genuine, it is not in his best manner. On the whole, I doubt the authenticity of the intelligence, as well as of another article, which comes from Dunkirk, and mentions the English being off that coast with eight sail of the line and 400 transports. That seems to me rather too much ; 400 transports would easily carry 60,000 men, with their horses, stores, and artillery, for so short a passage. That the English are off the coast I well believe, but not in such numbers.

May 24th, 25th. It is certain that Buonaparte is at Toulon, and embarked since the 14th ; his speech, as I suspected, is not as it was given in the last journals. The genuine one I read to-day, and there are two sentences in it which puzzle me completely. In the first, at the beginning of the address, he tells the troops that they form a wing of the army of England ; in the second, towards the end, he reminds them that they have the glory of the French name to sustain in countries and seas the most distant. What does that mean? Is he going after all to India? Will he make a short cut to London by way of Calcutta? I begin foully to suspect it. He has all his *savants* embarked with him, with their apparatus ; that can hardly be for England. As for Egypt, of which so much has been said, I never paid much attention to the

report. If it be for India, I wish to God I were with him ; I might be able to co-operate with Will, and perhaps be of material service; but what would become of my family in my absence? I am in more perplexity at this moment than I have been in since my arrival in France. I have a good mind to write to the Minister at War, or of the Marine, whom I know. Why not to Barras? *Allons!* I will write to Bruix—happy-go-lucky!

May 26th. I have changed my mind, and written this day a letter to General Kilmaine, acquainting him with Will's present situation in India, and offering to go thither if the Government thinks that my services can be useful, requesting secrecy and a speedy answer. I know not how this may turn out. It is a bold measure. My only difficulty is about my family; but if the Directory accepts my offer, I hardly think they will refuse to pay my wife one-half of my appointments during my absence. If they do that, I will go cheerfully, notwithstanding that the age for enterprise is almost over with me. My blood is cooling fast. "*My May of life is falling to the sear, the yellow leaf.*" It would be singular if, after all, I were to go out to India. Twice or thrice already I have narrowly escaped the voyage, and I confess my rage for such an expedition is considerably abated ; nevertheless, under all the circumstances, I have thought it, on due reflection, my duty to make the offer, and it rests now with the Government to decide ; a few days, and I shall probably know the result. In the meantime there is no more question or appearance here of an attempt on England than of one on the moon, and I am in consequence devoured with *ennui.* The last papers bring no further news of Buonaparte and his expedition, which seems to be still at Toulon ; but I see that Admiral Nelson has joined Earl St. Vincent before Cadiz, which will not much facilitate the sortie of the Toulon fleet, in case their destination should be to pass the Straits of Gibraltar. I see also that it was a body of only 300 French, of the 46th and 94th demi-brigades, who defeated the English before Ostend, and made 1,500 prisoners. It was a most brilliant exploit.

May 27th, 28th. The English having appeared in force before Havre, and attempted to throw some bombs into the city, Adjutant-

General Rivaud, Chef de l'État-Major, determined to send me off at a moment's warning to join General Bethencourt, who commands the division. In consequence, having received orders and made up my kit, I set off post, and ran all night.

May 29th. Arrived this morning at Havre about four o'clock. At twelve, waited on General Bethencourt, who received me very politely. This being the Fête de la Victoire, all the officers in garrison accompanied the General to the Municipality, in order to assist at the ceremony. The President made an excellent discourse, full of animosity against the English, which I perceived was most cordially received by the military. In the evening the Spectacle; very bad. On my return home, saw two corvettes working out of the basin, in order to put to sea. God send them well over it. I am lodged in the same hotel where I put up at my first landing in France. How many scenes have I witnessed since!

May 30th. This morning at four o'clock there was a heavy cannonade to the southward, which continued at intervals until ten. The weather is hazy, so that we can see nothing distinctly. I walked out on the batteries three or four times, but could make nothing of it; I fear, however, the worst for our corvettes. Dined with General Bethencourt, and made after dinner the tour of the ramparts with him and Captain Gourege, who commands *l'Indienne*, a 44, now in the basin. He thinks the corvettes are driven ashore. I am as melancholy as a cat upon these news. I see, too, in the papers that the system of persecution goes on without intermission in Ireland; the Government has seized five pieces of cannon at Clarke's, in King Street, and I know not how many pike staves in Bridgefoot Street. I hope sincerely poor Clarke may come to no trouble, for I never can forget his kindness to my father. Altogether, I am devoured this evening by the blue devils, and I must be on the batteries again to-night at ten, being the hour of high water, with General Bethencourt. "*Heigh ho! When as I sat in Babylon! And a thousand fragrant posies.*" *Mercy on me, I have a great mind to cry. Ten at night.* Took a walk alone around the batteries, and delivered to the commandant of the place a message from the General. Home and to bed, where I slept like a top.

May 31*st.* My fears were too true about the corvettes. They fell in with a squadron of five English frigates, and immediately the captain of the *Vesuve*, of thirty-two guns, took fright and ran his ship ashore; his name is l'Eccolier. He fired but two broadsides. His comrade, however, who commanded the *Confiante*, and whose name is Pevrieux, fought his ship in another guess manner; he engaged the *Diamond* within pistol shot for three hours, and it was not until the rest of the squadron were closing fast around him that he ran his ship ashore, where he continued to defend himself for two hours; so that the English could not succeed in their attempt to burn her; but she is dismasted and torn to pieces by their shot. This affair is the more honourable for him, as the *Diamond* carries twenty-four pounders, and his ship twelve pounders. In the meantime there are two corvettes gone, though there are some hopes the *Vesuve* may be got off. All this does not promise violently in favour of the invasion, and indeed the English seem by the papers to have no longer any uneasiness on that score. What will be the result after all, God only knows. Twelve at night; rode out with General Bethencourt, and made the tour of the different posts and batteries. "All's well!" Returned in perfect safety, having met with nothing worse than ourselves. "*Dan caught nothing in his net.*" Laughed immoderately at that foolish quotation as we rode away.

June 1*st.* Read this morning an article in a Paris Journal which astonishes me more than I can express. It states that General Daendels has fled from the Hague, and has been proclaimed a deserter by the Dutch Government. It seems orders were given to arrest him, which he avoided by flying into France, and it is supposed he is now at Paris. The true reason is said to be his having given his opinion too unguardedly on the measures of his Government. This is the whole of the article, and I confess it astonishes me most completely. Judging from my own experience, I would say that Daendels is an honest man and a good citizen, if there is one existing; and I learn by a letter from Lewines, dated May 4th, and which is obscure in some parts, from a prudent caution, that parties run exceedingly high in

Holland, so that I must conclude he is a victim to his principles. Go now and make revolutions! Daendels was obliged to fly to France ten years ago, from the fury of the Orange faction; in his absence he was beheaded in effigy. In 1794 he returned triumphant with Pichegru—another memorable instance of the caprices of fortune—and was appointed to the chief command of the Batavian army. Now, in 1798, he is again obliged to fly to France, with the disgraceful epithet of deserter attached to his name, to avoid, as I conclude from circumstances, the fury of the Democratic party. It is with me a great proof of a man's integrity when, in times of revolution, he is sacrificed alternately by both parties; but certainly what he gains on the score of principle he loses on that of common sense. In order to do any good, with any party, a man must make great sacrifices, not only of his judgment, but what is much worse, I fear of his conscience also. If he cannot bring his mind to this, there is but one line of conduct for him to pursue, which is to quit the field. He is the best politician, and the honestest man, who does the most good to his country and the least evil: for evil there will be, in his despite, and he must be at times himself the instrument thereof, whatever it cost him. He must keep a sort of running account with his conscience, where he is to set off the good against the bad, and if the balance be in his favour, it is all he can expect. This is but a melancholy speculation for a man at the beginning of his political career, but I am afraid that it will be found, in effect, the only practicable one. If ever I am thrown by chance into a political situation, God knows how I may act. Thus far, at least, I have preserved my principles, and therefore I register my opinion beforehand, that I may see how my practice will square with it, in case, as I have already said, that the occasion should ever present itself; of which, at this day, there is very slight appearance indeed. Poor Daendels! I am sincerely sorry for him, and will never give him up on any charge that is not accompanied by an absolute demonstration of his guilt, which I do not apprehend will ever be the case. I see also in the papers that they have begun to arrest the women in Ireland for wearing United Irish rings. Will the men submit to this, or is it humanly possible

for them to resist? I hate to turn my thoughts that way, and avoid it as much as possible. I have already done all that, humanly speaking, I could do to serve my country in France. I can only now wait the event.

June 2nd. Last night walked all round the ramparts, and inspected the state of the works with General Bethencourt. Went the rounds with him, as far as the battery of La Hève, which is above a league from the town, among the rocks, and returned at one this morning. "*How merrily we live that soldiers be!*" All this afternoon there has been a heavy cannonade to the southward, opposite the *Pointe de Dives.* We conjecture it is the flotilla of Muskein, which is endeavouring to return, and having, as we suppose, fallen in with the English, has taken shelter under a little fort of four pieces of cannon at the point. Be that as it may, the fire has continued until an hour after dark. Walked out with the General to the Batterie de la Neige, in order to try an experiment, which did not succeed, for setting fire to the enemy's vessels, by a kind of combustible machine, attached to an eighteen-pound shot. It will never answer. We are not sure that we may not be attacked ourselves to-night. I do not, however, apprehend it.

June 3rd. Last night passed over quietly, but this morning at six the cannonade recommenced at the Pointe de Dives, which is about seven leagues to the southward of this. We can see the fire distinctly from the tower. There are five frigates, which relieve each other alternately, and there are generally three at a time on the poor little fort of four guns: for we see no traces of Muskein's flotilla. At one o'clock, whilst I write this, the fire still continues with great violence, and the fort still holds out. I am astonished it is not torn to pieces long since. *At night.* The fire slackened soon after one, and the tide beginning to ebb, the frigates retired, but a bombketch continued to throw shells, from time to time, till half after two, when she fell off also. All quiet for the rest of the day.

June 4th. Yesterday I received a letter from Adjutant-General Rivaud, informing me that I might return to Rouen when I pleased. I answered it to-day, letting him know that as the enemy continued still before the place, I considered it my duty to remain

until further orders. Nominated the Citizens Fayolles, Captain of Infantry, and Favory, of the Engineers, to be my Adjoints, and despatched the letters of nomination to the Minister at War. So now I am fairly afloat. "*If I had bought me a horse in Smithfield. I were manned, horsed, and wived.*" I had like to have forgotten. This is His Majesty's birthday. (Sings.) "*God save Great George our King.*" I feel myself extremely loyal on the sudden, methinks. Well, "God knows the heart. Many a body says well that thinks ill," &c., &c., &c.

June 5th. Last night went my rounds as Adjutant-General, in all the forms. "*I brought in the boar's head, and quitted me like a man.*" I do not see, myself, that this quotation is extremely apposite; but no matter. I like the idle activity of a military life well enough, and if I were employed in an Irish army, I should make a tolerable good officer; but the difference of the language here is terribly against me. However, I made myself understood at all the outposts, which is sufficient for my purpose. *Vive la République.* I do not know what that sally is for, I am sure. The report in Havre this morning is, that the Toulon fleet has beaten an English squadron in the Mediterranean, and taken four sail of the line. "*Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh.*"

June 6th, 7th, 8th. Citizen Fayolles, my Adjoint, is arrived from Rouen, so I am something more at my ease. Yesterday the enemy appeared before Havre, and from their manœuvres we expected an attack. In consequence all the batteries were manned and the furnaces heated. I was stationed in the Batterie Nationale. About three o'clock in the afternoon they bore down upon us, within two cannon shot; but after some little time, hauled their wind and stood off again; so we were quit for the night. As they passed the battery at the Pointe la Hève they threw about half a dozen shells, to answer as many shot the battery had fired at them, *à toute volée*, but neither the one nor the other did any damage. I saw three of the shells fall in the water, and all the shot. Two of the latter passed very near the bombketch, but the distance was entirely too great, and I wonder the General does not give orders never to fire but at a distance to do mischief. If the enemy waste their powder

foolishly, there is no reason we should waste ours. *Au reste*, it was a fine sight, and I should have enjoyed it more, had it not been for certain "speculations on futurity and the transmigration of souls," which presented themselves to my fancy at times. I defy any man to know whether he is brave or not until he is tried, and I am very far from boasting of myself on that score; but the fact is, and I was right glad of it, that when I found myself at my battery, and saw the enemy bearing right down upon us, and as I thought to begin the cannonade, though I cannot say with truth, that I was perfectly easy, yet neither did I feel at all disconcerted; and I am satisfied, as far as a man in that situation can judge of himself, that I should have done my duty well, and without any great effort of resolution. The crowd and the bustle, the noise, and especially the conviction that the eyes of the cannoniers were fixed on the *chapeau galonné*, settled me at once; it is the etiquette in such cases that the General stands conspicuous on the parapet, whilst the cannoniers are covered by the *épaulement*, which is truly amusing for him that commands. Nevertheless, I have no doubt that it is easier to behave well on the parapet, exposed to all the fire, than in the battery, where the danger is much less. I had time to make all these and divers other wise remarks during my stay; for it was six in the evening before the English stood off; and, on the faith of an honest man, I cannot truly say I was sorry when I saw them decidedly turn their backs. There were eight sail, viz., four frigates, two bombketches, one brig, and one cutter. Huzza! Vive la République! "*Thus far our arms have with success been crowned. For though we have not fought, yet have we found no enemy to fight withal.*" *Huzza! Huzza!*

June 9th to 12th. Yesterday I read in the French papers an account of the acquittal of Arthur O'Connor at Maidstone, and of his being taken instantly into custody again. Undoubtedly Pitt means to send him to Ireland, in hopes of finding there a more complaisant jury. Quigley, the priest, is found guilty; it seems he has behaved admirably well, which I confess was more than I expected; his death redeems him. Alley, Binns, and Leary, the servant, are also acquitted and discharged. O'Connor appears to

have behaved with great intrepidity. On being taken into custody, he addressed the judges, desiring to be sent to the same dungeon with his brother, who, like him, was acquitted of high treason, and, like him, was arrested in the very court. The judge, Buller, answered him coldly that their commission expired when the sentence was pronounced, and that the court could do nothing farther in the business. He was instantly committed. My satisfaction at this triumph of O'Connor is almost totally destroyed by a second article in the same paper, which mentions that Lord Edward Fitzgerald has been arrested in Thomas Street, Dublin, after a most desperate resistance, in which himself, the magistrate, one Swann, and Captain Ryan, who commanded the guard, were severely wounded. I cannot describe the effect which this intelli gence had on me; it brought on, almost immediately, a spasm in my stomach, which confined me all day. I knew Fitzgerald but very little, but I honour and venerate his character, which he has uniformly sustained, and, in this last instance, illustrated. What miserable wretches by his side are the gentry of Ireland! I would rather be Fitzgerald, as he is now, wounded in his dungeon, than Pitt at the head of the British Empire. What a noble fellow! Of the first family in Ireland, with an easy fortune, a beautiful wife, and family of lovely children, the certainty of a splendid appointment under Government, if he would condescend to support their measures, he has devoted himself wholly to the emancipation of his country, and sacrificed everything to it, even to his blood. My only consolation is the hope that his enemies have no capital charge against him, and will be obliged to limit their rage to his imprisonment. The city and county of Dublin are proclaimed, and under martial law. When I combine this with the late seizure of cannon at Clarke's, I am strongly inclined to think that Fitzgerald was organising an attack on the capital. Poor fellow! He is not the first Fitzgerald who has sacrificed himself to the cause of his country. There is a wonderful similarity of principle and fortune between him and his ancestor Lord Thomas, in the reign of Henry VII., who lost his head on Tower Hill for a gallant but fruitless attempt to recover the independence of Ireland. God

send the catastrophe of his noble descendant be not the same. I dread everything for him, and my only consolation is in speculations of revenge. If the blood of this brave young man be shed by the hand of his enemies, it is no ordinary vengeance which will content the People, whenever the day of retribution arrives. I cannot express the rage I feel at my own helplessness at this moment; but what can I do? Let me if possible think no more; it sets me half mad.

June 13th. Yesterday evening, about six o'clock, the enemy approached again almost within random shot of the batteries. They were immediately manned, and the furnaces heated, but the enemy keeping a cautious distance, nothing ensued. We fired two or three shot from the Batterie du Nord, but observing they fell short, we ceased firing; the enemy did not return one gun, and stood off at eight. This morning, at eight o'clock, I was roused by two or three guns; I dressed myself in a hurry and ran to the batteries, where I arrived before the cannoniers, or any of my comrades: the enemy were, as the evening before, something more than a random shot from the line. The gunboats had opened their fire, but to no effect; of at least one hundred shot, not one reached aboard, though the guns were admirably pointed. By what I can observe, we always begin to fire a great deal too soon. They complain here that the English powder is better than the French, in the proportion of near two to one. Yet we fire on them at full one-third more than the distance. We fired two or three shot from the batteries merely to show the gunboats that we were there to support them, but without any expectation of reaching the enemy, who all this time never condescended to return us one gun. After about half an hour the fire ceased, and the enemy stood off. I do not well conceive the object of these two visits last night and this morning. It is now eleven a.m., and we expect them again with the evening tide; maybe then we shall see something. I have been running over in my mind the list of my friends and of the men whom, without being so intimately connected with them, I most esteem. Scarcely do I find one who is not or has not been in exile or prison, and in jeopardy of his life. To begin with, Russell

and Emmet, the two dearest of my friends, at this moment in prison on a capital charge. MacNeven and J. Sweetman, my old fellow-labourers in the Catholic cause; Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur and Roger O'Connor, whom, though I know less personally, I do not less esteem; Sampson, Bond, Jackson and his son, still in prison; Robert and William Simms, the men in the world to whose friendship I am most obliged, but just discharged; Neilson, Haslitt, McCracken the same; McCormick, absconded; Rowan and Dr. Reynolds in America; Lewines, Tennant, Lowry, Hamilton, Teeling, Tandy, &c., and others, with whom I have little or no acquaintance, but whom I must presume to be victims of their patriotism, not to speak of my own family in France, Germany, and elsewhere. Stokes disgraced on suspicion of virtue. It is a gloomy catalogue for a man to cast his eyes over. Of all my political connections I see but John Keogh who has escaped, and how he has had that inconceivable good fortune is to me a miracle. —*Ten at night.* I have been these two hours at the batteries, but the enemy keeps at a most prudent distance. It is downright wearying to be in continual expectation of an attack, and I begin to lose my patience. To-night I was almost sure we should have had a brush, but it ended in nothing. Confound them, they tease me; "*my soul's in arms, and eager for the fray,*" and the enemy won't indulge me, which is unkind. It is not that I thirst unreasonably for their destruction; for I am like Parson Adams, "*I would not have the blood, even of the wicked upon me.*" Apropos, I should remark that the cannoniers of the town show the greatest zeal; they were this morning the first on the batteries, and I remarked among them several *collets noirs* (royalists), who seemed to desire nothing better than to begin the cannonade. The fact is, that the French are a most intrepid people, and I forgive the *jeunes gens* a great deal of their frivolity and nonsense in favour of their courage. For my part I was on my parapet, and I could not help laughing at my own wit, or rather Sheridan's, in a bright quotation I made from Acres, in the "Rivals": "*Oh, that I were at Clodhall now, or that I could be shot before I was aware!*" *Allons!* Courage! Vive la République!

June 14th, 15th, 16th. Last night, at the *Comédie*, I had a conversation with General Kilmaine, who has been here these two days, which did not much encourage me on the present posture of our affairs. He began on the subject of my letter of the 26th of May, offering to go to India. He said he had not answered it, because the Directory not having communicated to him the object of the Toulon expedition, if he had made the offer, on my part, it would have looked as if he were fishing for information; but, at the same time, he would keep it in his mind, and mention it if he saw a fit occasion. I told him it was not a thing that I pressed, or wished to give for more than it was worth; my object was merely to inform the Government that, if nothing were likely to be done in Europe, and an attempt were to be made in India, if they thought that, under the circumstances, my services could be of any use, I was ready to go in twenty-four hours. General Kilmaine answered, that a short time would let us see the object of Buonaparte's plan; that, in the meantime, there was a supplementary armament preparing at Toulon, of two ships of the line, with some frigates and transports, and if it were destined for India we would then see what was to be done. This conversation naturally introduced the subject of the grand expedition against England or Ireland, of which, from Kilmaine's report, I do not see the smallest probability. The Marine is in a state of absolute nullity; the late Minister, Pléville le Peley, towards the end of his ministry, had disarmed all the ships of the line, so that, when he was pressed by the Directory, it appeared that nothing was ready, and, in consequence, after about a month's shuffling, he was obliged to resign. I mentioned that I had better hopes of the present Minister, Bruix, who, besides being a man of acknowledged talents and activity, was in a certain degree bound in honour to try the expedition, having taken so active a part in conducting the last, and been even indirectly implicated by his enemies in its failure, which ought naturally to pique him to make the greatest exertions. Kilmaine said, "That was all true; but what could Bruix do? In the first place, he had no money; in the next, the arsenals of Brest were empty, and what stores they had in other ports they could

not convey thither from the superiority of the naval force of the enemy, which kept everything blocked up ; finally, that of fourteen sail of the line, now in the port of Brest, there were but three in a state to put to sea ; that the Government, towards the end of Pléville le Peley's ministry, being apparently uninformed of the real state of the Marine, had ordered him (Kilmaine) to have the army prepared, in consequence of which he had marched about 17,000 men towards the coast, where they still remained, viz., six demi-brigades of infantry, one regiment of dragoons, one of hussars, and one of chasseurs, besides the artillery, but that there was no manner of appearance of anything being done by the Marine." All this is as bad as can be. I then asked whether he could tell me the determination of the Government with regard to the cadres of regiments formed by General Hoche for the last expedition, and whether the Irishmen now in Paris were to be employed in them ? He said he had spoken of it twenty times to the Directors ; that, in fact, the existence of those cadres was authorised by no law, and if there was any question about them, the consequence would be their immediate suppression ; that, if the expedition took place, the matter would be managed ; but, in the meantime, nothing could be done, the constitution being express against employing foreigners, and that jealousy carried so far that the Directory were obliged to refuse the offer of a regiment of hussars made to them by the Cisalpines, which fact I remember myself, and, in truth, cannot blame the French for adopting a principle so reasonable in itself. I then mentioned that the situation of those young men now in Paris was very painful, and that I was afraid, if something were not done in their behalf, they would be reduced to great difficulties. He said he felt all that ; at the same time, the conduct of many of the Irish in Paris was such as to reflect credit neither on themselves nor their country. That there was nothing to be heard of amongst them but denunciations, and if every one of them, separately, spoke truth, all the rest were rascals. At the same time there was one thing in their favour : hitherto they had asked nothing for themselves, which in some degree saved their credit—except one, named

O'Finn, who appeared in the light of a mere adventurer; that Tandy had also applied for assistance, and that he (Kilmaine), believing the poor old man to be in distress, had signed a paper to the Minister at War, requesting he might be employed. I answered that I was heartily sorry for the account he gave me of the conduct of our countrymen, which I had some reason to believe he had not exaggerated, having been denounced myself more than once for no other offence, as I believe in my conscience, than the rank I held in the French army, which caused heartburnings amongst them; that the misfortune was that they came into France with their ideas mounted too high, from having had a certain degree of influence among the people at home, and finding themselves absolutely without any in France, their tempers were soured and their ill-humour vented itself in accusations of each other. I then took occasion to ask the General whether, in the worst event, of a general peace, leaving Ireland under the British yoke, he thought the French Government would do anything for the Irish patriots, who had suffered so much in their cause, and who, by the number of men they employed, and the quantity of money they had cost England, had served as a powerful diversion in favour of the Republic, without putting her to the expense of one shilling, and I mentioned the example of England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, who had received with open arms, and given all possible encouragement to the French Protestants with far less reason than in the present instance. The General answered, "that in the event I mentioned, he had no doubt but the French Government would give every possible encouragement to the Irish refugees." I then observed to him that I had been thinking whether the islands in the Gulf of Venice, Corfu, &c., did not offer a convenient occasion for affording a settlement, and especially as their destiny was yet unsettled—at the same time, that I merely threw it out as a hint for him to think of, having myself no definite ideas on the subject. He said he would turn it in his mind, and so our conversation ended. All this is as discouraging as it can well be. I am sworn not to despair. It is my motto, but if it were not for that I know not what I should do to-day. It is now twenty-eight days since

Buonaparte sailed from Toulon, and the only certain news we have from the Mediterranean is that Lord St. Vincent's fleet has been reinforced by six sail of the line from England, and four from Portugal (these last Portuguese); that he has left eighteen sail to blockade Cadiz, and has passed the Straits of Gibraltar with sixteen sail, of course his prime vessels; if that be so, and he falls in with the French fleet of thirteen sail, encumbered with a large convoy, there is an end of the Toulon expedition, even supposing, what I hardly think possible, that the French, with that inferiority, should not be utterly defeated. It is dreadful. I should have observed in its place that General Kilmaine told me that denunciations of the Irish had even reached the Government, and had of course lowered the nation in their esteem; he added that Lewines, however, was not implicated, of which I am heartily glad. I did not ask him how it was with regard to myself.

June 17th, 18th. The news I have received this morning, partly by the papers and partly by letters from my wife and brother, are of the last importance. As I suspected, the brave and unfortunate Fitzgerald was meditating an attack on the capital, which was to have taken place a few days after that on which he was arrested. He is since dead in prison; his career is finished gloriously for himself, and whatever be the event, his memory will live for ever in the heart of every honest Irishman. He was a gallant fellow. For us, who remain as yet, and may perhaps soon follow him, the only way to lament his death is to endeavour to revenge it. Among his papers, it seems, was found the plan of the insurrection, the proclamation intended to be published, and several others, by which those of the leaders of the People, who have thus far escaped, have been implicated, and several of them seized. Among others I see Tom Braughall, Lawless, son of Lord Cloncurry, Curran, son of the Barrister, Chambers and P. Byrne, printers, with several others whom I cannot recollect. All this, including the death of the brave Fitzgerald, has, it appears, but accelerated matters; the insurrection has formally commenced in several counties of Leinster, especially Kildare and Wexford; the details in the French papers are very imperfect, but I see there have been

several actions. At Monastereven, Naas, Clane, and Prosperous, the three last immediately in my ancient neighbourhood, there have been skirmishes generally, as is at first to be expected, to the advantage of the army; at Prosperous the Cork militia were surprised and defeated. The villains—to bear arms against their country! Killcullen is burnt; at Carlow four hundred Irish, it is said, were killed; at Castledermot fifty; in return, in county Wexford, where appears to be their principal force, they have defeated a party of six hundred English, killed three hundred and the Commander, Colonel Walpole, and taken five pieces of cannon. This victory, small as it is, will give the people courage, and show them that a red coat is no more invincible then a grey one. At Rathmines there has been an affair of cavalry where the Irish had the worst, and two of their leaders named Ledwich and Keogh were taken, and I presume immediately executed. I much fear that the last is Cornelius, eldest son to my friend, J. Keogh, and a gallant lad; if it be so I shall regret him sincerely; but how many other valuable lives must be sacrificed before the fortune of Ireland be decided! Dr. Esmonde and eight other gentlemen of my county have been hanged; at Nenagh the English whip the most respectable inhabitants till their blood flows into the kennel. The atrocious barbarity of their conduct is only to be excelled by the folly of it; never yet was a rebellion, as they call it, quelled by such means. The eighteen thousand victims sacrificed by Alva in the Low Countries in five years and on the scaffold did not prevent the establishment of the liberty of Holland. From the blood of every one of the martyrs of the liberty of Ireland will spring, I hope, thousands to revenge their fall. In all this confusion of events there is one circumstance which looks well. The English Government publish latterly no detailed accounts, but say, in general, that all goes well, and that a few days will suffice to extinguish the rebellion; at the same time they are fortifying the pigeon house in Dublin in order to secure a retreat for the Government in case of the worst, which does not savour extremely of the immediate extinction of the rebellion. These are all the details I recollect, and they are of the last importance. What will the French Government do in the present crisis?

After all their aid appears to be indispensable ; for the Irish have no means but numbers and courage—powerful and indispensable instruments, it is true, but which, after all, require arms and ammunition, and I fear they are but poorly provided with either. They have an army of at least 60,000 disciplined men to deal with ; for, to their immortal disgrace and infamy, the militia and yeomanry of Ireland concur with the English to rivet their country's chains and their own ; and, to my great mortification, I see some of my old friends in the number; Griffith and his yeomen, for example, in county Kildare, and Plunket in the House of Commons. They may yet be sorry for this base prostitution of their character and talents. If ever the day of retribution arrives, as arrive I think it must, they will fall unpitied victims, and thousands of other parricides like them, to the just fury of the People, which it will be impossible to restrain. What must I do now? General Bethencourt returns this evening ; the English seem to have given up all idea of an attack on this port, so I may go with honour. I will apply for an order to join General Kilmaine at Rouen, and when we are there we will see farther.

June 19th. This evening at five set off for Rouen, having taken leave of General Bethencourt last night, who loaded me with civilities. Arrived at five in the evening and met General Rivaud. General Kilmaine is also arrived ; so I shall see him to-morrow. General Grouchy, who commanded the *Armée expéditionnaire* in Bantry Bay, and to whom I was much attached, is also here. I had written him a letter two days ago from Havre to felicitate him on his appointment to the command of the cavalry of the army of England. Rivaud tells me he was delighted to hear I was employed, and intended to apply for me to be his Adjutant-General, of which I am very glad, for a variety of reasons. I will call on him and on the General-in-chief to-morrow morning. No news yet of the Toulon expedition—it is inconceivable!

June 20th. To-day is my birthday. I am thirty-five years of age : more than half the career of my life is finished, and how little have I yet been able to do. Well, it has not been, at least, for want of inclination, and, I may add, of efforts! I had hopes two years

ago that, at the period I write this, my debt to my country would have been discharged, and the fate of Ireland settled for good or evil. To-day it is more uncertain than ever. I think, however, I may safely say I have neglected no step to which my duty called me, and, in that conduct, I will persist to the last. Called this morning on General Grouchy—I find him full of ardour for our business ; he has read all the details and talks of going to Paris in two or three days to press the Directory upon that subject. His idea is to try an embarkation aboard the corvettes and privateers of Nantes ; on which, he thinks, at least 3,000 men with 20,000 muskets can be stowed, and he speaks as if he meant to apply for the command of this little armament. What would I not give that he should succeed in the application ! I once endeavoured to be of service to General Grouchy when I saw him unjustly misrepresented after our return from Bantry Bay, and he does not seem to have forgotten it ; for nothing could be more friendly and affectionate than his reception of me to-day. We talked over the last expedition. He said he had shed tears of rage and vexation fifty times since at the recollection of the opportunity of which he had been deprived ; and there was one thing which he would never pardon in himself—that he did not seize Bouvet by the collar and throw him overboard the moment he attempted to raise a difficulty as to the landing. He also mentioned his intention to apply for me to be his Adjutant-General, of which I am very glad, and added that, as he believed he would have the command of the fourth division of the army of England, besides his command of the cavalry in which Nantes was included, in case the Government relished his offer, he would be at hand to execute our plan, making, at the same time, a great parade at Brest and elsewhere, to divert the attention of the enemy. In short, he shows the same zeal and ardour in our cause that I had occasion to remark in him during the late expedition ; and I look on it as a fortunate circumstance for me to be attached to him. From General Grouchy I went to visit the General-in-chief, Kilmaine, and mentioned to him that, under the circumstances especially as there was no appearance of any event at Havre, I had thought it my duty to return near him to receive his orders. He

said I did very right, but he was sorry at the same time to tell me that he was much afraid the Government would do nothing; and he read me a letter from the Minister of Marine which he had received this very morning, mentioning that, in consequence of the great superiority of the naval force of the enemy, and difficulty of escaping from any of the ports during the fine season, the Directory were determined to adjourn the measure until a more favourable occasion. I lost my temper at this, and told him that if the affair was adjourned it was lost. The present crisis must be seized, or it would be too late; that I could hardly hope the Irish, unprovided as they were of all that was indispensable for carrying on a war, could long hold out against the resources of England, especially if they saw France make no effort whatsoever to assist them; that, thus far, they had been devoted to the cause of France, for which, if they had not been able to do much, at least they had sufficiently suffered; but who could say or expect that this attachment would continue if, in the present great crisis, they saw themselves abandoned to their own resources; that now was the moment to assist them: in three months it might be too late, and the forces then sent, if the Irish were overpowered in the meantime, find themselves unsupported, and, in their turn, be overpowered by the English. General Kilmaine answered that he saw all that as well as I did; but what could he do? He had pressed the Directory again and again on the subject, but they were afraid to incur the charge of sacrificing a handful of the troops of the Republic, and would not try the enterprise except on a grand scale. He then showed me two different plans he had prepared, the one for an embarkment of 17,500 men, the second for about 9,500, both of which he had sent by his aide-de-camp to Paris, and expected his return. I answered that I should be heartily glad that either one or the other were adopted, but that I saw infinite difficulties in the way, and had always been of opinion that 5,000 men that could be sent were better than 50,000 that could not. I added that one demi-brigade of light infantry, with two or three companies of light artillery at this moment, might be better than 20,000 men in six months. He shook his head and replied he was morally certain the Directory would

attempt nothing on so small a scale. He then gave me the French papers, and after settling to dine with him, we parted. I see in the papers, first of all, the safe arrival of my friend, General Hédouville, at St. Domingo, of which I am sincerely glad; for I shall never forget his kindness to me on my return to Paris after the death of General Hoche—poor Hoche! It is now that we feel the loss of his friendship and influence! If he were alive he would be in Ireland in a month, if he went only with his État-Major in a fishing boat. I fear, after all, we shall not easily meet with his fellow. I see, likewise, that my friend Daendels is returned in triumph to the Hague, where he has smashed the Dutch Directory like a pipe stalk, dissolved the Government, and framed a new one, at the head of which he is himself. All this certainly, with the approbation of the French Government, and, as it appears, with that of the Dutch people also. Charles De la Croix, who was the support of the late Dutch Directory, is recalled, and General Joubert, who was of the opposite party, continued in the command of the French troops in Holland. I do not see my way clearly in all these movements; however, I have the best opinion possible of Daendels, and, to say the truth, my anxiety for Ireland at this moment leaves me very little leisure or inclination to think of the politics of other countries. Quigley has been executed, and died like a hero! If ever I reach Ireland, and that we establish our liberty, I will be the first to propose a monument to his memory; his conduct, at the hour of his death, clears everything "*Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it.*" Poor Pamela—she is in London, which she has been ordered to quit in three days. The night of her husband's arrestation she was taken in labour, and—will it be believed hereafter?—not one physician could be found in Dublin hardy enough to deliver her. The villains! the pusillanimous and barbarous scoundrels! It was a lady, who was not even of her acquaintance, that assisted her in her peril. I do not think there is a parallel instance of inhumanity in the annals of mankind. She is said to be inconsolable for the death of Fitzgerald. I well believe it—beautiful and unfortunate creature! Well, if Ireland triumphs she shall have her full share of the victory and of the vengeance.

There is also, under the head of Waterford, 2nd of June, an article which gives me the highest satisfaction, inasmuch as it proves that, notwithstanding the death, exile, and arrestation of so many leaders of the Irish, enough are still at large to conduct their affairs and give them a consistency which I was afraid they wanted. It is an extract from the proclamation of the Supreme Committee, as it is called in the French papers, consisting of three articles. The first invites all Irishmen, absent from their native country, to return instantly, or, if that be impossible, to transmit all succour in their power, in money or otherwise, in order to assist their countrymen in throwing off the yoke of English tyranny. The second enjoins all Irishmen in the British service to quit it instantly under pain of forfeiting their rights as Irish citizens. All Irish in the British service, now employed in Ireland, who shall be taken with arms in their hands, to be shot instantly. The third is a solemn promise to recompense all soldiers and seamen who abandon the enemy to join the standard of their country: all ships brought in to be the property of the captors, and preference to be given in the distribution of the national property to such as shall act in conformity with the present proclamation. These three articles are of the highest importance, as they show the existence of something like regular authority among the Irish. It is curious that they are contained almost verbatim in the memorial I delivered to the Executive Directory two years ago. (*Vide Second Memorial, Articles* 2, 3, 4.) I am anxious to see the effect this will produce. It is later in date than any Irish news I have yet seen. The militia have thus far, as well as the yeomanry, to their eternal degradation, supported the enemy. If the Irish can hold out till winter I have every reason to hope that the French will assist them effectually. All I dread is that they may be overpowered before that time. What a state my mind is in at this moment! In all this business I do not see one syllable about the North, which astonishes me more than I can express. Are they afraid? Have they changed their opinions? What can be the cause of their passive submission, at this moment, so little suited to their former zeal and energy? I remember what Digges said to Russell and me five or six years ago: "If ever the South

is roused I would rather have one Southern than twenty Northerns." Digges was a man of great sense and observation. He was an American, and had no local or provincial prejudices. Was he right in his opinion? A very little time will let us see. If it should prove so, what a mortification to me, who have so long looked up with admiration to the North, and especially to Belfast! It cannot be that they have changed their principles; it must be that circumstances render all exertions on their part as yet impossible.

June 20th to 30th. Having determined to set off for Paris, in consequence of the late news from Ireland, I got leave of absence for a fortnight from General Kilmaine. My Adjoint, Citizen Favory, called on me the next morning after my arrival to inform me that the Minister of War had despatched an order for me to come to Paris in all haste. I waited upon him in consequence. He told me it was the Minister of Marine who had demanded me, and gave me at the same time a letter of introduction for him.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LAST EFFORT; TONE'S DEATH.

BY TONE'S SON.[1]

IN order to give a clear and full narrative of the third and last expedition for the deliverance of Ireland, it will be necessary to ascend somewhat higher. When Carnot, the only able and honest man in the Councils of the Directory, was proscribed, and when General Hoche died, the friends of a revolution in that Island lost every chance of assistance from France. Those two great statesmen and warriors, earnest in the cause, of which they perceived the full importance to the interests of their country, and to the extension of Republican principles, had planned the expeditions of Bantry Bay, and of the Texel, on the largest and most effective scale which the naval resources of France and Holland could afford. The former failed partly by the misconduct of the navy, and partly by the indecision of Grouchy, of that honest but wavering man who twice held the fate of Europe in his hands, at Bantry Bay and at Waterloo, and twice let it slip through them, from want

[1] [William Theobald Wolfe Tone, Tone's eldest child (there were in all three children, a daughter, who died in 1804, aged sixteen, and a younger son, who died in 1806, aged fourteen), was born in Dublin in 1791. In 1810 he became a cadet in the Imperial School of Cavalry at St. Germains, and in 1813 joined the Grand Army in Germany, being then a sub-lieutenant in the 8th regiment of Chasseurs. He was at the battles of Löwenberg, Goldberg. Dresden, Baützen, Mühlberg, Acken, and Leipzig. On Buonaparte's fall he left the French service, settled in New York, and became a captain in the United States army. In 1825 he married the daughter of William Sampson (*ante*), and in 1827 left the army. In 1828 he died of consumption, leaving one child, a daughter. His daughter and widow were living in New York in 1858.—ED.]

WILLIAM THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

from a drawing by Mrs Tone

of resolution. The second failed only through the fault of the elements.

On the death of Hoche, the French Government recalled, to succeed him, the most illustrious of their warriors ; he who afterwards wielded the destinies of Europe, and who then, under the name of General Buonaparte, was already acknowledged the first Commander of the age : and yet it was an age fertile in great chiefs. But he who, before the age of thirty, had already achieved the immortal campaigns of Italy ; subdued that beautiful country ; founded one Republic (the Cisalpine), and extinguished another (Venice) ; humbled the power of Austria, and compelled her, by his private authority, to liberate Lafayette from the dungeons of Olmutz, and acknowledge the French Republic by the treaty of Campo Formio, was more than a mere General. It is, however, with extreme reluctance that I feel myself called upon, by the nature of my subject, to point out any errors in the conduct of the sovereign, chief, and benefactor under whom I bore my first arms and received my first wounds ; of him who decorated me with the insignia of the legion of honour, and whom I served with constant fidelity and devotion to the last moment of his reign. But the imperious voice of truth compels me to attribute to the influence and prejudices of General Buonaparte, at that period, the prime cause of the failure of the third expedition for the liberation of Ireland.

The loss of Hoche was irreparable to the Irish cause. Although he died in the prime of his youth—and his deeds, eclipsed by those of his still greater rival, are now nearly forgotten—at that period they were competitors in glory, and formed two opposite parties in the army. The Generals and officers of the two Schools continued, for a long time, to view each other with dislike. Both these great men were ambitious ; both eager for their personal fame, and for that of France, and bent on raising her to an unequalled rank amongst nations. But Hoche was an ardent and sincere Republican ; he could sacrifice his own hopes and prospects to the cause of liberty, as he nobly proved, when he resigned to Daendels the command of the Texel expedition. Buonaparte always associated in his mind the power of France and his own aggrandisement ; nor

could he be satisfied with *her* being raised to the pinnacle of power and prosperity, unless *he* was the guide of her march and the ruler of her destinies. Admirably formed by nature for a great administrator and organiser, he meditated already in his mind those vast creations which he afterwards accomplished, and which required an unlimited authority for their execution; he loved the prompt obedience and regulated order of absolute power, and felt a secret dislike to the tumultuous and wavering conflicts of a Republican Government, whose energy is so frequently counteracted by the disunion of its parties, and the necessity of persuading instead of commanding. In short, he never was a Republican. This feeling he could scarcely disguise, even then, when it was most necessary to conceal it; for no man who ever rose to such power, perhaps, ever made so little use of dissimulation. Stern, reserved, and uncommunicative, he repelled with haughty disdain the advances of the Jacobins; and the Emperor Napoleon, the future sovereign and conqueror, might already be discerned in the plain and austere General of the Republic.

But circumstances, at this precise period, rendered that conduct the best which he could pursue. The enthusiasm of democracy was extinct in France; the People were weary of the successive revolutions which had placed so many weak and worthless characters at the head of affairs, and longed for the firm hand and the bit and bridle of a ruler. The mean and rapacious members of the Directory, who, in expelling their colleague Carnot, had driven all credit and respectability from their councils, sought support, and thought to make this young and popular chief their instrument. He was courted by every party. He felt, however, the public pulse, and judged that a premature attempt would be hopeless. It was then that, giving up, for the moment, his designs in Europe, he began to meditate a brilliant project for his personal glory and aggrandisement in the East; a plan to regenerate those regions, and be the founder of a new Empire, by means of the victorious arms of France. This plan was only defeated by the battle of the Nile, and the resistance of St. John d'Acre.

To the enterprise against Ireland, the favourite object of Hoche,

and to prosecute which he was ostensibly recalled, he felt a secret but strong repugnance. Though the liberation of that country might prostrate, for ever, the power of England, and raise the Republic to the pinnacle of fortune (a circumstance for which he did not yet wish, as it would render his services needless), it offered no prospects of aggrandisement to him; it strengthened that Republican cause which he disliked, and the principles of the Irish leaders, when he investigated the business, appeared to him too closely allied to those of the Jacobins. Neither did he ever sufficiently appreciate the means and importance of that country; his knowledge of it, as may be seen in my father's memoirs, was slight and inaccurate. The Directors, who began to fear him, and wished to get rid of him, entered willingly into his views, when he proposed to use this expedition only as a cover, and direct their real efforts to the invasion of Egypt. It is asserted that he said, on the occasion, "What more do you desire from the Irish? You see that their movements already operate a powerful diversion." Like every selfish view, I think this was a narrow one. The two most miserable and oppressed countries of Europe always looked up to Napoleon for their liberation. He never gratified their hopes; yet, by raising Ireland, he might have crushed for ever the power of England, and, by assisting Poland, placed a curb on Russia. He missed both objects, and finally fell under the efforts of Russia and of England. And it may be observed, as a single retribution, that an Irishman commanded the army which gave the last blow to his destinies.

When my father was presented to him, and attached to his army as Adjutant-General, he received him with cold civility, but entered into no communications. His plans were already formed. Ostensibly a great force was organised on the Western Coasts of France, under the name of the Army of England; but the flower of the troops were successively withdrawn and marched to the Mediterranean; the eyes of Europe were fixed on these operations, but, from their eccentricity, their object could not be discovered. My father, despatched, as may be seen in his Journals, to headquarters at Rouen, and employed in unimportant movements on the coast, in the

bombardment of Havre, &c., heard, with successive pangs of disappointment, that Buonaparte had left Paris for the South; that he had arrived at Toulon; that he had embarked and sailed with a powerful expedition in the beginning of June. But his destination remained as mysterious as ever. General Kilmaine was left in command of the disorganised relics of the army of England, from whence all the best troops were withdrawn. That officer, an Irishman by birth, and one of the bravest Generals of the army of Italy, whose cavalry he commanded in the preceding campaigns, was, from the shattered state of his health and constitution, unfit to conduct any active enterprise.

When Buonaparte departed from the coast of France all fortune and conduct seemed to disappear with him from the councils of the Republic. The Directors were neither cruel nor bloody, like the Government which had preceded them. But the Jacobins, though they might well be feared and hated, could not be despised. The rapacity of the Directors disgusted all the friends and allies of France; their prodigality wasted its resources—their weakness encouraged its internal enemies — their improvidence and incapacity disorganised its armies and fortresses, and left them defenceless against the reviving efforts of adversaries who were humbled, but not subdued. Suwarrow and Prince Charles soon turned the fate of arms; Austria re-entered the lists; and, in the short space of about two years, the very existence of that Republic which Hoche and Napoleon had left triumphing and powerful, was in jeopardy, her conquests were gone, her treasury was empty, her armies were naked, disorganised, and flying on all sides. Such was the state of France when the Conqueror of Egypt returned to save and restore it.

In the meantime the Irish Cabinet succeeded in its infernal purpose of driving the People to premature insurrection. The leaders of the United Irishmen had organised a plan for a general rising. But traitors were found in their councils; they were all arrested; the gallant Lord Edward Fitzgerald killed, and the capital secured. Nevertheless, the exasperated peasantry in Kildare, Carlow, and some districts in the North, rose in arms

against the intolerable excesses of the soldiery quartered upon them. But these partial insurrections of naked crowds, without arms or leaders, without union or concert, which my father had so often deprecated, could lead to no result. They were successively crushed by the overpowering forces directed against them, and the reign of terror was established without check or limitation. The state of France, in the worst days of Robespierre, was never more prostrate, nor did its government pursue its bloody measures with a more unsparing hand. The whole population were abandoned to the absolute discretion of an infuriated, licentious, and undisciplined soldiery; the meanest agents of authority exercised a power without control; individuals were half-hanged, whipped, and picketed, to extort confession, without trial, in the very capital, in the courts of the castle, and under the roof of the Viceroy; the country blazed with nightly conflagrations, and resounded with the shrieks of torture; neither age nor sex were spared, and the bayonets of the military drove men, women, and children, naked and houseless, to starve in the bogs and fastnesses; those who trusted to the faith of capitulations were surrounded and slaughtered by dragoons in the very act of laying down their arms; and no citizen, however innocent or inoffensive, could deem himself secure from informers.

The noble resistance of the small county of Wexford deserves to be particularly noticed. It was such as to alarm for a moment the Irish Government about the success of their measures. That little district, comprising about 150,000 souls, surrounded by the sea and mountains, and secluded from the rest of the Island, had imbibed but a small share of the prevailing revolutionary spirit, for its population had not much communication with their neighbours, and were remarkably quiet and happy. It is stated by Mr. Edward Hay, that before the insurrection it did not contain above two hundred United Irishmen. It may, perhaps, have been deemed, from this very circumstance, that if an insurrection could be provoked within its limits, the People less organised and prepared than in the districts of the North would be subdued more easily, and afford, with less risk, a striking example to the

rest of the Island. The soldiery were let loose, and committed for some time every excess on the innocent peasantry. A noble lord, who commanded a regiment of militia, was distinguished by the invention of the pitched cap ;[1] another officer, worthy to serve under him, by the appellation of "*the Walking Gallows.*"[2] But why recall facts which are engraved on the hearts and in the memory of every Irishman? At length, goaded to madness, the Wexfordians, to the number of 20,000 or 30,000, rose in arms, with pikes, staves, and scythes, and in two or three actions, seized on the chief towns, and drove the soldiery out of the county. Their moderation towards their persecutors, in the moment of victory, was as remarkable as their courage in the field. Their forbearance, and even their delicate and chivalrous generosity towards the ladies and families of the aristocracy who fell into their hands, was most amiable and admirable. The noble lord, above mentioned, was taken, and even he was rescued by their leaders from the infliction of the pitched cap, which he so well deserved. In recompense, he engaged, on the close of the insurrection, to obtain a capitulation for them if they would let him loose, and afterwards sat on the court-martial which condemned them to be hanged. It required all the means and all the efforts of the Irish Government to subdue this small district. At one time they trembled in the walls of Dublin lest the Wexfordians should penetrate there. Several battles were fought, with varied success, and it was not till the royal forces surrounded them on all sides that they broke through their toils, and threw themselves into the mountains of Wicklow, where their leaders successively capitu-

[1] [The pitched cap, "made of linen, or thick brown paper, was fastened with pitch to the victim's head, and could not be torn off without tearing out the hair, or lacerating the skin" (Lecky).—ED.]

[2] [Lieutenant Hepenstal, of the Wicklow militia, "was accustomed to extort confessions by tying a rope round his prisoner's neck, flinging him over his shoulder, and holding him thus suspended till the half-strangled victim disclosed his aims. The epitaph written on him is well-known—

'Here lie the bones of Hepenstal,
Judge, jury, gallows, rope and all'"

(Lecky).—ED.]

lated. Provoked and irritated as these innocent people were, it is remarkable that only two instances of cruelty—the massacre of their prisoners at Scullabogue, and on the bridge at Wexford, occurred on their side during the insurrection. And these were both perpetrated by runaways from their main army, whilst the remainder were fighting.

The indignation of the unfortunate Irish was just and extreme against that French Government which had so repeatedly promised them aid, and now appeared to desert them in their utmost need. When Lord Cornwallis, who was sent shortly after to put an end to the system of terror, which desolated the country, succeeded to the Viceroyalty, 2,000 Volunteers from this very county of Wexford offered their services to fight the French, and formed the flower of the British army which invaded Egypt under General Abercrombie. Their petition, a model of native simplicity, energy, and indignation, is recorded in the Appendix of Hay's "History of the Insurrection in Wexford."

But weak and improvident as the Directory were, they must be acquitted of the charge of betraying their allies. The fact was, that their treasury and arsenals were empty, the flower of their army and navy were gone to Egpyt, the remainder were totally disorganised; in short, when the insurrection broke out in Ireland, they were entirely unprepared to assist it. Their indolence and incapacity had suffered everything to fall to decay, and their peculations and profusion had wasted their remaining means. The feelings of my father on the occasion may be more easily conceived than expressed. On the 20th of May Buonaparte had embarked from Toulon. On the 23rd the insurrection broke out. As the news of each arrest and of each action successively reached France, my father urged the generals and Government to assist the gallant and desperate struggle of his countrymen, and pressed on them the necessity of availing themselves of the favourable opportunity which flew so rapidly by. They began their preparations without delay; but money, arms, ammunition, and ships, all were wanting. By the close of June the insurrection was nearly crushed, and it was not till the beginning of July that my father was called

up to Paris to consult with the Ministers of the War and Navy Departments on the organisation of a new expedition. At this period his journal closes, and the public papers, my mother's recollections, and a few private letters, are my sole documents for the remaining events.

The plan of the new expedition was to despatch small detachments from several ports, in the hope of keeping up the insurrection, and distracting the attention of the enemy, until some favourable opportunity should occur for landing the main body, under General Kilmaine. General Humbert, with about 1,000 men, was quartered for this purpose at Rochelle, General Hardy, with 3,000, at Brest, and Kilmaine, with 9,000, remained in reserve. This plan was judicious enough, if it had been taken up in time. But, long before the first of these expeditions was ready to sail, the insurrection was completely subdued in every quarter ; the People were crushed, disarmed, disheartened, and disgusted with their allies, and the Irish Government had collected all its means, and was fully prepared for the encounter. Refugees from that unfortunate country, of every character and description, arrived in crowds, with their blood boiling from their recent actions and sufferings. When they saw the slowness of the French preparations, they exclaimed that they wanted nothing but arms, and that, if the Government would only land them again on the coast, the People themselves, without any aid, would suffice to reconquer their liberty. This party, more gallant than wise, were chiefly led by an old sufferer in the cause, James Napper Tandy. Their zeal was often indiscreet and unenlightened, and they did more mischief than good. Napper Tandy boasted that 30,000 men would rise in arms on his appearance, and the Directory were puzzled by these declarations, which contradicted my father's constant assertion, that 10,000 or 15,000 French troops would be absolutely necessary in the beginning of the contest.

The final ruin of the expedition was hurried by the precipitancy and indiscretion of a brave but imprudent and ignorant officer. This anecdote, which is not generally known, is a striking instance of the disorder, indiscipline, and disorganisation which began to

prevail in the French army. Humbert, a gallant soldier of fortune, but whose heart was better than his head, impatient of the delays of his Government, and fired by the recitals of the Irish refugees, determined to begin the enterprise on his own responsibility, and thus oblige the Directory to second or to desert him. Towards the middle of August, calling the merchants and magistrates of Rochelle, he forced them to advance a small sum of money and all that he wanted on military requisition; and, embarking on board a few frigates and transports, with 1,000 men, 1,000 spare muskets, 1,000 guineas, and a few pieces of artillery, he compelled the Captains to set sail for the most desperate attempt which is perhaps recorded in history. Three Irishmen accompanied him—my uncle, Matthew Tone; Bartholomew Teeling,[1] of Lisburn; and Sullivan, nephew to Madgett, whose name is often mentioned in the [Autobiography]. On the 22nd of August they made the coast of Connaught, and, landing in the Bay of Killala, immediately stormed and occupied that little town.

Strange and desperate as was this enterprise, had it been prosecuted with the same spirit and vivacity with which it was begun, it might have succeeded, and Humbert, an obscure and uneducated soldier, have effected a revolution, and crowned his name with immortal glory. The insurrection was scarcely appeased, and its embers might soon have been blown into a flame; but, landing in a distant, wild, and isolated corner of the island, instead of pressing

[1] [Bartholomew Teeling (b. 1774, d. 1798) distinguished himself in Humbert's expedition by his bravery and humanity. After the defeat of the English at Castlebar (*ante*, p. 6), he was the bearer of a flag of truce to General Lake. His escort was fired on and killed, and he himself taken prisoner. "You, sir," said General Lake, "are an Irishman. I shall treat you as a rebel. Why have you been selected by General Humbert on this occasion?" Teeling replied with dignity, "In order to convey the proposed terms of truce to you in language which you can understand; and as to your menace, you cannot be ignorant that you left many British officers prisoners at Castlebar." General Hutchinson interposed, apologising to Teeling for the conduct of the troops in firing on the flag of truce, and begging that it might be attributed to laxity of discipline at a moment of excitement. Teeling was then sent back to the French lines. After the surrender at Ballinamuck, he was claimed by Lake as a British subject. Humbert remonstrated, but in vain. Teeling was taken to Dublin, tried by court-martial, and hanged.—ED.]

rapidly at once, as he was strongly advised, to the mountains of Ulster, the centre of the United Irish organisation, and calling the people to arms, he amused himself during a fortnight in drilling the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who flocked to his standard, and enjoying the hospitality of the Bishop of Killala. That prelate rendered a most signal service to the Irish Government by thus detaining the French General. At the battle of Castlebar he defeated a numerous corps, which had been directed in all haste against him under General Lake. On this occasion, I have heard —but cannot vouch for the authenticity of the anecdote—that as soon as his Irish auxiliaries had fired their muskets, they flung them away as useless, and rushed to the charge with their pikes. For a few days a general panic prevailed ; but the Viceroy, Cornwallis, marched in person ; all the forces of the kingdom were put in motion, and Humbert was speedily surrounded and confined behind the Shannon by twenty times his numbers. At length he perceived the trap into which he had fallen, and attempted—what he should have done at first—to force his way over that river, and throw himself into the mountains of the North. But encircled, on the 8th of September, at Ballinamuck by an entire army, his small band, after a gallant resistance, were compelled to lay down their arms. The French were received to composition, and shortly exchanged ; but the Irish were slaughtered without mercy, and the cruelties afterwards exercised on the unresisting peasantry will render the name of General Lake remembered for ages in those remote districts of Connaught. Of the Irish who had accompanied Humbert, Sullivan escaped under the disguise of a Frenchman, and Matthew Tone and Teeling were brought in irons to Dublin, tried, and *executed.*

The news of Humbert's attempt, as may well be imagined, threw the Directory into the greatest perplexity. They instantly determined, however, to hurry all their preparations, and sent off at least the division of General Hardy to second his efforts as soon as possible. The report of his first advantages, which shortly reached them, augmented their ardour and accelerated their movements. But such was the state of the French navy and arsenals,

that it was not until the 20th of September that this small expedition, consisting of one sail of the line and eight frigates, under Commodore Bompart, and 3,000 men under General Hardy, was ready for sailing. The news of Humbert's defeat had not yet reached France.

Paris was then crowded with Irish emigrants, eager for action. In the papers of to-day, and in later productions, I have seen it mentioned that no fewer than twenty-four United Irish leaders embarked in General Hardy's expedition; and Lewines, an agent of the United Irish in Paris, is specified by name. This account is erroneous. The mass of the United Irishmen embarked in a small and fast-sailing boat, with Napper Tandy at their head. They reached, on the 16th of September, the Isle of Rathlin, on the north-west coast of Ireland, where they heard of Humbert's disaster; they merely spread some proclamations, and escaped to Norway. Three Irishmen only accompanied my father in Hardy's flotilla; he alone was embarked in the Admiral's vessel—the *Hoche*—the others were on board the frigates. These were Mr. T. Corbett and MacGuire, two brave officers, who have since died in the French service, and a third gentleman, connected by marriage with his friend Russell, who is yet living, and whose name it would, therefore, be improper in me to mention.

In Curran's Life, by his son, I find an anecdote mentioned which must have been derived from the authority of this gentleman. It is stated that on the night previous to the sailing of the expedition a question rose amongst the United Irishmen engaged in it whether, in case of their falling into the enemy's hands, they should suffer themselves to be put to death, according to the sentence of the law, or anticipate their fate by their own hands? That Mr. Tone maintained, with his usual eloquence and animation, that in no point of view in which he had ever considered suicide, he could hold it to be justifiable; that one of the company suggested that, from political considerations, it would be better not to relieve, by any act of self-murder, the Irish Government from the discredit in which numerous executions would involve it—an idea which Mr. Tone highly approved. This anecdote is substantially correct; but the gentleman did not understand my father.

At the period of this expedition he was hopeless of its success and in the deepest despondency at the prospect of Irish affairs. Such was the wretched indiscretion of the Government, that before his departure he read himself, in the *Bien Informé*, a Paris newspaper, a detailed account of the whole armament, where his own name was mentioned in full letters, with the circumstance of his being embarked on board the *Hoche*. There was, therefore, no hope of secrecy. He had all along deprecated the idea of those attempts on a small scale. But he had also declared repeatedly that if the Government sent only a corporal's guard, he felt it his duty to go along with them. He saw no chance of Kilmaine's large expedition being ready in any space of time, and therefore determined to accompany Hardy. His resolution was, however, deliberately and inflexibly taken, in case he fell into the hands of the enemy, never to suffer the indignity of a public execution. He did not consider this as suicide—an act which, in usual cases, he regarded as a weakness or frenzy—but merely as choosing the mode of his death. And, indeed, his constitutional and nervous sensitiveness at the slightest idea of personal indignity would have sufficed to determine him never to bear the touch of an executioner. It was at dinner, in our own house, and in my mother's presence, a little before leaving Paris, that the gentleman above mentioned proposed that the Irish should leave to the Government all the shame and odium of their execution. The idea struck him as ludicrous, and he applauded it highly. "My dear friend," he said, "say nothing more; you never spoke better in your life." And after the gentleman's departure, he laughed very heartily at his idea of shaming the Irish Government by allowing himself to be hanged, adding that he did not at all understand people mooting the point whether they should or should not choose their own deaths, or consulting on such an occasion. That he would never advise others, but that, "please God, they should never have his poor bones to pick." This conversation may have been repeated at Brest, but such were certainly my father's feelings on the subject.

At length, about the 20th of September, 1798, that fatal expedition

set sail from the Bay of Camaret. It consisted of the *Hoche* (74), *Loire*, *Resolue*, *Bellone*, *Coquille*, *Embuscade*, *Immortalité*, *Romaine*, and *Semillante*, frigates ; and *Biche*, schooner, and *aviso*. To avoid the British fleets, Bompart, an excellent seaman, took a large sweep to the westward, and then to the north-east, in order to bear down on the northern coast of Ireland, from the quarter whence a French force would be least expected. He met, however, with contrary winds, and it appears that his flotilla was scattered ; for, on the 10th of October, after twenty days' cruise, he arrived off the entry of Loch Swilly, with the *Hoche*, the *Loire*, the *Resolue*, and the *Biche*. He was instantly signalled, and on the break of day next morning, 11th of October, before he could enter the bay or land his troops, he perceived the squadron of Sir John Borlase Warren, consisting of six sail of the line, one razee of sixty guns, and two frigates bearing down upon him. There was no chance of escape for the large and heavy man-of-war. Bompart gave instant signals to the frigates and schooner to retreat through shallow water, and prepared alone to honour the flag of his country and liberty by a desperate but hopeless defence. At that moment a boat came from the *Biche* for his last orders. That ship had the best chance to get off. The French officers all supplicated my father to embark on board of her. "Our contest is hopeless," they observed ; "we will be prisoners of war ; but what will become of you ?" "Shall it be said," replied he, "that I fled whilst the French were fighting the battles of my country ?" He refused their offers, and determined to stand and fall with the ship. The *Biche* accomplished her escape ; and I see it mentioned in late publications that other Irishmen availed themselves of that occasion. This fact is incorrect—not one of them would have done so ; and besides, my father was the only Irishman on board the *Hoche*.

The British Admiral despatched two men-of-war, the razee, and a frigate after the *Loire* and *Resolue*, and the *Hoche* was soon surrounded by four sail of the line and a frigate, and began one of the most obstinate and desperate engagements which have ever been fought on the ocean. During six hours she sustained the fire of a whole fleet, till her masts and rigging were swept away, her scuppers

flowed with blood, her wounded filled the cock-pit, her shattered ribs yawned at each new stroke and let in five feet of water in the hold, her rudder was carried off, and she floated a dismantled wreck on the waters ; her sails and cordage hung in shreds, nor could she reply with a single gun from her dismounted batteries to the unabating cannonade of the enemy. At length she struck. The *Resolue* and *Loire* were soon reached by the English fleet ; the former was in a sinking condition ; she made, however, an honourable defence. The *Loire* sustained three attacks, drove off the English frigates, and had almost effected her escape ; at length, engaged by the *Anson*, razee of sixty guns, she struck, after an action of three hours, entirely dismasted. Of the other frigates, pursued in all directions, the *Bellone*, *Immortalité*, *Coquille*, and *Embuscade*, were taken, and the *Romaine* and *Semillante*, through a thousand dangers, reached separate ports in France.

During the action my father commanded one of the batteries, and, according to the report of the officers who returned to France, fought with the utmost desperation, and as if he was courting death. When the ship struck, confounded with the other officers, he was not recognised for some time, for he had completely acquired the language and appearance of a Frenchman. The two fleets were dispersed in every direction ; nor was it till some days later that the *Hoche* was brought into Loch Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. Yet rumours of his being on board must have been circulated, for the fact was public at Paris. But it was thought he had been killed in the action ; and I am willing to believe that the British officers, respecting the valour of a fallen enemy, were not earnest in investigating the point. It was at length a gentleman well known in the county Derry as a leader of the Orange party, and one of the chief magistrates in that neighbourhood, Sir George Hill, who had been his fellow-student in Trinity College and knew his person, who undertook the task of discovering him. It is known that in Spain grandees and noblemen of the first rank pride themselves in the functions of familiars, spies, and informers of the Holy Inquisition ; it remained for Ireland to offer a similar example. The French officers were

invited to breakfast with the Earl of Cavan, who commanded in that district. My father sat undistinguished amongst them, when Sir George Hill entered the room, followed by police officers. Looking narrowly at the company, he singled out the object of his search, and, stepping up to him, said, "Mr. Tone, I am *very happy* to see you." Instantly rising, with the utmost composure, and disdaining all useless attempts at concealment, my father replied, "Sir George, I am happy to see you; how are Lady Hill and your family?" Beckoned into the next room by the police officers, an unexpected indignity awaited him. It was filled with military, and one General Lavau, who commanded them, ordered him to be ironed, declaring that, as on leaving Ireland to enter the French service he had not renounced his oath of allegiance, he remained a subject of Britain, and should be punished as a traitor. Seized with a momentary burst of indignation at such unworthy treatment and cowardly cruelty to a prisoner of war, he flung off his uniform, and cried, "These fetters shall never degrade the revered insignia of the free nation which I have served." Resuming then his usual calm, he offered his limbs to the irons, and when they were fixed he exclaimed, "For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England." The friends of Lord Cavan have asserted that this extreme, and, I will add, *unmanly* and *ungenerous* severity, was provoked by his outrageous behaviour when he found he was not to have the privileges of a prisoner of war. This supposition is not only contradicted by the whole tenor of his character and his subsequent deportment, but no other instances of it have ever been specified than those noble replies to the taunts of General Lavau. Of the latter I know nothing but these anecdotes, recorded in the papers of the day. If, as his name seems to indicate, he was a French emigrant, the coincidence was curious and his conduct the less excusable.

Another version of this story, which I have seen, for the first time, in the *London New Monthly Magazine*, states that Mr. Tone was recognised by, or, according to another account, had the imoudence to make himself known to an old acquaintance at Lord Cavan's

table, who speedily informed his lordship of the guest who sat at his board. The first circumstantial account is the one which reached us in France; but, in my opinion, the difference between the two stories is very trifling. It regards only the fashion in which Sir George Hill gave in his information.

From Letterkenny he was hurried to Dublin without delay. In the same Magazine I find that, contrary to usual custom, he was conveyed during the whole route, fettered and on horseback, under an escort of dragoons. Of this further indignity I had never heard before. During this journey the unruffled serenity of his countenance, amidst the rude soldiery, and under the awe-struck gaze of his countrymen, excited universal admiration. Recognising in a group of females, which thronged the windows, a young lady of his acquaintance: "There," said he, "is my old friend Miss Beresford; how well she looks!" On his arrival he was immured in the Provost's prison, in the barracks of Dublin, under the charge of the notorious Major Sandys, a man whose insolence, rapacity, and cruelty will long be remembered in that city, where, a worthy instrument of the faction which then ruled it, he enjoyed, under their patronage, a despotic authority within its precincts.

Though the reign of terror was drawing to a close, and Lord Cornwallis had restored some appearance of legal order and regular administration in the kingdom, a prisoner of such importance to the Irish Protestant ascendency party, as the founder and leader of the United Irish Society, and the most formidable of their adversaries, was not to be trusted to the delays and common forms of law. Though the Court of King's Bench was then sitting, preparations were instantly made for trying him summarily before a court-martial. But before I give an account of this trial, and of the nature of his defence, it will be necessary to remove some erroneous impressions on these subjects which I have seen stated, both in Curran's Life, by his son, and in the very fair and liberal comments of the *London New Monthly Magazine.* A prevailing notion in both these works is, that from my father's early dislike to legal studies, and inaccurate acquaintance with the English laws, he considered his French commission as a protection, and pleaded it

in his defence. It is impossible to read his speech on the trial, and preserve this idea. Though he used to laugh at his little proficiency in legal lore, he knew perfectly well that the course he had deliberately taken, subjected him to the utmost severity of the British laws. Nor was he ignorant that, by the custom of the land, and the very tenor of those laws, his trial, as it was conducted, was informal. He never was legally condemned; for, though a subject of the Crown (not of Britain, but of Ireland), he was not a military man in that kingdom; he had taken no military oath, and of course the court-martial which tried him had no power to pronounce on his case, which belonged to the regular criminal tribunals. But his heart was sunk in despair at the total failure of his hopes, and he did not wish to survive them. To die with honour was his only wish, and his only request to be shot like a soldier. For this purpose he preferred himself to be tried by a court-martial, and proffered his French commission, not to defend his life, but as a proof of his rank, as he stated himself on the trial.

If further proof were required that my father was perfectly aware of his fate, according to the English law, his own Journals, written during the Bantry Bay expedition, afford an incontestable one. (*See* Journal of December 26, 1796.) "If we are taken, my fate will not be a mild one; the best I can expect is to be shot as an *emigré rentré*, unless I have the good fortune to be killed in the action; for most assuredly, if the enemy will have us, he must fight for us. Perhaps I may be reserved for a trial, for the sake of striking terror into others, in which case I shall be hanged as a traitor, and embowelled, &c. As to the embowelling, '*Je m'en fiche.*' If ever they hang me, they are welcome to embowel me if they please. These are pleasant prospects! Nothing on earth could sustain me now but the consciousness that I am engaged in a just and righteous cause."

But my father also knew that political considerations will often supersede the letter of the laws. The only chance on which he had formerly relied was, that the French Government would interfere, and claim him with all its power and credit; to that, and

to threats of severe retaliation, he knew that the British Cabinet would yield, as they did about a year afterwards in the case of Napper Tandy. A curious fact, and which is not generally known, perhaps, even to that gallant soldier himself, is, that Sir Sidney Smith was detained by Carnot in the Temple, for that very purpose, like a prisoner of state, rather than a prisoner of war.

The time of my father's trial was deferred a few days, by the officers appointed to sit on the court-martial, receiving marching orders. At length, on Saturday, November 10, 1798, a new court was assembled, consisting of General Loftus, who performed the functions of President, Colonels Vandeleur, Daly, and Wolfe, Major Armstrong, and a Captain Curran; Mr. Paterson performed the functions of Judge Advocate.

At an early hour the neighbourhood of the barracks was crowded with eager and anxious spectators. As soon as the doors were thrown open, they rushed in and filled every corner of the hall.

Tone appeared in the uniform of a Chef de Brigade (Colonel). The firmness and cool serenity of his whole deportment gave to the awe-struck assembly the measure of his soul. Nor could his bitterest enemies, whatever they deemed of his political principles, and of the necessity of striking a great example, deny him the praise of determination and magnanimity.

The members of the Court having taken the usual oath, the Judge Advocate proceeded to inform the prisoner that the court-martial before which he stood was appointed, by the Lord Lieutenant of the kingdom, to try whether he had or had not acted traitorously and hostilely against his Majesty, to whom, as a natural born subject, he owed all allegiance, from the very fact of his birth in that kingdom. And, according to the usual form, he called upon him to plead guilty or not guilty.

Tone. "I mean not to give the Court any useless trouble, and wish to spare them the idle task of examining witnesses. I admit all the facts alleged, and only request leave to read an address, which I have prepared for this occasion."

Col. Daly. "I must warn the prisoner, that, in acknowledging those *facts*, he admits to his prejudice that he has acted *traitorously* against his Majesty. Is such his intention?"

Tone. "Stripping this charge of the technicality of its terms, it means, I presume, by the word 'traitorously,' that I have been found in arms against the soldiers of the King, in my native country. I admit this accusation in its most extended sense, and request again to explain to the Court the reasons and motives of my conduct."

The Court then observed that they would hear his address, provided he confined himself within the bounds of moderation. He rose, and began in these words:—

"Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Court-Martial,—I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the Government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers, which my individual efforts could move, in order to separate the two countries.

"That Ireland was not able, of herself, to throw off the yoke, I knew. I therefore sought for aid wherever it was to be found. In honourable poverty I rejected offers, which, to a man in my circumstances, might be considered highly advantageous. I remained faithful to what I thought the cause of my country, and sought in the French Republic an ally to rescue three millions of my countrymen from" . . .

The President here interrupted the prisoner, observing that this language was neither relevant to the charge, nor such as ought to be delivered in a public court. One member said it seemed calculated only to inflame the minds of a certain description of people (the United Irishmen), many of whom might probably be present,

and that therefore the Court ought not to suffer it. The Judge Advocate said he thought that if Mr. Tone meant this paper to be laid before his Excellency, in way of *extenuation*, it must have a quite contrary effect if any of the foregoing part was suffered to remain.

Tone. "I shall urge this topic no further since it seems disagreeable to the Court, but shall proceed to read the few words which remain."

Gen. Loftus. "If the remainder of your address, Mr. Tone, is of the same complexion with what you have already read, will you not hesitate for a moment in proceeding, since you have learned the opinion of the Court?"

Tone. "I believe there is nothing in what remains for me to say which can give any offence. I mean to express my feelings and gratitude towards the Catholic body in whose cause I was engaged."

Gen. Loftus. "That seems to have nothing to say to the charge against you, to which only you are to speak. If you have anything to offer in defence or extenuation of that charge the Court will hear you; but they beg that you will confine yourself to that subject."

Tone. "I shall, then, confine myself to some points relative to my connection with the French army. Attached to no party in the French Republic without interest, without money, without intrigue, the openness and integrity of my views raised me to a high and confidential rank in its armies. I obtained the confidence of the Executive Directory, the approbation of my Generals, and I venture to add the esteem and affection of my brave comrades. When I review these circumstances I feel a secret and internal consolation which no reverse of fortune, no sentence in the power of this Court to inflict, can ever deprive me of or weaken in any degree. Under the flag of the French Republic I originally engaged with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose I have encountered the chances of war amongst strangers: for that purpose I have repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered, as I knew it to be, with the triumphant fleets of that Power which it

was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed all my views in life; I have courted poverty; I have left a beloved wife unprotected, and children whom I adored, fatherless. After such sacrifices, in a cause which I have always conscientiously considered as the cause of justice and freedom—it is no great effort, at this day, to add, 'the sacrifice of my life.'

"But I hear it said that this unfortunate country has been a prey to all sorts of horrors. I sincerely lament it. I beg, however, it may be remembered that I have been absent four years from Ireland. To me these sufferings can never be attributed. I designed, by fair and open war, to procure the separation of the two countries. For open war I was prepared; but if, instead of that, a system of private assassination has taken place, I repeat, whilst I deplore it, that it is not chargeable on me. Atrocities, it seems, have been committed on both sides. I do not less deplore them; I detest them from my heart; and to those who know my character and sentiments, I may safely appeal for the truth of this assertion. With them I need no justification.

"In a cause like this, success is everything. Success in the eyes of the vulgar fixes its merits. Washington succeeded, and Kosciusko failed.

"After a combat nobly sustained, a combat which would have excited the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy, my fate was to become a prisoner. To the eternal disgrace of those who gave the order, I was brought hither in irons like a felon. I mention this for the sake of others; for me I am indifferent to it; I am aware of the fate which awaits me, and scorn equally the tone of complaint and that of supplication.

"As to the connection between this country and Great Britain, I repeat it, all that has been imputed to me—words, writings, and actions—I here deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with reflection and on principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever be the sentence of this Court I am prepared for it. Its members will surely discharge their duty; I shall take care not to be wanting to mine."

This speech was pronounced in a tone so magnanimous, so full

of a noble and calm serenity as seemed deeply and visibly to affect all its hearers, the members of the Court not excepted. A pause ensued of some continuance, and silence reigned in the hall till interrupted by Tone himself, who inquired whether it was not usual to assign an interval between the sentence and execution? The Judge Advocate answered, that the voices of the Court would be collected without delay, and the result transmitted forthwith to the Lord Lieutenant. If the prisoner therefore had any further observations to make, now was the moment.

Tone. "I wish to offer a few words relative to one single point —to the mode of punishment. In France, our *Emigrés*, who stand nearly in the same situation in which I suppose I now stand before you, are condemned to be shot. I ask that the Court should adjudge me the death of a soldier, and let me be shot by a platoon of grenadiers. I request this indulgence, rather in consideration of the uniform which I wear, the uniform of a Chef de Brigade in the French army, than from any personal regard to myself. In order to evince my claim to this favour, I beg that the Court may take the trouble to peruse my commission and letters of service in the French army. It will appear from these papers that I have not received them as a mask to cover me, but that I have been long and *bonâ fide* an officer in the French service."

Judge Advocate. "You must feel that the papers you allude to will serve as undeniable proofs against you."

Tone. "Oh!—*I know it well*—I have already admitted the facts, and I now admit the papers as full proofs of conviction."

The papers were then examined: they consisted of a brevet of Chef de Brigade from the Directory, signed by the Minister of War, of a letter of service, granting to him the rank of Adjutant-General, and of a passport.

General Loftus. "In those papers you are designated as serving in the army of England."

Tone. "I did serve in that army when it was commanded by Buonaparte, by Desaix, and by Kilmaine, who is, as I am, an Irishman. But I have also served elsewhere." Requested if he had anything further to observe, he said that nothing more occurred to

him, except that the sooner his Excellency's approbation of their sentence was obtained the better. He would consider it as a favour if it could be obtained in an hour.

General Loftus then observed that the Court would undoubtedly submit to the Lord Lieutenant the address which he had read to them, and also the subject of his last demand. In transmitting the address he, however, took care to efface all that part of it which he would not allow to be read, and which contained the dying speech and last words of the first apostle of Irish union and martyr of Irish liberty to his countrymen. Lord Cornwallis refused the last demand of my father, and he was sentenced to die the death of a traitor in forty-eight hours, on the 12th of November. This cruelty he had foreseen ; for England, from the days of Llewelyn of Wales, and Wallace of Scotland, to those of Tone and Napoleon, has never shown mercy or generosity to a fallen enemy. He then, in perfect coolness and self-possession, determined to execute his purpose, and anticipate their sentence.

The next day was passed in a kind of stupor. A cloud of portentous awe seemed to hang over the city of Dublin—the apparatus of military and despotic authority was everywhere displayed ; no man dared to trust his next neighbour, nor one of the pale citizens to betray, by look or word, his feelings or sympathy. The terror which prevailed in Paris, under the Rule of the Jacobins, or in Rome, during the proscriptions of Marius, Sylla, and the Triumviri, and under the reigns of Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, and Domitian, was never deeper or more universal than that of Ireland at this fatal and shameful period. It was, in short, the feeling which made the People, soon after, passively acquiesce in the Union and in the extinction of their name as a nation. Of the numerous friends of my father, and of those who had shared in his political principles and career, some had perished on the scaffold, others rotted in dungeons, and the remainder dreaded, by the slightest mark of recognition, to be involved in his fate. One noble exception deserves to be recorded.

John Philpot Curran, the celebrated orator and patriot, had attached himself in his political career to the Whig party ; but his

theoretical principles went much farther. And when the march of the Administration to despotism was pronounced—when the persecution began—I *know* that in the years 1794 and 1795, and particularly at the Drogheda Assizes in the former year, and on occasion of the trial of Bird and Hamill, where they were both employed as counsel, he opened his mind to my father; and that on the main point—on the necessity of breaking the connection with England—they *agreed.* Curran prudently and properly confined himself to those legal exertions at the bar, where his talents were so eminently useful, and where he left an imperishable monument to his own and to his country's fame. It was well that there remained one place and one man through which the truth might sometimes be heard. He avoided committing himself in the Councils of the United Irishmen; but had the project of liberating Ireland succeeded, he would have been amongst the foremost to hail and join her independence. On this occasion, joining his efforts to those of M. Peter Burrowes, he nobly exerted himself to save his friend.

The sentence of my father was evidently illegal. Curran knew, however, very well that by bringing the case before the proper tribunal the result would ultimately be the same—that he could not be acquitted. But then the delays of the law might be brought in play, and the all-important point of gaining time would be obtained. The French Government could not in honour but interfere, and the case, from a mere legal, would become a political one. In politics my father had many adversaries, but few personal enemies; in private and public life he was generally beloved and respected; his moderation, too, was known and appreciated by those who feared a revolution, and trusted to him as a mediator if such an event was to take place. In short, it did not appear a matter of impossibility to have finally saved him by some agreement with the Government. Determined to form a bar for his defence, and bring the case before the Court of King's Bench, then sitting, and presided by Lord Kilwarden, a man of the purest and most benevolent virtue, and who always tempered justice with mercy, Curran endeavoured the whole day of the 11th to raise a subscription for

this purpose. But *terror* had closed every door; and I have it from his own lips that even among the Catholic leaders, many of them wealthy, no one dared to subscribe. Curran then determined to proceed *alone*. On this circumstance no comment can be expected from the son of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Those men had behaved nobly towards him in former times almost as perilous. The universal dread must be their excuse.

On the next day, 12th of November (the day fixed for his execution), the scene in the Court of King's Bench was awful and impressive to the highest degree. As soon as it opened, Curran advanced, leading the aged father of Tone, who produced his affidavit that his son had been brought before a bench of officers, calling itself a court-martial, and sentenced to death. "I do not pretend," said Curran, "that Mr. Tone is not guilty of the charges of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honourable men. But it is stated in this affidavit, as a solemn fact, that Mr. Tone had no commission under his Majesty, and therefore no court-martial could have cognisance of any crime imputed to him whilst the Court of King's Bench sat in the capacity of the great criminal court of the land. In times when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, courts-martial might be endured; but every law authority is with me, whilst I stand upon this sacred and immutable principle of the Constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and that the former must cease with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this court. He is cast for death this very day. He may be ordered for execution whilst I address you. I call on the Court to support the law, and move for a *habeas corpus*, to be directed to the Provost-Marshal of the barracks of Dublin and Major Sandys, to bring up the body of Tone."

Chief Justice. "Have a writ instantly prepared."

Curran. "My client may die whilst the writ is preparing."

Chief Justice. "Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks and acquaint the Provost-Marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed."

The Court awaited, in a state of the utmost agitation and suspense, the return of the Sheriff. He speedily appeared, and said, "My Lord, I have been to the barracks, in pursuance of your order. The Provost-Marshal says he must obey Major Sandys. Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis." Mr. Curran announced at the same time that Mr. Tone, the father, was just returned, after serving the *habeas corpus*, and that General Craig would not obey it. The Chief Justice exclaimed, "Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody; take the Provost-Marshal and Major Sandys into custody, and show the order of the Court to General Craig."

The general impression was now that the prisoner would be led out to execution in defiance of the Court. This apprehension was legible in the countenance of Lord Kilwarden, a man who, in the worst of times, preserved a religious respect for the laws, and who besides, I may add, felt every personal feeling of pity and respect for the prisoner, whom he had formerly contributed to shield from the vengeance of Government on an occasion almost as perilous. His agitation, according to the expression of an eye-witness, was magnificent.

The Sheriff returned at length with the fatal news. He had been refused admittance in the barracks, but was informed that Mr. Tone, who had wounded himself dangerously the night before, was not in a condition to be removed. A French emigrant surgeon, who had closed the wound, was called in, and declared there was no saying for four days whether it was mortal. His head was to be kept in one position, and a sentinel was set over him to prevent his speaking. Removal would kill him at once. The Chief Justice instantly ordered a rule for suspending the execution.

I must collect my strength to give the remaining details of the close of my father's life. The secrets of a State prison, and of such a prison as were those of Dublin at that period, are seldom penetrated, and the facts which have reached us are few and meagre. As soon as he learned the refusal of his last request, his determination was taken, with the same resolution and coolness

which he exhibited during the whole transaction. In order to spare the feelings of his parents and friends, he refused to see any one, and requested only the use of writing materials. During the 10th and 11th of November he addressed the Directory, the Minister of Marine, General Kilmaine, and Mr. Shee, in France, and several of his friends in Ireland, to recommend his family to their care. I here insert a translation of his letter to the Directory, the only one of which we obtained a copy.

"FROM THE PROVOST'S PRISON, DUBLIN,
"*20th Brumaire, 7th year of the Republic,*
"(*November* 10, 1798.)

"*The Adjutant-General Theobald Wolfe Tone* (*called Smith*), *to the Executive Directory of the French Republic.*

"CITIZEN DIRECTORS,—The English Government having determined not to respect my rights as a French citizen and officer, and summoned me before a court-martial, I have been sentenced to death. In those circumstances I request you to accept my thanks for the confidence with which you have honoured me, and which, in a moment like this, I venture to say I well deserved. I have served the Republic faithfully, and my death, as well as that of my brother, a victim like myself, and condemned in the same manner about a month ago, will sufficiently prove it. I hope the circumstances in which I stand will warrant me, Citizen Directors, in supplicating you to consider the fate of a virtuous wife and of three infant children, who had no other support, and, in losing me, will be reduced to the extreme of misery. I venture on such an occasion to recall to your remembrance that I was expelled from my own country in consequence of my attempts to serve the Republic; that, on the invitation of the French Government, I came to France; that ever since I had the honour to enter the French service, I have faithfully, and with the approbation of all my chiefs, performed my duty; finally, that I have sacrificed for the Republic all that man holds dearest—my wife, my children, my liberty, my life. In these circumstances I confidently call on your justice and

humanity in favour of my family, assured that you will not abandon them. It is the greatest consolation which remains to me in dying.

"Health and respect.

"T. W. TONE (called Smith),

"*Adjutant-General.*"

He then, with a firm hand and heart, penned the two following letters to my mother :—

"PROVOST PRISON—DUBLIN BARRACKS,

"*Le* 20 *Brumaire, an* 7 (10*th Nov.*), 1798.

"DEAREST LOVE,—The hour is at last come when we must part. As no words can express what I feel for you and our children, I shall not attempt it ; complaint of any kind would be beneath your courage and mine ; be assured I will die as I have lived, and that you will have no cause to blush for me.

"I have written on your behalf to the French Government, to the Minister of Marine, to General Kilmaine, and to Mr. Shee ; with the latter I wish you especially to advise. In Ireland I have written to your brother Harry, and to those of my friends who are about to go into exile, and who, I am sure, will not abandon you.

"Adieu, dearest love : I find it impossible to finish this letter. Give my love to Mary ; and, above all things, remember that you are now the only parent of our dearest children, and that the best proof you can give of your affection for me will be to preserve yourself for their education. God Almighty bless you all.

"Yours ever,

"T. W. TONE.

"P.S.—I think you have found a friend in Wilson, who will not desert you."[1]

[1] Nobly did this pure and virtuous man, and he alone of all those whom my father had depended upon, fulfil the expectation of his friend. He was to my mother a brother, a protector, and an adviser, during the whole period of our

SECOND LETTER.

"DEAREST LOVE,—I write just one line to acquaint you that I have received assurances from your brother Edward of his determination to render every assistance and protection in his power; for which I have written to thank him most sincerely. Your sister has likewise sent me assurances of the same nature, and expressed a desire to see me, which I have refused, having determined to speak to no one of my friends, not even my father, from motives of humanity to them and myself. It is a very great consolation to me that your family are determined to support you; as to the manner of that assistance, I leave it to their affection for you, and your own excellent good sense, to settle what manner will be most respectable for all parties.

"Adieu, dearest love. Keep your courage, as I have kept mine; my mind is as tranquil this moment as at any period of my life. Cherish my memory; and especially preserve your health and spirits for the sake of our dearest children.

"Your ever affectionate,

"T. WOLFE TONE.

"11*th November*, 1798."

It is said that on the evening of that very day he could see and hear the soldiers erecting the gallows for him before his windows. That very night, according to the report given by his jailers, having secreted a penknife, he inflicted a deep wound across his neck. It was soon discovered by the sentry, and a surgeon called in at four o'clock in the morning, who stopped the blood and closed it. He reported, that as the prisoner had missed the carotid artery, he might yet survive, but was in the extremest danger. It is said that he murmured only in reply, "I am sorry I have been so bad

distress; and when, at the close of eighteen years, we were ruined a second time, by the fall of Napoleon, he came over from his own country to offer her his hand and his fortune, and share our fate in America.

[After seventeen years' widowhood Mrs. Tone married Mr. Wilson, whom she survived, dying at Georgetown in 1849.—ED.]

an anatomist." Let me draw a veil over the remainder of this scene.

Stretched on his bloody pallet in a dungeon, the first apostle of Irish union, and most illustrious martyr of Irish independence, counted each lingering hour during the last seven days and nights of his slow and silent agony. No one was allowed to approach him. Far from his adored family, and from all those friends whom he loved so dearly, the only forms which flitted before his eyes were those of the grim jailer and rough attendants of the prison; the only sounds which fell on his dying ear, the heavy tread of the sentry. He retained, however, the calmness of his soul and the possession of his faculties to the last. And the consciousness of dying for his country, and in the cause of justice and liberty, illumined, like a bright halo, his latest moments, and kept up his fortitude to the end. There is no situation under which those feelings will not support the soul of a patriot.

On the morning of the 19th of November he was seized with the spasms of approaching death. It is said that the surgeon who attended, whispered that if he attempted to move or speak he must expire instantly; that he overheard him, and, making a slight movement, replied, "I can yet find words to thank you, sir; it is the most welcome news you could give me. What should I wish to live for?" Falling back, with these expressions on his lips, he expired without further effort.

On closing this painful and dreadful narrative, I must allude to some hints which I have heard from a most respectable and well-informed quarter, that, in consequence of the attempts to withdraw him from the jurisdiction of the military tribunals, my father's end may have been precipitated by the hands of his jailers, and that, to conceal their crime, they spread the report of his voluntary death. It is certainly not my duty to exculpate them. That his end was voluntary, his determination, previous to his leaving France, which was known to us, and the tenor of his last letters, incline me to believe. Neither is it likely that Major Sandys, and his experienced satellites, would perform a murder in so bungling

a way as to allow their victim to survive the attempt during eight days. If this was the case, his death can never be considered as a suicide; it was merely the resolution of a noble mind to disappoint by his own act the brutal ferocity of his enemies, and avoid the indignity of their touch.

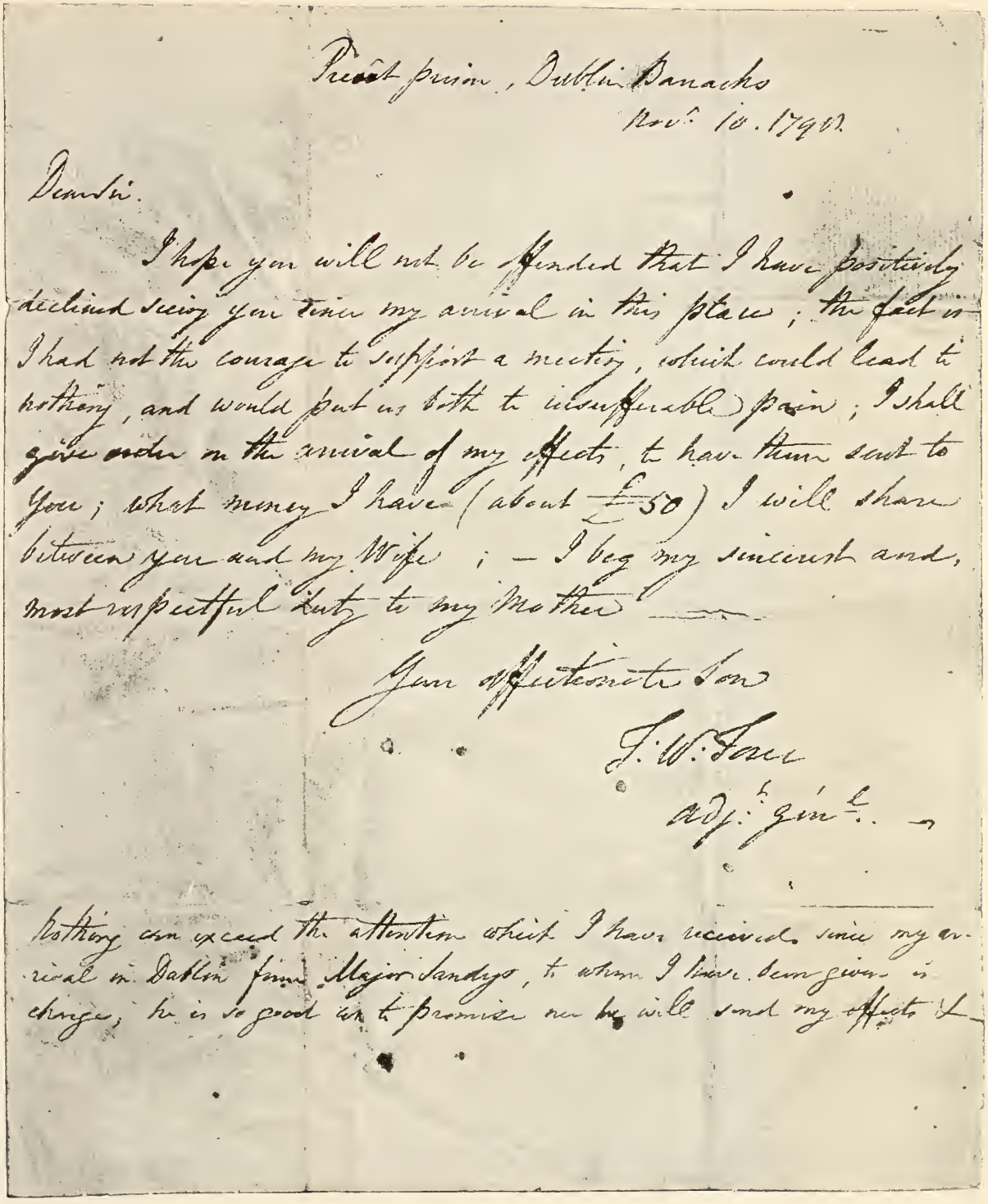
But, on the other side, it cannot be denied that the character of these men would warrant the worst conclusion. The details of my father's death and last words only reached the public ear through their reports; no one was allowed to approach him after his wound; no medical attendant to come near him except the prison surgeon, a foreigner, and a French emigrant. Why was no coroner's inquest held on his body, as was held on Jackson's, in the very court where he died? The resistance which was opposed by the military to the warrant of the Chief Justice was indecorous and violent in the extreme; nor was it till compelled by the firmness of Lord Kilwarden to give way, that they acknowledged the wound of their prisoner, though, according to their own report, it had been inflicted during the preceding night. Was it possible that, fearing the interference of the civil courts, they hastened his end? or, what would be more atrocious still, admitting the fact that he had wounded himself, did they intend to conceal it, and to glut their mean and ferocious revenge and insult their dying enemy, who had thought to escape their indignities by dragging him out in that state, and executing him with their own hands? That their preparations continued till interrupted by the interference of superior authority; that the wound of their prisoner was anxiously concealed as long as possible; and that no one, even afterwards, was allowed to approach and speak to him during his long agony, are certain facts.

Between those dreadful suspicions the reader must judge for himself. As for what passed within the Provost's prison it must remain for ever amongst the guilty and bloody mysteries of that pandemonium. If charges of so black and bloody a nature can be adduced with any appearance of probability against the agents of the Irish Government, the violence, cruelty, and lawless proceedings, in which they were indulged with perfect impunity by their employers, not only warrant them, but give them too tre-

mendous a probability. As for my part, I have merely stated, in the fairest and fullest manner, the facts which have reached us, without any comment or opinion of my own.

[Tone's remains were given up to his relatives, and, two days after his death, were quietly laid in the grave of his ancestors in the old churchyard of Bodenstown. No epitaph is inscribed upon the stone beneath which rests the ill-fated United Irish leader. But the national feeling is expressed in the last stanza of the poem which Thomas Davis has consecrated to his memory :—

> " In Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green grave,
> And freely around it let winter winds rave—
> Far better they suit him—the ruin and gloom—
> Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb."]



Prevôt prison, Dublin Barracks
Nov.r 10. 1798.

Dear Sir.

I hope you will not be offended that I have positively declined seeing you since my arrival in this place; the fact is I had not the courage to support a meeting, which could lead to nothing, and would put us both to insufferable pain; I shall give order on the arrival of my effects, to have them sent to You; what money I have (about £50) I will share between you and my Wife; — I beg my sincerest and most respectful duty to my Mother —

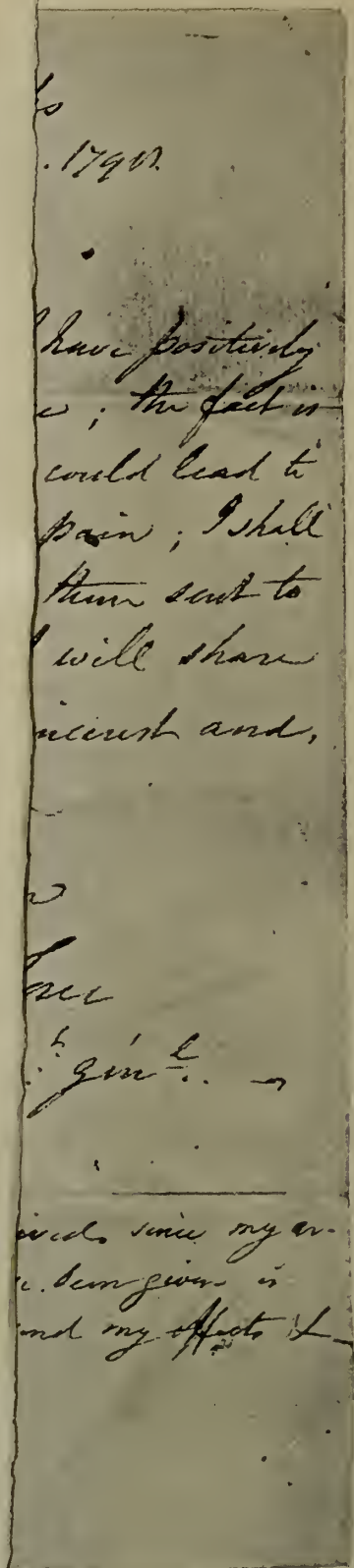
Your affectionate Son

T. W. Tone
Adj.t gen.l

Nothing can exceed the attention which I have received since my arrival in Dublin from Major Sandys, to whom I have been given in charge; he is so good as to promise me he will send my effects &c

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY WOLFE TONE TO HIS FATHER ON NOVEMBER 10, 1798.

[*The original of this letter is in the possession of* Mr. JAMES MURPHY, *of* 2, *Empire Road, Cork.*—ED.]



ON NOVEMBER 10, 1798.

[MURPHY, of 9, Fenton Road, Cork.—ED.]

APPENDIX.

Two Memorials on the state of Ireland, delivered by Wolfe Tone to the French Government, in February, 1796.

First Memorial.

The genius of the English nation, their manners, their prejudices, and their Government, are so diametrically opposite to those of the French Republic, in all respects, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon this subject. I assume it as an axiom that there is an irreconcilable opposition of interests between the two nations. Since the French Revolution there is one still more irreconcilable between the Governments, so that neither can be said to be in security while the other is in existence.

The war hitherto, however glorious to France, has not been unprofitable to England; her fleets were never more formidable, and, in the true spirit of trade, she will console herself for the disgrace of her arms by land, in the acquisition of wealth, and commerce, and power by sea; but these very acquisitions render it, if possible, incumbent, not merely on France, but on all Europe, to endeavour to reduce her within due limits, and to prevent that enormous accumulation of wealth which the undisturbed possession of the commerce of the whole world would give her; and this reduction of her power can be alone, as I presume, accomplished, with certainty and effect, by separating Ireland from Great Britain.

The French Government cannot but be well informed of the immense resources, especially in a military point of view, which

England draws from Ireland. It is with the beef and the pork, the butter, the tallow, the hides, and various other articles of the first necessity, which Ireland supplies, that she victuals and equips her navy, and, in a great degree, supports her people and garrisons in the West Indies. It is with the poor and hardy natives of Ireland that she mans her fleets and fills the ranks of her army. From the commencement of the present war to the month of June, 1795, not less than 200,000 men were raised in Ireland, of whom 80,000 were for the navy alone. It is a fact undeniable, though carefully concealed in England, that TWO-THIRDS of the British navy are manned by Irishmen—a circumstance which, if it stood alone, should be sufficient to determine the French Government to wrest, if possible, so powerful a weapon from the hands of her implacable enemy. I shall not dwell longer on the necessity of the measure which I shall propose, but will endeavour to show how it may best be executed, and on what grounds it is that I rest my confidence of success, if the attempt be but once made.

For the better elucidation of the plan it is necessary to take a review of the actual state of Ireland. I shall condense the facts as much as possible, as I trust the French Government is already in possession of those which are most material.

The people of Ireland consist of about four million five hundred thousand persons, distributed under three different religious sects, of whom the Protestants, whose religion is the dominant one, and established by law, constitute four hundred and fifty thousand, or one-tenth of the whole ; the Dissenters, or Presbyterians, about nine hundred thousand, or one-fifth ; the Catholics form the remaining three million one hundred and fifty thousand. They may also be considered with regard to property, which is necessary, in some degree, to explain the political situation of the country.

The Protestants, who are almost entirely the descendants of Englishmen, forming so very small a minority as they do of the whole people, have yet almost the whole landed property of the country in their hands ; this property has been acquired by the most unjust means, by plunder and confiscation during repeated wars, and by the operation of laws framed to degrade and destroy

the Catholics, the natives of the country. In 1650 the people of three entire provinces were driven by Cromwell into the fourth, and their property divided amongst his officers and soldiers, whose descendants enjoy it at this day. In 1688, when James II. was finally defeated in Ireland, the spirit of the Irish people was completely broken, and the last remnant of their property torn from them and divided amongst the conquerors. By these means the proprietors of estates in Ireland, feeling the weakness of their titles to property thus acquired, and seeing themselves, as it were, a colony of strangers, forming not above one-tenth part of the population, have always looked to England for protection and support; they have, therefore, been ever ready to sacrifice the interests of their country to her ambition and avarice, and to their own security. England, in return, has rewarded them for this sacrifice by distributing among them all the offices and appointments in the church, the army, the law, the revenue, and every department of the state, to the utter exclusion of the two other sects, and more especially of the Catholics. By these means the Protestants, who constitute the aristocracy of Ireland, have in their hands all the force of the Government; they have at least five-sixths of the landed property; they are devoted implicitly to the connection with England, which they consider as essential to the secure possession of their estates; they dread and abhor the principles of the French Revolution, and, in case of any attempt to emancipate Ireland, I should calculate on all the opposition which it might be in their power to give.

But it is very different with regard to the Dissenters, who occupy the province of Ulster, of which they form at present the majority. They have among them but few great landed proprietors; they are mostly engaged in trade and manufactures, especially the linen, which is the staple commodity of Ireland, and is almost exclusively in their hands. From their first establishment, in 1620, until very lately, there existed a continual animosity between them and the Catholic natives of the country, grounded on the natural dislike between the old inhabitants and strangers, and fortified still more by the irreconcilable difference between the genius of the

religions of Calvinism and Popery, and diligently cultivated and fomented by the Protestant aristocracy, the partisans of England, who saw in the feuds and dissensions of the other two great sects their own protection and security.

Among the innumerable blessings procured to mankind by the French Revolution, arose the circumstance which I am about to mention, and to which I do most earnestly entreat the particular attention of the French Government, as it is, in fact, the point on which the emancipation of Ireland may eventually turn.

The Dissenters are, from the genius of their religion, and the spirit of inquiry which it produces, sincere and enlightened republicans; they have ever, in a degree, opposed the usurpations of England, whose protection, as well from their numbers and spirit as the nature of their property, they did not, like the Protestant aristocracy, feel necessary for their existence. Still, however, in all the civil wars of Ireland they ranged themselves under the standard of England, and were the most formidable enemies to the Catholic natives, whom they detested as Papists, and despised as slaves. These bad feelings were, for obvious reasons, diligently fomented by the Protestant and English party. At length, in the year 1790, the French Revolution produced a powerful revulsion in the minds of the most enlightened men amongst them. They saw that, whilst they thought they were the masters of the Catholics, they were, in fact, but their jailers, and that, instead of enjoying liberty in their own country, they served but as a garrison to keep it in subjection to England; the establishment of unbounded liberty of conscience in France had mitigated their horror of Popery; one hundred and ten years of peace had worn away very much of the old animosity which former wars had raised and fomented. Eager to emulate the glorious example of France, they saw at once that the only guide to liberty was justice, and that they neither deserved nor could obtain independence, whilst their Catholic brethren, as they then, for the first time, called them, remained in slavery and oppression. Impressed with these sentiments of liberality and wisdom, they sought out the leaders of the Catholics, whose cause and whose suffering were, in a manner, forgotten. The Catholics

caught with eagerness at the slightest appearance of alliance and support from a quarter whose opposition they had ever experienced to be so formidable, and once more, after lying prostrate for above one hundred years, appeared on the political theatre of their country. Nothing could exceed the alarm, the terror, and confusion which this most unexpected coalition produced in the breasts of the English Government, and their partisans, the Protestant aristocracy of Ireland. Every art, every stratagem, was used to break the new alliance, and revive the ancient animosities and feuds between the Dissenters and Catholics. Happily such abominable attempts proved fruitless. The leaders on both sides saw that as they had but one common country, they had but one common interest; that while they were mutually contending and ready to sacrifice each other, England profited of their folly to enslave both, and that it was only by a cordial union and affectionate co-operation that they could assert their common liberty, and establish the independence of Ireland. They therefore resisted and overcame every effort to disunite them, and in this manner has a spirit of union and regard succeeded to 250 years of civil discord—a revolution in the political morality of the nation of the most extreme importance, and from which, under the powerful auspices of the French Republic, I hope and trust her independence and liberty will arise.

I beg leave again to call the attention of the French Government to this fact of the national union, which, from my knowledge of the situation of Ireland, I affirm to be of importance, equal to all the rest. Catholics and Dissenters, the two great sects whose mutual animosities have been the radical weakness of their country, are at length reconciled, and the arms which have been so often imbrùed in the blood of each other are ready for the first time to be turned in concert against the common enemy.

I come now to the third party in Ireland, the Catholics, who are the Irish, properly so called, and who form almost the entire body of the peasanty of the country. The various confiscations, produced by the wars of five centuries, and the silent operation of the laws for 150 years, have stripped the Catholics of almost all

property in land; the great bulk of them are in the lowest degree of misery and want, hewers of wood and drawers of water; bread they seldom taste, meat never, save once in the year; they live in wretched hovels, they labour incessantly, and their landlords, the Protestant aristocracy, have so calculated, that the utmost they can gain by this continual toil will barely suffice to pay the rent, at which these petty despots assess their wretched habitations; their food the whole year round is potatoes; their drink, sometimes milk, more frequently water; those of them who attempt to cultivate a spot of ground as farmers are forced, in addition to a heavy rent, to pay tithes to the priests of the Protestant religion, which they neither profess nor believe; their own priests fleece them. Such is the condition of the peasantry of Ireland, above 3,000,000 of people. But though there be little property in land, there is a considerable share of the commerce of Ireland in the hands of the Catholic body; their merchants are highly respectable and well informed; they are perfectly sensible, as well of their own situation as that of their country. It is of these men, with a few of the Catholic gentry, whose property escaped the fangs of the English invaders, that their General Committee, of which I shall have occasion to speak by and by, is composed, and it is with their leaders that the union with the Dissenters, so infinitely important to Ireland, and, if rightly understood, to France also, has been formed.

I have now stated the respective situation, strength, and views of the parties of Ireland; that is to say: *First.* The Protestants, 450,000, comprising the great body of the aristocracy, which supports and is supported by England. Their strength is entirely artificial, composed of the power and influence which the patronage of Government gives them. They have in their hands all appointments in every department, in the church, the army, the revenue, the navy, the law, and a great proportion of the landed property of the country, acquired and maintained as has been stated; but it cannot escape the penetration of the French Government that all their apparent power is purely fictitious; the strength they derive from Government results solely from opinion; the instant that

prop is withdrawn, the edifice tumbles into ruins; the strength of property acquired like theirs by the sword continues no longer than the sword can defend it, and, numerically, the Protestants are but one-tenth of the people.

Second. The Dissenters, 900,000, who form a large and respectable portion of the middle ranks of the community. These are the class of men best informed in Ireland; they constituted the bulk of what we called the Volunteer army in 1782, during the last war, which extorted large concessions from England, and would have completely established their liberty had they been then, as they are now, united with their Catholic brethren. They are all, to a man, sincere Republicans, and devoted with enthusiasm to the cause of liberty and France; they would make perhaps the best soldiers in Ireland, and are already in a considerable degree trained to arms.

Third. The Catholics, 3,150,000. These are the Irish, properly so called, trained from their infancy in an hereditary hatred and abhorrence of the English name, which conveys to them no ideas but those of blood and pillage and persecution. This class is strong in numbers and in misery, which makes men bold; they are used to every species of hardship; they can live on little; they are easily clothed; they are bold and active; they are prepared for any change, for they feel that no change can make their situation worse. For these five years they have fixed their eyes most earnestly on France, whom they look upon, with great justice, as fighting their battles, as well as those of all mankind who are oppressed. Of this class, I will stake my head, there are five hundred thousand men, who would fly to the standard of the Republic if they saw it once displayed in the cause of liberty and their country.

From what I have said it appears that all the artificial strength of Ireland is implicitly devoted to England, and decidedly adverse to France; that all the natural strength is equally devoted to France, and adverse to England: for this plain reason, that in the one they look for a deliverer, in the other they see a tyrant. It is now necessary to state the organisation of the people of Ireland; and here I must be allowed to observe, that even if there were no

previous organisation the measures which I shall submit would not be the less advisable and practicable. Organisation, like machinery, may be necessary to enable a small force to raise a great weight; but a whole people can act by their natural strength. The Republic may rely with confidence to meet support from the Dissenters, actuated by reason and reflection, from the Catholics, impelled by misery and inflamed by detestation of the English name. These are the actual force of Ireland, and, in addition to their strength, they are organised also.

In the year 1791 the Dissenters of Belfast, which is the principal city in Ulster, and, as it were, the metropolis of that great body, formed the first club of United Irishmen, so called, because in that club, for the first time in Ireland, Dissenters and Catholics were seen together in harmony and union. A similar club was immediately formed in Dublin, which became speedily famous for its publications and the sufferings of its members, many of whom were thrown into prison by the Government, whose terror at this rising spirit of union amongst the people may be estimated from the severity with which they persecuted those who were most active in promoting it. This persecution, however, far from quelling the spirit, only served to make the people more cautious and guarded in their measures. Means have been adopted to spread similar clubs throughout Ulster, the seat of the Dissenting power, the object of which is to subvert the tyranny of England, to establish the independence of Ireland, and to frame a free republic on the broad basis of liberty and equality. These clubs were rapidly filled, and extended, in June last, over about two-thirds of that province. I am satisfied that, by this time, they embrace the whole of it, and comprise the activity and energy of the Dissenters of Ireland, including also numbers of the most spirited and intelligent of the Catholic body. The members are all bound by an oath of secrecy, and could, on a proper occasion, I have not the smallest doubt, raise the entire force of the province of Ulster, the most populous, the most warlike, and the most informed quarter of the nation.

For the Catholics, from what has been said of their situation, it

will appear that little previous arrangement would be necessary to ensure their unanimous support of any measure which held out to them a chance of bettering their condition; yet they also have an organisation, commencing about the same time with the clubs last mentioned, but composing Catholics only. Until within these few months this organisation baffled the most active vigilance of the Irish Government, unsuccessfully employed to discover its principles, and to this hour they are, I believe, unapprised of its extent. The fact is that in June last it embraced the whole peasantry of the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Connaught—three-fourths of the nation; and I have little doubt but it has since extended into Munster, the remaining province. These men, who are called Defenders, are completely organised on a military plan, divided according to their respective districts, and officered by men chosen by themselves. The principle of their union is implicit obedience to the orders of those whom they have elected for their generals, and whose object is the emancipation of their country, the subversion of English usurpation, and the bettering the condition of the wretched peasantry of Ireland. The eyes of this whole body, which may be said, almost without a figure, to be the people of Ireland, are turned, with the most anxious expectation, to France, for assistance and support. The oath of their union recites, "That they will be faithful to the united nations of France and Ireland," and several of them have already sealed it with their blood. I suppose there is no instance of a conspiracy, if a whole people can be said to conspire, which has continued for so many years as this has done, where the secret has been so religiously kept, and where, in so vast a number, so few traitors have been found.

This organisation of the Defenders embraces the whole peasantry of Ireland, being Catholics. There is also a further organisation of the Catholics, which is called the General Committee, and to which I have already alluded. This was a representative body, chosen by the Catholics at large, and consisting of the principal merchants and traders, the members of professions, and a few of the remaining Catholic gentry of Ireland. This body, which has sat repeatedly in the capital, at the same time with the Parlia-

ment, and has twice within four years sent ambassadors to the King of England, possesses a very great influence on the minds of the Catholics throughout the nation, and especially decides the movements of the city of Dublin—a circumstance whose importance, when well directed, it is unnecessary to suggest to men so enlightened as those who compose the Government of France. It is true that, by a late act of the Irish Legislature, this body is prevented from meeting in a representative capacity, but the individuals who compose it still exist, and this act, without diminishing their power or influence, has still more alienated their minds from the British Government in Ireland, against which they were already sufficiently, and with great reason, exasperated. It is but justice to the General Committee, in whose service I had the honour to be, during the whole of their activity, and whose confidence I had the good fortune to acquire and retain, to say that there is nowhere to be found men of purer patriotism, more sincerely attached to the principles of liberty, or who would be more likely in an arduous crisis to conduct themselves with ability and firmness. I can add, from my personal knowledge, that a great majority of those able and honest men who compose it are sincere republicans, warmly attached to the cause of France, and, as Irishmen and as Catholics, doubly bound to detest the tyranny and domination of England, which has so often deluged their country with their best blood.

I have now stated the three modes of organisation which exist in Ireland :—

1st. The Dissenters, with some of the most spirited and enlightened of the Catholics, under the name of *United Irishmen*, whose central point is Belfast, the capital of Ulster.

2nd. The Defenders, forming the great body of the Catholic peasantry, amounting to 3,000,000 of people, and who cover the entire face of the country.

3rd. The General Committee of the Catholics, representing the talents and property of that body, possessing a very great influence everywhere in Ireland, and especially deciding the movements of the capital.

I hazard nothing in asserting that these three bodies are alike animated with an ardent desire for the independence of Ireland, an abhorrence of British tyranny, and a sincere attachment to the cause of the French Republic; and, what is of very great consequence, they have a perfect good understanding and communication with each other (that is to say, their leaders), so that, on any great emergency, there would be no possible doubt of their mutual co-operation. Many of the most active members of the General Committee, for example, are also in the clubs of the United Irishmen; many of the officers of the Defenders, particularly those at the head of their affairs, are also either members of those clubs, or in unreserved confidence and communication with those who regulate and guide them. The central point of all this is undoubtedly Belfast, which influences, and which deserves to influence, the measures of all the others, and what I consider as extremely singular, the leaders of the Defenders in Ulster, who are all Catholics, are in more regular habits of communication, and are more determined by the Dissenters of Belfast, than by their Catholic brethren of Dublin, with whom they hold much less intercourse.

I shall add a few words on the military force of Ireland, and on the navy, and then I shall conclude this memorial, which, in spite of all my efforts to condense it, I feel growing under my hands.

In the month of June, 1795, when I left Ireland, the army, as I believe, amounted to about 30,000 men, of which 12,000 were troops of the line, or fencibles, and 18,000 were militia; a great proportion of the former, viz., the cavalry and artillery, and all the latter, being Irish. I believe a considerable number have been since detached to the West Indies and elsewhere; if so, the relative proportion of Irish must be increased, as the militia cannot be ordered on foreign service. For the cavalry and artillery, which, taken together, may make 3,000 men, or upwards, I cannot speak with certainty; but my belief is, that if they saw any prospect of permanent support they would not act against their country. For the remaining 9,000 men of the troops of the line and fencibles, they are a wretched assemblage of old men and boys,

incapable of the duties of active service ; any resistance they could make, if they were inclined to resist, could be but trifling, and I have reason to believe they would not be so inclined, several of the fencible regiments being Scotch, and already more than half disaffected to the Government. For the militia, they consisted, at the time I mention, of about 18,000 men, as fine troops as any in Europe. Of these at least 16,000 were Catholics, and of those a very great portion were actually sworn Defenders, who were compelled to enter the service to avoid prosecution. I learn that, since my departure from Ireland, Defenderism has spread rapidly among them, and that numbers have been imprisoned on that account. I have not a shadow of doubt on my mind but that the militia would, in case of emergency, to a man, join their countrymen in throwing off the yoke of England, provided proper measures were taken, and that they saw a reasonable prospect of success.

For the navy, I have already said that Ireland has furnished no less than 80,000 seamen, and that two-thirds of the English fleet are manned by Irishmen. I will here state the grounds of my assertion. First, I have myself heard several British officers, and among them some of very distinguished reputation, say so. Secondly, I know that when the Catholic delegates, whom I had the honour to attend, were at St. James's, in January, 1793, in the course of the discussion with Henry Dundas, principal Secretary of State, they asserted the fact to be as I have mentioned, and Mr. Dundas admitted it, which he would most certainly not have done if he could have denied it. And, lastly, on my voyage to America, our vessel was boarded by a British frigate, whose crew consisted of 220 men, of whom no less than 210 were Irish, as I found by inquiry. I submit the importance of this fact to the particular notice of the French Government.

From all which has been said I trust it will appear that it is the interest of France to separate Ireland from England ; and that it is morally certain that the attempt, if made, would succeed, for the following reasons : 1st. That all the Dissenters are disaffected to England, attached to France, and sufficiently organised. 2nd. That the whole Catholic peasantry of Ireland, above 3,000,000

of people, are, to a man, eager to throw off the English yoke; that they also are organised, and that part of the fundamental oath, by which they are bound as Defenders, is to be true as well to France as to Ireland. 3rd. That there is a certainty of a perfect harmony and co-operation between these two great bodies, which constitute nine-tenths of the population of Ireland. 4th. That the British Government cannot reckon on any firm support from the army, above two-thirds of which are Irishmen, and of that number nearly 10,000 being, as I am informed and believe, actually sworn Defenders. 5th. That it is at least possible that, by proper measures to be adopted relative to the Irishmen now serving in the navy of England, her power at sea might receive such a shock as it has never yet experienced; and 6th, and lastly, that if these facts be as I have here stated them, it would be impossible for the Protestant aristocracy in Ireland to make any stand whatsoever, even for an hour, in defence of the connection with England.

Having now submitted the actual situation of Ireland to the notice of the French Government, I shall offer, in a second memorial, the plan which I conceive most likely to effectuate the separation of that country from Great Britain.

Second Memorial.

Having stated, in a former memorial, the actual situation and circumstances of Ireland, I shall now submit those means which, in my judgment, will be most likely to effectuate the great object of separating that country from England, and establishing her as an independent Republic, in strict alliance with France. I shall first mention those measures whose execution depend on the French Republic, and next those which will be to be executed by the people of Ireland.

In the first place, I beg leave to lay it down as indispensable that a body of French troops should be landed in Ireland, with a General at their head, of established reputation, whose name should be known in that country—a circumstance of considerable importance; and I must be permitted to observe here, that, if humbling

the pride and reducing the power of England be an object with the French Republic, I know no place where the very best General in their service could be employed, either with more reputation to himself, or benefit to the public cause.

With regard to the strength of this army, it is my duty to speak with candour to the Government. It ought, if possible, to be of 20,000 men, at least 15,000 of which should land as near the capital as circumstances would admit, and 5,000 in the North of Ireland, near Belfast. If an imposing force, such as I have mentioned, could be sent in the first instance, it would save a vast effusion of blood and treasure. By having possession of the capital we should, in fact, have possession of the whole country. The Government in existence there would fall to pieces, without a possibility of effort. We should have in our hands at once the Treasury, the Post Office, the Banks, the Custom-House, the seat of the Legislature, and particularly, what is even of more consequence, we should have the reputation which would result from such a commencement. If we could begin by the capital, I should hope we should obtain possession of the entire country without striking a blow, as in fact there would, in that case, be no organised force to make resistance; but for this, 20,000 men would be necessary. If, however, the other indispensable arrangements of the French Republic would render it impossible to send such a force, I offer it as my opinion, and I entreat it may be remembered that 5,000 is the very lowest number with which the attempt could be made with anything like certainty of success, in which case the landing should be effectuated in the North of Ireland, where the people are in the greatest forwardness as to military preparation. It is unnecessary to observe here that, commencing our operations at 100 miles distance from the capital, of which the enemy would be in full possession, would give them very great advantages over us at first; they would still have, in a degree, the law of opinion in their favour, and they would, at least for some time, retain the Treasury, the Post Office, and all the other advantages which an established organisation would naturally give them. Nevertheless, with 5,000 men, an able General, and the measures which I shall hereafter

mention, I should have no doubt of our ultimate success ; but then we should have to fight hard for our liberties, and we should lose many great advantages which a sufficient force in the commencement would give us, particularly that of disorganising at once the existing Government of Ireland.

Supposing the number to be 5,000, a large proportion should be artillerists, of which we are quite unprovided. They should be the very best troops that France could furnish, men who had actually seen hard service, and who would be capable of training and disciplining the Irish army. The necessity of this is too obvious to need any further comment. I do not go here into any military detail on the conduct of the war ; if the measure be adopted, I shall hope to be admitted to a conference with the General, who may be appointed to the command, and then, with the map of the country before us, I will submit, with great deference, my ideas on that head.

Before I quit the subject of the force necessary, I wish to observe that, in my first memorial, I have always said that the army, and especially the militia, would, I was satisfied, declare for their country, "*if they saw a reasonable prospect of support*," by which I would be understood to mean an imposing force in the first instance. I cannot commit myself as to what might be their conduct in case 5,000 men only were landed. I hope, and I believe, but I cannot positively affirm, that they would join the standard of their country ; but, even if they were, contrary to my expectations, to adhere to the British Government, the only difference would be, that, in that event, we should have a civil war, which I would most earnestly wish, if possible, to avoid. As to the people at large, I am perfectly satisfied that, whether there were 20,000 or 10,000 or even 5,000 men landed, it would, as to them, make no manner of difference. I know they would flock to the Republican standard in such numbers as to embarrass the General-in-Chief. It would be just as easy in a month's time to have an army in Ireland of 200,000 men as of 10,000, and therefore it is that, reckoning on this disposition of the people, I say, and repeat, that I would not have a shadow of doubt of our ultimate success, provided we had

a body of even 5,000 disciplined troops to commence with ; a smaller number would, I apprehend, be hardly able to maintain themselves until they could be joined by the people, as the Government of Ireland would be able instantly to turn against them such a body of troops (who in that case would, I fear, adhere to them) as would swallow them up, the consequence of which would be, besides the loss to France of the men and money, the bringing Ireland, even more than she is at present, under the yoke of British tyranny, the breaking for ever the hopes and spirits of her people, and the rendering all prospect of her emancipation, at any future period, utterly impracticable and desperate.

As to arms and ammunition, I can only say, that the more there is of both, the better. If the Republic can send to Ireland 100,000 stand of arms, there are double the number of hands ready to put them in. A large train of artillery, that is to say, field pieces, as we have no fortified places, is absolutely indispensable, together with a considerable proportion of experienced cannoniers ; engineers, used to field practice, are also highly necessary. As to money, I am at a loss to determine the sum. If 20,000 men were sent, I should say that pay for 40,000 for three months would be amply sufficient, as, before that time was expired, we should have all the resources of Ireland in our hands. If but 5,000 be sent, I submit the quantum necessary to the wisdom and liberality of the French Government, observing only that we could not, in that case, calculate at once on the immediate possession of the funds, which, in the other instance, we could seize directly.

Very much would depend upon the manifesto, to be published on the first landing. I conceive the declaration of the object and intentions of the Republic should contain, among others, the following topics :—

1st. An absolute disavowal of all idea of conquest, and a statement that the French came as friends and brothers, with no other view than to assist the people in throwing off the yoke of England. 2nd. A declaration of perfect security and protection to the free exercise of all religions, without distinction or preference, and the perpetual abolition of all ascendency, or connection, between Church

and State. 3rd. A declaration of perfect security and protection of persons and property, to all who should demean themselves as good citizens, and friends to the liberty of their country, with strong denunciations against those who should support or countenance the cause of British tyranny and usurpation. 4th. An invitation to the people to join the Republican standard, and a promise to recommend to the future Legislature of their country every individual who should distinguish himself by his courage, zeal, and ability. 5th. An invitation to the people immediately to organise themselves, and form a national convention, for the purpose of framing a Government, and of administering the affairs of Ireland, until such Government could be framed and put in activity.

Other topics will naturally suggest themselves ; but these seem to me, from my knowledge of Ireland, to be among the most likely, as well to raise the people as to remove the fears and anxieties, especially on the great heads of property and religion, of many who might otherwise be neutral, or perhaps adverse, but who would gladly support the independence of their country, when satisfied as to these points. It is with the most sincere pleasure that I can assure the French Government that their singular moderation with regard to Holland, when that country lay at their mercy, had an inconceivable effect on the mind of every independent man in Ireland, and removed, almost entirely, the reluctance which many felt to put themselves to the hazard and uncertainty of a revolution.

To recapitulate : What I conceive would be indispensably necessary to be furnished, on the part of the French Republic, would be : 1st. *An armed force*, not exceeding 20,000 men, nor less than 5,000. If 20,000, to be landed as near Dublin as possible ; if a smaller number, in the North of Ireland, near Belfast. 2nd. A General whose name and character should be well known in Ireland. 3rd. Arms and ammunition, as much as could be spared ; a train of artillery, with an adequate number of experienced cannoniers and engineers. 4th. Such a sum of money as the French Government might feel necessary, and could grant, consistently with their other arrangements.

On the part of the people of Ireland, the measures which I

conceive would be most immediately necessary, to ensure success and establish our independence, would be as follow :—

First, of course, to raise as many soldiers as we had arms to put into their hands, which would be the only limitation as to numbers.

Secondly, to call a national convention, for which a basis is laid in the General Committee of the Catholics, mentioned in my first memorial, who, when joined by Delegates from the Dissenters, would be actually the representatives of nine-tenths of the people. The first act of the Convention thus constituted should be, to declare themselves the representatives of the Irish people, free and independent, and in that capacity to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the French Republic ; stipulating that neither party should make peace with England without the other, and until the two Republics were acknowledged, and also a treaty of commerce, on terms of mutual advantage. As the immediate formation of a national convention is of the last importance, I wish earnestly to press on the notice of the French Government the unspeakable advantage of having, if possible, an imposing force, in the first instance, for this reason : that the men of a certain rank in life and situation, as to property (for instance, the actual members of the Catholic Committee, who must be those who naturally would form the convention), would, in that case, at once declare themselves, and begin to act, which I cannot venture to ensure that they would do, at least for some time, if they saw but a small force landed. For the great body of the people, whom I have mentioned as being organised under the name of Defenders, and a great proportion of the Dissenters, the number to be landed is of little consequence as to them ; for my firm belief is, that if but one thousand French were landed, it would be impossible to prevent the peasantry of Ireland from rising, as one man, to join them ; but then we should lose the inestimable advantages which would result from the immediate organisation of a body which could call itself the Government of Ireland, and, as such, instantly assume the legislative and executive functions, raise money, grant commissions, and, especially, conclude the alliance with France, the *éclat* of which must naturally produce the most beneficial and important

consequences. Without such an arrangement our commencement would have more the air of an insurrection than a Revolution; and though, I again repeat, I would have no doubt of the ultimate success of the attempt, yet the difficulties at first would be multiplied in proportion to the smallness of the force which might be landed. The measures which I am now about to mention, which can only be effectually executed by a body which can, with some appearance of justice, call itself the Irish Government, will show at once the indispensable necessity of a national convention being organised; that not an hour should be lost in framing it; and, of course, that every possible effort should be made to send such force as would ensure its formation in the first instance.

The convention, being once formed, should proceed to publish, among others, the following proclamations; from every one of which, I have no shadow of doubt, would result the most powerful effects.

1st. One to the people at large, notifying their independence and their alliance with the French Republic, forbidding all adherence to the British Government, under the penalty of high treason; ordering all taxes and contributions to be paid only to such persons as should be appointed by the convention to receive them; and, in the meantime, making all collectors and public officers responsible, with life and property, for all moneys in their hands. This would at once set the law of opinion on their side, and give a spirit to every individual embarked in the cause. It would then be a war, not an insurrection; and even that circumstance, as operating on the minds of the soldiery, I consider as of great importance.

2nd. One to the militia of Ireland, recalling them to the standard of their country, paying the value of their arms, and granting an immediate discharge to all who should demand it; and ensuring a preference in all military promotion, and a provision in land, or otherwise, at the end of the war, according to the rank and services of each, to those who should enter into the service of their country. I am convinced, as I am of my existence, that this single proclamation would bring over the entire militia of Ireland, which is, in fact, the only formidable force in the country; but I must add, at the

same time, that this proclamation can only be published, with effect, by a national Government.

3rd. One, addressed to all Irishmen now serving in the navy of England, recalling them directly from that service ; reminding them that they are a majority, in the proportion of two to one, and therefore exhorting them to seize on the vessels, and bring them into the Irish ports ; engaging the faith of the nation to purchase the ships at their value, as prizes, to give, as in the case of the militia, an immediate discharge to all who should desire it, ensuring promotion in preference to all who should remain in the service, stating the hardships to which they are subject in the British service, into which they have been forced, either by hunger or the press-gang, dwelling particularly on the unjust distribution of their prize-money, stating the enormous disproportion between the share of an admiral or a captain and that of a common seaman ; ensuring them an equitable rate in that respect, to be established in the future Irish navy, and reminding them of the immense wealth to be made by captures on the prodigious expanse of the British commerce which now embraces that of the whole world. From such a proclamation issuing from an Irish Government I am sanguine enough to expect the most powerful effects. Let it never be forgotten that two-thirds of the British seamen, as they are called, are in fact Irishmen. I will not say that this proclamation would bring one ship into the Irish harbours, but this I say, that if human nature be human nature, it would raise such a spirit of jealousy and distrust in the naval service of Great Britain as must most materially serve the cause of the Republic. Will any English Admiral leave Portsmouth with confidence, with such a proclamation as that hanging over his head, against which, too, he has nothing to oppose but the mere force of discipline? How much will that discipline be necessarily relaxed from the fear lest, by enforcing it strictly, the majority of the crew should instantly mutiny and carry the ship where they would meet with protection and support amongst their friends and connections, their wives and children—in one word, in their native country? Will any English captain be found to tie up an Irish seaman for a trifling offence

and flog him before the face of the crew two-thirds of whom are Irish, with the terror of such a proclamation before his eyes? And especially what weapon has the English Government to oppose in return? I supplicate the attention of the French Government to this point, which is, in my judgment, of the very highest importance. It would be in her navy that England would be then first found vulnerable. If there was no other object proposed but this single one, I affirm with confidence, it is of magnitude by itself sufficient to decide the French Government to make every effort to obtain it; which can only be effected through the medium of a national Government to be established in Ireland. It would be easy to add a thousand arguments on this topic, but I trust, knowing as I do the superior talents and information of those whom I address, that what I have said will be sufficient to open the subject, and I do again most earnestly entreat them to follow in their own minds the long chain of consequences which must flow, as to the naval power of England, from the measure which I have mentioned, supposing it to have that success which I cannot myself for a moment doubt but it must.

4th. A proclamation recalling, in general terms, all Irishmen from the dominions of Great Britain, whether in the land or sea service, or otherwise, within a certain period, under pain of being treated as emigrants. The effect of this measure will be seen when I come to speak of the actual and casual resources of Ireland.

5th. An address to the people of England and Scotland, as distinguished from the Government, stating the grounds of the conduct of the Irish nation, and declaring their earnest desire to avoid the effusion of blood; that they wish merely for the independence of their country, which at all hazards they are determined to maintain; warning the English people, by the examples of the American and French Revolutions, how impossible it is to conquer a whole people determined to be free, demonstrating, by calculation, the expense of the war, and applying to their interests as a commercial people, contrasted and opposed to the personal views of their King and Government; showing them how little they could gain in the most prosperous event, how much blood and treasure

they must necessarily expend, and finally, pointing out the certain consequences to England if she should fail in the contest. If this proclamation were published, I apprehend, as its principles are just, it might embarrass the British Minister considerably in his operations, so as, perhaps, to render it impossible for him to continue the war. But, as I do not at all calculate on the good sense or spirit of the British people, who seem to me for some years to have totally renounced that share of both which they once possessed, I will submit that, if it totally failed in its object, and the English nation were so infatuated as to support the Minister in the war, this proclamation should be followed by the next.

6th. The immediate confiscation of every shilling of English property in Ireland, of every species, movable or fixed, and appropriating it to the national service, which would then be an act of strict justice, as the English people would have made themselves parties in the war. In this manner, I submit, one of two things must happen: either the English people would decidedly oppose the war—and, if so, peace, and the establishment of the independence of Ireland, would directly follow—or they would support the war; in which case they lose at once an immense property in Ireland, which is instantly transferred, and becomes a weapon against them, in the hands of their enemies; not to speak of the discontents which the loss of such a vast property in land, in money lent on mortgages, in goods, and in debts, must produce amongst all ranks, and more especially amongst the merchants and traders in England.

I will not trespass longer on the time of the French Government, but hasten to give a brief sketch of the actual and casual resources of Ireland, and then conclude. First, her population—4,500,000. It is necessary to state on what grounds I assert this. In 1788 there existed a tax on hearths in Ireland, by which means the number of houses was known with sufficient accuracy to those who administered the revenue. The number of people in Ireland, allowing six to a family, was in that year calculated by one of the commissioners—who, of course, had perfect information—at 4,100,000; and it was allowed to be under the truth, as well

because some houses must necessarily have been omitted, as that the proportion of six to a family was less than what was usually found in Ireland, where the people are naturally prolific. I speak here from memory; but the calculation is to be found in the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Ireland, which may, perhaps, be in the National Library, and it will justify my assertion that the people of Ireland amount to 4,500,000. But, though Ireland is populous, she is poor! We are, thanks to the ruinous connection with England, almost without trade or manufactures; and while that connection holds we shall continue so, for this, among other reasons, that a wretched Irish peasant is tempted even by the scanty pay and subsistence of a foot soldier, from which a well-fed and well-clothed English artisan turns with contempt. The army of England is supported by the misery of Ireland.

Ireland would, however, in case of a revolution, possess, amongst others, the following resources: 1st. Her actual revenues, amounting at present to about £2,000,000 per annum, making 48,000,000 livres. 2nd. The church, college, and chapter lands, whose exact value I do not know, but which are of vast amount. 3rd. The property of absentees, who never visit the country at all, amounting at least to £1,000,000 sterling, or 24,000,000 livres. 4th. The casual property of emigrants, which would amount to a very great sum, but which, as depending on circumstances, cannot be reduced to calculation. 5th. The property of Englishmen in Ireland—whether vested in land, mortgages on land, trade, manufactures, bonds, bills, book debts, or otherwise—to be confiscated and applied to the discharge of the obligations incurred in the acquisition of the independence of Ireland; I cannot say what the amount of this might be, but it must be immense. One English nobleman—Earl Mansfield, formerly Ambassador at Paris, under the name of Lord Stormont, and an implacable enemy of France—has £300,000 sterling, or 7,200,000 livres, lent on mortgages in Ireland; another English gentleman, Mr. Taylor, has £150,000 sterling, or 3,600,000 livres, lent in like manner. I mention these instances to point out to the French Government what unspeakable confusion the measure

I propose would be likely to produce in England, and what a staggering blow the separation of Ireland would be in a commercial point of view, not to speak of the military, or, which is of far more consequence, the naval part of the question.

I have now done. I submit to the wisdom of the French Government that England is the implacable, inveterate, irreconcilable enemy of the Republic, which never can be in perfect security whilst that nation retains the dominion of the sea; that, in consequence, every possible effort should be made to humble her pride and to reduce her power; that it is in Ireland, *and in Ireland only*, that she is vulnerable—a fact of the truth of which the French Government cannot be too strongly impressed; that by establishing a free Republic in Ireland they attach to France a grateful ally whose cordial assistance, in peace and war, she might command, and who, from situation and produce, could most essentially serve her; that at the same time they cut off from England her most firm support, in losing which she is laid under insuperable difficulties in recruiting her army, and especially in equipping, victualling, and manning her navy, which, unless for the resources she drew from Ireland, she would be absolutely unable to do; that by these means—and, suffer me to add, *by these means only*—her arrogance can be effectually humbled, and her enormous and increasing power at sea reduced within due bounds—an object essential, not only to France, but to all Europe; that it is at least possible, by the measures mentioned, that not only her future resources, as to her navy, may be intercepted and cut off at the fountain head, but that a part of her fleet may be actually transferred to the Republic of Ireland; that the Irish people are united and prepared, and want but the means to begin; that, not to speak of the policy or the pleasure of revenge in humbling a haughty and implacable rival, it is in itself a great and splendid act of generosity and justice, worthy of the Republic, to rescue a whole nation from a slavery under which they have groaned for six hundred years; that it is for the glory of France, after emancipating Holland and receiving Belgium into her bosom, to establish one more free Republic in Europe; that it is for her interest to cut off for ever, as she now

may do, one-half of the resources of England, and lay her under extreme difficulties in the employment of the other. For all these reasons, in the name of justice, of humanity, of liberty, of my own country, and of France herself, I supplicate the Directory to take into consideration the state of Ireland; and by granting her the powerful aid and protection of the Republic, to enable her at once to vindicate her liberty, to humble her tyrant, and to assume that independent station among the nations of the earth for which her soil, her productions and her position, her population and her spirit have designed her.

THE END.

INDEX.

ABERCORN, Lord, Keogh's plan for the assumption of the Lieutenancy of Ireland by, i. 131, 146, 154
Abercrombie, General, ii. 304, 345
Adet, Citizen, French minister in Philadelphia, his first interview with Tone, i. 219; approves of Tone's design for applying to France to assist Ireland, 222, 253
Aherne, Dr., appointed by French Government to go to Ireland, ii. 3; favours agrarian revolution, 53; 61, 95; summoned to Holland, 290
Alexander the Great, ii. 49
America, war with England, i. 11; manufacture of linen in, 79
Amsterdam, The Stadthuys of, ii. 209, 210
Annesley, Earl, and the riots, i. 105, 115; said to ill-use Catholics, 119
Antonelli, Cardinal, ii. 70
Antrim, Attack of McCracken on, i. 110, note, ED.
Archdekin, i. 109
Aristocrats and Democrats, The Irish people divided into, i. 39
Armstrong, Major, ii. 356
Armstrong, William, second in a duel, i. 12
Attorneys, Custom of treating, i. 21
Augereau, General, and the Italian colours, ii. 190
Austin, Mrs., i. 112
Avonmore, Lord, i. 73, note, ED.

BAGWELL, J., M.P., ii. 137
Ball, J., i. 149
Ballinamuck, Battle of, i. 6, note, ED.
Ballinasloe, Tone's visit to, i. 137
Bar, Dublin, friendly to Catholic claims, i. 152
Barber, Captain, i. 105
Barber, Sam., i. 104, 113
Barére, i. 249
Baron, Captain, i. 227
Barras, i. 256; ii. 272
Barrett, R., i. 73

Barry, Colonel, Letter from Wolfe Tone to, i. 108; letter to Tone from, 128, 134
Barthélemy, ii. 268, 270
Bastille, Taking of the, celebrated in Belfast, i. 71
Beaulieu, General, ii. 32; defeat of, 42, 44
Bedout, Captain, ii. 154, 160
Belfast, Dissenters and volunteers of, i. 43, 47, 51; reception of Tone's pamphlet in, 52; extension of principles of United Irishmen in, 70, 71; support of Catholic emancipation, 132; thanks of Catholic Convention accorded to, 169; its enthusiastic reception of the delegates to the King, 171; hospitality to Tone, 214, 215; rising in, ii. 153
Bellew, C. D., motion at the Convention on the mode of transmitting the petition to the King, i. 164, 166; one of the delegates selected to present the petition to his Majesty, 167; 184
Bellew, Dr., Bishop of Killala, i. 143; proposal for a national college, 145
Bellew, Sir Edward, reported arrest, ii. 1
Bellew, William, i. 138
"Belmont Castle," i. 16
Benn's "History of Belfast," quoted, i. 96, note, ED.
Beresford, Mark, i. 146, 152
Bethencourt, General, ii. 318
Birch, Rev. T., i. 72, 116
Bird, Mr., i. 112, 205
Blackhall, i. 20
Blacquiere, Sir F., i. 152
"Blefescu," mock name for Belfast, i. 72
Bloom, Captain, ii. 140
Bodenstown, Tone's burial-place, ii. 370
Bompart, Commodore, of the second French expedition to Ireland, ii. 349
Bond, Oliver, i. 148, 156; ii. 5, and biographical note, ED.; arrest, 296
Boswell, Weaving invention by, i. 110
Boulant, Adjutant-General, ii. 312
Bournonville, General, i. 301
Bouvet, Rear-Admiral, ii. 160
Boyd, i. 85
Braughall, Thomas, member of Catholic Committee, i. 52; arrest of, 52, note, ED.; stopped, with Wolfe Tone, by footpads, 68; 108, 109; goes with Tone to Ballinasloe, 135, 138
Break-of-day-boys (*see* Peep-of-day-boys)
Bridport, Lord, ii. 245, 246
Broon, ii. 124
Brown, Mr. G. J., sub-master at Mr. Darling's academy, i. 11
Browne, Denis, member of the Irish House of Commons, i. 134, 137, 140; "playing the rascal in Mayo," 147, 153
Browne, Hon. Mr., i. 108, 109

Browne, Wogan, i. 74, 75, 126
Bruce, Dr., i. 84, 86, 87
Bruix, Rear-Admiral, ii. 157, 186, 311, 327
Bryson, i. 77, note, ED., 80, 81, 82, 96
Bunting, i. 85, 87
Buonaparte, urged to invade Ireland, i. 35, note, ED.; intervenes for Tandy's pardon, 54, note, ED.; ii. 17; victory in Italy, 42; 44; reported defeat in Italy, 54; victory over the Austrians, 183, 226; proclamation at Genoa, 236; appointed to command *l'Armée d'Angleterre*, 274; interviews with Tone, 278, 279; and the Jacobins, 287; and the arrest of United Irishmen, 300, 303; address to troops at Toulon, 316, 330; compared with Hoche, 339; aversion to an expedition to Ireland, 341
Burgh, Chief Baron, his oratorical powers in the Irish House of Commons, and resignation of his Crown office, i. 109, note, ED.
Burke, Edmund, approval of the principles of the Whig Club, i. 23, note, ED.; invective on the French Revolution, 38; entertains Keogh's boys, 125
Burke, Richard, appointed agent for Catholic Committee, i. 48, 49; allusion to him in Grattan, "Memoirs," 48, note, ED.; farewell dinner to him, 52; petition to Parliament prepared by, 62; his vanity, 65; desires to return to Ireland, 67; suspected of scheming with the Catholics, 106; Tone's opinion of him, 107; letter from, 108; Tone writes to, 108; arrives in Dublin, and gets his *congé* from Keogh, 125, 135; tries again to be agent for the Catholics, 144; visits Keogh, 156
Burrowes, Peter, member of of Wolfe Tone's club, i. 32; biographical summary of, i. 33, note, ED.; speech against the Union, *ib.*; admiration of Tone for, 36; nicknamed "The Czar," 124; 306; ii. 362
Burston, Mr., i. 125, 126, 127
Burton, Beresford, his opinion on measures of Catholic Committee, i. 68
Bute, Lady, ii. 44
Butler, Hon. Simon, first chairman of the Dublin Club of United Irishmen, i. 54; biographical summary of, 54, 55, note, ED.; 68, 125; imprisonment, ii. 5, note, ED.
Byrne, Edward, chairman of Catholic Committee, i. 52, and note, ED., 62, 94, 108, 109; nicknamed "The Vintner," 72; letter signed by, 125; 126, 133, 144; chairman of Catholic Convention, 159; selected as one of the delegates to present petition to the King, 167 176

Byrne, Mr., publisher of pamphlet by Wolfe Tone, i. 27

CAHIR, Lord, ii. 9
Camden, Lord, Proclamation of, ii. 305
Campbell, i. 81
Canard about an Irish insurrection, ii. 130
Carnot, i. 249; Tone's first interview with, 252–255; refers Tone to General Clarke, 277; another interview with Tone, ii. 21, 30, 41, 51; 84, 146; conspiracy of, 266, 268
Castlebar, Defeat of General Lake at, i. 6, note, ED.; ii. 348; meeting at, i. 139, 140
Castlereagh, Lord, arrests C. H. Teeling, ii. 5, note, ED.
Catholic Committee in Ireland, formation and originators, i. 44, note, ED.; connection of John Keogh with, 45, and note, ED.; ceases to exist, and afterwards re-formed, 44, note, ED.; its original object, 45; applies to Parliament for the repeal of the penal laws, 47; secession of the aristocracy from, 48; various measures adopted by, 48, 49; their petitions rejected by Parliament, 62, 63; Keon's plan for its reorganisation, 64; Wolfe Tone appointed agent to, 65; the plan for its reorganisation alarms the British Government, 67; the legality of its measures maintained by two lawyers, 68; attacked by Grand Jury of Louth, by Limerick, and the Dublin Corporation, 70; issues a counter-manifesto, 70; 102, 108; wavering counsel after the Convention, 177; dissensions as to petition to Parliament, 179; battle of words between Tone and Keogh, 180, 181; Keogh's motion for attendance of delegates in London, 184; rescinding of Keogh's motion, 185; discussion on the acceptance or non-acceptance of Hobart's Bill, 185, 186; shows a spirit of compromise towards the Government, 190, 194; divided opinions, 191; assailed with unfounded charges by the Government, 194, 195; Tone's memorials in their interests to the French Directory, ii. 97
Catholic Convention, place of assembly, 158; enthusiasm of delegates, 159; election of chairman, 159; the right of representation established, 160; Teeling's motion for total emancipation, 161; D. T. O'Brien's speech, 161; reception of Keogh's challenge, and his motion for adjournment, 161, 162; Teeling's amendment unanimously carried, 163; Fitzgerald's motion for discussing the mode of transmitting the petition to the King, 164; signing the petition by assembly, 164;

unanimous agreement as to mode of transmitting petition, 165–167; selection of delegates to present the petition, 167; a vindication of the conduct of Catholics discussed and agreed upon, 167–169; thanks to people of Belfast, 169; clerical representation in the, 170
Catholic Society, i. 88
Catholics in Ireland, proportionate numbers, i. 41; tyranny of penal code against them, 41; Mr. Lecky's summary of the penal code against them, 42, note, ED.; their advance in political spirit, 47; hatred of England, 51; dinners to political friends, 52; offence taken at their using firearms, 104; Tone proposes they should abstain from parading in bodies, 105; they decide to have a pastoral letter recommending good order, 105; loss of influence amongst their clergy, 105; not to be supported by the English Ministry, 108; insults offered to them in Sligo, 110; offer to find soldiers, 115; their clergy said to be unfriendly to liberty, 116; Wolfe Tone to be the medium of communication between them and Parliament, 123, 124; complain of taxation without representation, 130; injustice to the poorer, 130; their interests in Keogh's proposed scheme for the administration of Irish affairs, 132, 133; what their emancipation meant, 133; education of their clergy, 143; R. Burke seeks again to be their agent, 144; their discontent with the Government, 147; names of subcommittee of, 149; proceedings of their Convention of 1792, 158–170; presentation of their petition to the King, 173; a spirit of compromise in the Committee, 177; passing of Bill for their relief, and its provisions, 196, 197; offices from which they were still excluded, 198, note, ED., 199, 200
Catholics, Penal code against, i. 42, note, ED.; relaxations in, down to 1792, 92, ED., 94
Cattle-fair at Ballinasloe, i. 137
Cavan, Earl of, ii. 253
Cavendish, Sir Henry, opinion of Wolfe Tone's pamphlet on Irish neutrality in Anglo-Spanish affairs, i. 27
Chamberlain, i. 115
Charlemont, Lord, one of the originators of the Whig Club, i. 23, note, ED.
Chasseloup, ii. 160
Chaumont, General, ii. 265
Chérin, General, ii. 87, 98, 99, 150
Chesterfield, Lord, Letters of, Tone's opinion of, i. 139
"Chouannerie," System of, i. 313, 319; ii. 12, 113

Chouans, The, ii. 107, 124, 147
Clane, i. 13
Clare, Lord, allusions in speeches to letter from Wolfe Tone, i. 35, note by Tone's son; is challenged by Hon. Simon Butler, 55, note, ED.; biographical summary of, 70, note, ED.; 72; his animosity to the Catholics, 168, 169; attacked by Tone, 177; condemns Catholic emancipation, 194, 279; abuses Tone and Hoche in the Irish Parliament, 185, 292
Clarke, General, interview with Tone in Paris, i. 277–281; second interview, 287; reports to Tone the proposals of the Executive, 299; ii. 8, 9; distrusted, 11; opinion of Tone's proclamation, 37, 39; 43; discusses with Tone the proposed expedition, 47, 51, 57, 58, 77; suggestions as to the future government of Ireland, 83; 281
Clear-day Men, ii. 131
Cleghorn, Tom, i. 83
Clergy, their representatives at the Catholic Convention, i. 170
Clotilde, i. 306
Club, formed by Wolfe Tone, i. 32–34
Club, Newry, i. 126
Club, Northern Whig, i. 153
Club, United Irish, Belfast, i. 53, 87
Club, United Irish, Dublin, i. 54
Club, Washington, i. 85
Club, Whig, i. 23; Wolfe Tone's connection with it, 24, 25, 26; originators and objects, 23, note, ED.; its puny efforts, 38; and the condition of the labouring poor, ii. 55
Coach-riding in France, Cost of, i. 231
Cockayne, solicitor to Duchess of Kingston, accompanies Jackson to Ireland, i. 203; witness against Jackson, 208
Collins, the informer, ii. 2, note
Cologne, ii. 197, 199, 201–203
Commissaries in French expedition for Ireland, ii. 158
Compton, Mr. Herbert, his account of W. Tone in "Military Adventurers of Hindustan," i. 4, note, ED.
Conolly, Mr., member of the Irish Parliament, i. 93, 94; Tone's opinion of, 126; offers to go security for good behaviour of the Catholics, 127; ii. 226
Convention Act, i. 175, note, ED.
Convention, Batavian, ii. 216–218
Corbet, T., ii. 349
Cornwallis, Marquis, defeats the French at Ballinamuck, i. 6, note, ED.; intercedes for Tandy's pardon, 54, note, ED.; ii. 225, 345, 361
Corsica, ii. 70, 129, 140
Corsini, Neri, i. 257
Council of Five Hundred, i. 311, 312

Cowen, Captain, i. 105
Coyle, Dr., Bishop of Raphoe, i. 113
Craig, Rev. Wm., T. W. Tone's second schoolmaster, i. 9, 99
Crawford, Dr., i. 99
Croix, Charles de la, French Minister for Foreign Affairs, his reception of Tone, i. 236; his appearance and manners, 239; promises to support Tone's proposals, 257, 258; discusses with Tone the plan of invasion, 269–273, 318; ii. 17, 61
Cruise, Dr., Bishop of Ardagh, i. 113
Cunningham, Waddel, i. 84, 86, 87, 95, 96, 97; harangues against the Catholics, 98, 100
Curran, Captain, ii. 356
Curran, J. P., his reply to a question from Lord Norbury, i. 56, note, ED.; hostile meeting with John Egan, 73, note, ED.; defends W. Jackson, 208; intervenes on Tone's behalf for a trial in the Court of King's Bench, 362, 363
Curran's "Life," its allusions to letter from Wolfe Tone on the connection of Ireland with Britain, i. 35, note by Tone's son; ii. 349
Curry, Dr., one of the originators of the Catholic Committee, i. 44, note, ED.
Custine, i. 302
"Czar, The," nickname for Peter Burrowes, i. 124
DAENDELS, General, ii. 230, 231, 232, 233; his plans and instructions for the Dutch expedition to Ireland, 238, 239; scheme for landing in England, 252, 257, 284; flight from the Hague, 319; return to the Hague, 335
D'Albarade, appointed to command the naval expedition to Ireland, ii. 7
Dalton, James and Alexander, ii. 124
Daly, speaks at the Catholic Convention on the Catholic vindication, i. 168
Daly, Colonel, ii. 356
Darling, Sisson, T. W. Tone's first schoolmaster, i. 8
Davis, Thomas, writer of stanza to the memory of Tone, ii. 370
Debelle, General, ii. 116, 118, 131, 273
Defenders, origin of term, i. 83, note, ED., 103; proposed address to, 107, 108; ii. 1
Democrats of Ireland, i. 39
Derry, Mr., i. 104
Derry, Grand Jury resolutions, i. 112; fortifications, ii. 118
Desaix, General, ii. 274, 276
Despard, Colonel, ii. 295
Devereux, J. E., i. 127, 130; addresses Catholic Convention, 166; selected as one of the delegates to present the petition to the King, 167; on the Catholic vindication, 169; has the charge of Catholic

affairs in London, 175, 177, 181 ; attacked by Keogh, and defended by Sweetman, 181, 182
De Vergennes, Count, i. 290
Digges, i. 77, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 86, 87, 88, 97, 109, 117 ; ii. 337
Dillon, Lord, i. 140
Dillon, R., i. 154
Dissenters in Ireland, their independent spirit and support of the principles of the French Revolution, i. 41 ; Tone's pamphlet addressed to, 51 ; Tone presses for organisation amongst, 102 ; Tone proposes they should defend the peace of the country against all transgressors, 105 ; clergy favourable to Catholic liberty, 116 ; only those of Belfast support Catholic emancipation, 132
Dixon, Wm., i. 72, 125
Dosworth, Lord, ii. 137
Doulcet, ii. 179
Downes, i. 73
Downshire, Lord, interview with Wolfe Tone, i. 117 ; ii. 125
Doyle, i. 88
Doyle, John, his Irish heroes, ii. 53
"Draper, The," nickname of W. Sinclair, i. 72, *et passim*
Drennan, Dr. Wm., member of Club, formed by Wolfe Tone, i. 32 ; biographical summary of, 33, note, ED. ; his lyrics and origination of the *Belfast Magazine*, *ib.* ; author of publications of the Dublin Club, 56, 71 ; 88, 111
Drouet, ii. 27
Drummer, Punishment on a, i. 154
Drunkenness in the French army, Cure for, i. 311
Dublin, birthplace of T. W. Tone, i. 1 ; Matthew Tone hanged at, 6, note, ED. ; reviews in Phœnix Park, 10 ; formation of Club of United Irishmen at, 54 ; seditious papers circulated amongst the soldiers of, 148 ; illuminated to celebrate the expulsion of the German army from France, 148 ; important Catholic meeting in, 149 ; rumoured seizure of the arsenal, ii. 129 ; martial law proclaimed in, 226
Dublin Evening Post, i. 149
Duckett, Irish rebel agent, i. 258, note, ED., 272 ; ii. 62, 73, 96, 108 ; Tone's suspicions of, 110, 121
Duel, between boys, i. 12 ; between Captain Sweetman and Watson, 264 ; between Rapatelle and a naval officer, ii. 132
Duff, Mr. James Grant, his allusion to W. Tone in the "History of the Mahrattas," i. 4, note, ED.
Dugas, M., ii. 37
Dugominier, Adjutant-General, ii. 312
Dumonceau, General, ii. 257

Dumourier, i. 189 ; ii. 267, 312
Duncan, Admiral, ii. 238, 264 ; defeats the Dutch fleet, 274
Dundas, Hon. H., i. 125 ; his reception of the Catholic delegates, 172, 173 ; tells Devereux the intentions of Parliament, 181
Dunsany, Lord, i. 89
Duphot, General, assassination in Rome of, ii. 289

Earlsfoot, Lord, Wolfe Tone's opinion of, i. 72 ; biographical summary of, *ib.*, note.
Education of Catholic clergy, i. 143
Egan, Bishop, i. 128
Egan, John, hostile meeting with Curran, and opposition to the Union, i. 73, note, Ed.
Egan, Mr., Petition of Catholic Committee prepared by, i. 62, note, Ed.
Egypt, French invasion of, ii. 303
Elliot, Sir Gilbert, ii. 65
Emmet, Robert, Co-operation of Thomas Russell with, i. 28, note, Ed.; supported by Peter Burrowes, 33, note, Ed.
Emmet, Thomas Addis, friendship with Wolfe Tone, i. 35, 36 ; biographical summary of, 35, note, Ed. ; evidence before Secret Committee, and distinguished position in America, *ib.* ; draws up counter-manifesto of Catholic Committee, 70 ; Tone's esteem for him, 143 ; his address from the Catholics of Dublin, 147 ; his nickname, 148 ; farewell meeting with Tone, 211, 212 ; ii. 5 ; arrest, 296
England, policy in Ireland, i. 43 ; Irish hatred of, 50, 51 ; ii. 146 ; influence in Ireland, i., 132 ; relations with Spain, ii. 43, 51, 102, 105 ; defeat in West Indies, 51 ; sends arms to Ireland, and takes French frigates, 64 ; rumoured peace with France, 102 ; French proposal to send desperadoes to, 113 ; importation of arms into Ireland, 117 ; supposed to be implicated in the attempted assassination of Hoche, 119, 120 ; despatch of French desperadoes to, 128 ; Spain declares war against, 128 ; Colonel Tate's buccaneering party for the devastation of 144, 145 ; Grattan on the treatment of Irish rebels by, 212, note, Ed. ; sedition in army and fleet of, 226, 249 ; Dutch plans for a landing in, 253, 257 ; defeats the Dutch fleet, 274 ; sanguinary measures in Ireland, 306, 348 ; attack on Ostend, 315 ; bombardment of Havre, 318, 319, 321
Erskine, i. 74
Esmonde, Dr., of Kildare, i. 122 ; execution of, ii. 331
European Magazine, Contributions of T. W. Tone to, i. 16

Everhard, Mr., i. 110

FAGAN, Mr., i. 115
Fanning, Rev. —, i. 12; pecuniary assistance to T. W. Tone, 20
Ferguson, Mr., i. 84, 87
Fête de la Jeunesse, i. 308
Fingal, Lord, i. 138
Fitzgerald, Lord Edward, i. 53; biographical note on, ii. 89, ED.; escape to France, 302; arrest, 324; death, 330
Fitzgerald, Lord Thomas, ii. 324
Fitzgerald, Pamela, ii. 335
Fitzgerald, Tom, i. 73, 94, 109, 149; motion in the Convention, 164, 165; on the Catholic vindication, 168
Fitzgibbon, John (*see* Clare, Lord)
Fitzpatrick's "Secret Service under Pitt," Allusion to, ii. 125, note, ED.
Fitsimons, priest, i. 105, 273, 316; Tone's opinion of, 316; ii. 121
Fitzwilliam, Lord, recalled from Ireland, i. 209, and note, ED.
Fleet, French, strength, ii. 155, 163; leaves Brest, 159; dangerous passage through the Raz, 160; in a fog, 161; loss of the *Séduisant*, 162; dispersed, 163; sights Bantry Bay, 165; schedule of arms and ammunition, 166; anchors off Bere Island, 166; in a gale, 166; in a perilous situation, 167; Grouchy in command, 169; in a tantalising position 171; its misfortunes, 173; in a storm, 176, 177; returns to Brest, 177, 178; second and third expeditions to Ireland, 346–352
Fleming, Rev. Mr., i. 129
Fleury, ii. 63, 64
Flood, Henry, allusion to his membership of the Belfast volunteers, i. 53, 84
Forbes, Mr., one of the originators of the Whig Club, i. 23, note, ED., 93
Foster, John (afterwards Baron Oriel), opinion of the Union, i. 70, note; made Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, *ib.*, 106, 154; animosity to the Catholics, 169
France, expedition to Bantry Bay, under Hoche, i. 1, note, ED.; Humbert's expedition to Killala, 6, note, ED.; Doumourier's reported defeat in, 134, 142; victory over Germans, 142; victories over the Austrians, 157; execution of the King, 182; Dumourier's victories, 189; cost of coach-travelling in, 231; scenery and cultivation of land in, 228, 229; theatrical performances in (*see* Theatres in France); the soldiers of, 237; ii. 50, 55; the women of, i. 237; drinking in, 321; her victories in Italy, ii. 17, 19; spirit of the army in, 33; depreciation of currency, 34; the order for

strangers to leave, 27, 35; reverses in Germany, 51; successes in Germany, 60, 70; surrender of Milan to, 72; rumours of peace with England, 102; relations with Portugal, 103; strength of fleet for Ireland, 155; strength of troops for Ireland, 158; failure of expedition to Ireland, 177; preparations for a second expedition, 236; conspiracy of Pichegru, Carnot, and downfall of the Royalists, 266, 267, 268; peace with Austria, 274; relations with the Dutch Republic, 283; independence of Ireland essential to peace with England, 298; its decadence during the absence of Buonaparte in Egypt, 342; weakness of the Directory, 345; Humbert's expedition to Ireland, 346, 347; Hardy's expedition to Ireland, 351, 352; Tone's appeal to the Directory on behalf of his wife and children, 365

Franchise Act, Provisions of, i. 198; its inequality, 199

French, Sir Thomas, i. 138; objections to circular letter, 138; selected as one of the delegates to present the petition to the King, 167, 176

French Revolution, its effect on the politics of England and Ireland, i. 38, 39; Burke's invective on the subject, and Paine's reply, 38

Froude, Mr., description of a scene in the Irish House of Commons after a speech by Hussey Burgh, i. 109

GALLES, Admiral Morard de, ii. 149, 154

Gardens, Dutch, ii. 205, 214

Gardner, Admiral, ii. 155

Gastines, Adjutant-General, ii. 197

Gatine, Adjutant-General, ii. 139

Genius, Men of, their dulness when brought together, i. 34

George III., Catholic petition to, i. 154, 155, 156, 160, 161; his reception of the Catholic delegates, and answer, 173, 174

Getty, i. 82, 87, 117

Gibraltar, ii. 302

"Gog," nickname of John Keogh, i. 72

Granard, Earl of, i. 130

Grattan, his Bill for emancipation, i. 17, note, ED.; one of the originators of the Whig Club, 23, note, ED.; allusions to his "Memoirs," *ib.*, 84, 94; ii. 2, note; receives visits from Wolfe Tone, i. 106, 109; allusion to Baron Burgh, 109; makes alterations in Catholic manifesto, 123; wishes Tone to be the medium of communication between the Catholics and Parliament, 123, 124; opinion on the

good results from advancing the Catholic question, 124; dread of the people, and action in Parliament on the army vote, 185; his support of the Emancipation Bill in Parliament, 196; on the English treatment of Irish rebels, 212, note, ED.
Grattan, the younger, description of John Keogh, i. 45, note, ED.
Grattan's Bill for complete emancipation, Speech of George Knox in support of, i. 17, note, ED.
Green-boys, ii. 138
Green cockades, i. 112, 151
Grenville, Lord, opinion of Wolfe Tone's memorial for a colony in the South Seas, i. 31; 239
Grenville, Thomas, and rumoured negotiations for peace between England and France, ii. 112
Grey, i. 87
Grouchy, General, ii. 148, 150, 160, 161, 169; intrigue against, 179; eager for a second expedition to Ireland, 333
Guillotining, a bad policy, ii. 91

HAGUE, The, Tone's impressions of, ii. 212–222
Haliday, Dr., i. 79, 84, 97
Hall, John (*see* Wharton, John)
Hamill, H., i. 112, 177, 205
Hamilton, W., ii. 304
Hammond, formerly English Ambassador in America, ii. 102
Hardy, General, leader of second French expedition to Ireland, ii. 349
Harty, General, ii. 47, 125
Haslitt, i. 81, 100, 106; arrested for high treason, ii. 125
Havre de Grace, Tone's experiences at, i. 224–228; attacked by the English, ii. 317, 318
Haymarket Theatre, compared with the Théâtre des Arts, i. 307
Hay's "History of the Insurrection in Wexford," Allusion to, ii. 345
Hédouville, General, ii. 116, 118, 273, 335
Helena, St., W. Tone in garrison at, i. 2
Henderson, Mr., i. 104
"Hercules' Pillars," The, i. 18
Hibernian Journal, The, i. 127, 129, 199
Hill, Sir George, identifies Tone amongst the prisoners of war at Letterkenny, ii. 352
Hillsborough, Lord, i. 113, 115; his opinion of the Committee's interference, and of the practices of the Defenders and Catholics, 117, 119, 121
Historical Society, i. 13
Hobart, Secretary, i. 89, 154; declares against the Catholic petition, 176; agrees to present the Catholic petition to Parliament, 182; presents

petition, and moves for leave to bring in a Bill of relief, 183; tries to learn Catholic opinion about the Bill, 185
Hoche, offered as leader of French troops in Ireland, i. 245; ii. 26, 27, 54; entrusted with the expedition to Ireland, 58; 67; interview with Tone, 74–76; his age, 80; 87; discusses with Tone the prospects of the expedition, 90, 91; his fears on food supply of Ireland, 99; leaves Paris, 101; sets off for Brest, 111; returns to Paris, 117; returns to Rennes, 118; his attempted assassination, 118; his sham proclamation to the Portuguese, 120; appoints Tone Adjutant-General, 122; his proclamation, 150, 151; separation of his fleet, 160; reported to have landed in Bantry Bay, 179; arrives in Paris, 180; takes command of the army of Sambre et Meuse, 186; presses the Directory to send a second expedition to Ireland, 228; confers with Tone and Lewines on a Dutch expedition, 231, 232; opinion of a landing in Scotland, 266; illness and death, 269, 270; compared with Buonaparte, 339
Hoche, Marie, ii. 124, 133
Holkar, i. 4, note, ED.
Holland, movements of fleet, ii. 45; gardens of, 205, 214; canals of, 213, 214; the people of, 204, 215; soldiers of, 215, 224; churches in, 209, 210; Batavian Convention of, 216, 217; liberty of the Press in, 219; music in, 221; proposed expedition to Ireland, 230; plans for a landing in England, 253, 257; a proposed invasion of Scotland, 262; fleet defeated by the English, 274; relations with France, 283
Holmes, i. 86, 87
Hood, Lord, i. 267
Houchard, General, ii. 312
House of Commons, orders the arrest of Tandy, i. 57; ignores the resolutions of the Dublin club, 58; the structure destroyed by fire, 59; rejection of the Catholic petition, 63; its charge against the General Committee, 63; Secret Committee for investigating the Irish conspiracy, ii. 225
House-breakers, A gang of, i. 14, 15
Howe, Admiral, ii. 49
Humbert, leader of French expedition to Ireland, i. 6, note, ED., 54, note, ED.; his success and final defeat in Ireland, ii. 346, 347
Humpton, General, of Wilmington, acquaintance with Tone, and his kindness to Tone's family, i. 217, 218, 220
Hutchins, ii. 170

Hutchinson, Colonel, i. 123
"Hutton, John," nickname of Wolfe Tone, i. 72, *et passim*
"Hypocrite, The," nickname of Dr. McDonnell, i. 72

INDIA, "the great gulf of all undone beings," i. 20; contemplated French expedition to, ii. 122
India House, The, i. 19
Ireland, Wolfe Tone's opinion of the influence of England in, i. 26, 132; powers of the Star Chamber of, 35, note by Tone's son; Buonaparte urged to attempt the invasion of, 35, note, ED.; effect of French Revolution in, 39; Aristocrats and Democrats in, 39; state of parties, 40–43; English policy in, 43; the Catholic Committee in, 44–49; volunteer army of, 41; lines by Thomas Davis on the volunteers of, 41, note, ED.; political sentiment in, 73; the strength of the people their union, 189; passing of Bill for Catholic relief in, 196; provisions of the Franchise Act for, 197; the women of, ii. 20; false rumour of a French landing in, 41; the squirearchy of, 55; preparations in Ulster for a rising, 57; two French expeditions reported to be preparing for, 62; English preparations for defending, 64; council in Paris between Carnot, Hoche &c., on the expeditions to, 77; aristocracy of, 91; food resources of, 99; the French forces for, 110, 111; reported arrest of thirty persons for high treason, 117; importation of arms from England, 117; rumoured revolution in, 129, 131; treatment of rebels by the English Government, 212, note, ED.; failure of French expedition to, 177; arrest of fifty persons in the north of, 225; proceedings of Secret Committee of the House of Commons relative to suspected persons in, 225; number of United Irishmen in, 225; persecution in, 249; general pardon offered by British Government to, 250; state of affairs in, 250, 251; proposed joint expedition of France and Holland to, 265; arrest of United Irishmen, 296; reported revolution in the south of, 304; sanguinary measures of England in, 306, 313, 348; insurrection in, 331; proclamation of leaders, 336; reign of terror in, 343; revulsion against France in, 345; Humbert's expedition to, 346, 347; Hardy's expedition, and its failure, 351, 352
Irish Brigade, i. 302
Irish refugees in Paris, ii. 281, 284; their conduct in Paris, 328

"Irish Slave, The," nickname of Mr. Macabe, i. 72
Italy, French victories in, ii. 42; colours taken by the French, 190

JACKSON, Rev. W., and his mission to Ireland, i. 202–209; arrest, 296
"Jacobin, The," nickname of S. Neilson, i. 72, *et passim*
Jacobins, The, i. 106; ii. 342; and Buonaparte, ii. 287
James II., Irish Parliament of, i. 158
James, Alderman, and his election to the office of Lord Mayor, i. 74, note, ED.
Jameson, Dr., i. 8, 11
Jebb, i. 115
Jennings, "Baron de Kilmaine," i. 302
Jervis, Sir J., ii. 138
Jews, proposal for their return to Palestine, ii. 303
Johnson, William, member of Wolfe Tone's club, i. 32
Jones, Wm. Todd, supports the Catholic cause in a pamphlet, and is fêted in Dublin, i. 52; 88
Jordan, i. 79, 84, 87, 88, 96
Joubert, General, in the Tyrol, ii. 288
Jourdan, General, i. 241, 242, 245; ii. 51, 80
Joy, Henry, secretary of Whig Club, i. 24, 77, 83, 84, 87, 96, 97, 100, 110
Joyeuse, Admiral, ii. 130, 131, 142
Judges in France, Dress of, i. 320

KASTACLE, Van, ii. 262
Kearney, Dr., i. 256
"Keeper, The," nickname of Whitley Stokes, i. 72
Kenmare, Lord, leader of Catholics in Ireland, i. 44; as leader of the Catholic Committee, 44, note, ED., 153
Kennedy, Mrs., actress, i. 226
Keogh, John, his leadership of the Catholic Committee, i. 44, note, ED.; biographical summary of, 45, note, ED.; qualities as a leader, 46, note, ED.; secures the franchise to the Catholics, *ib.*; succeeded by O'Connell, *ib.*, 52, 62; proposes Wolfe Tone as agent for Catholic Committee, 65; 68, 70; his brave struggle for the franchise, 93, ED.; "preaches to six bishops," 98; 101, 213; "insufferably vain," 105; "converts" another bishop, 106; opposed to Burke's return to Ireland, 107; 108, 112, 115; introduced to Lord Moira, 119; helps to allay the feuds in Newry, 120; jealous of Tone, 124; gives Richard Burke his *congé*, 125; 128; his plan for the administration of Irish affairs, 131; his vanity, 143, 150; flattered by Tone, 150; praises Tone's petition to the King, 155; motion for adjournment at the Catholic Convention, 161,

162; reports to the Convention the duplicity of Government officials, 165; selected as one of the delegates to present the petition to the King, 167; 176; proposal with regard to the Dungannon Convention, 179; attack on Devereux, 181; his motion in committee for the attendance of delegates in London, 181; his reported arrest, ii. 1; his caution and shrewdness, i. 2, note, ED.; his escape, 326
Keon, Myles, plans the reorganisation of the Catholic Committee, i. 64, 65; 134
Kilburne, Sinclair, i. 73; arrested, ii. 225
Kildare, i. 1, 13, 29
Killala, French expedition to, i. 6, note, ED.; ii. 347
Kingston, Duchess of, i. 202
Kilmaine, General, ii. 47, 302, 327, 342
Kilwarden, Lord, killed in Dublin, i. 74; 212; and the court-martial on Tone, ii. 362, 363, 364
Kirwan, i. 143, 144
Knox, Hon. George, friendship with T. W. Tone, i. 17, 36; his defence of Catholic claims, and support of Grattan's Bill for emancipation, in the Irish House of Commons, 17, note, ED.; 126; Keogh's plan with reference to his advancement, 131; consulted by Tone respecting proposal for a new ministry, 145, 146; a conversation with Tone, 151; his motion in Parliament for the admission of Catholics, 199
Knox, Vesey, i. 96, and note, ED.

LACROSSE, Rear-Admiral, ii. 313
Lacuée, General, ii. 40, 77, 179
Lady in boy's clothes in French fleet, ii. 158
Lake, General, defeated by Humbert at Castlebar, i. 6, note, ED.; his cruelties in Ireland, ii. 346
Lamballe, ii. 124
Lamport, family name on maternal side of T. W. Tone, i. 1
Langrishe, Sir Hercules, his Bill for relaxing penal code against Catholics, i. 94; author of "Barataria," *ib.*, note, ED.; witticisms, *ib.*
La Reveilliere Lepaux, i. 249, 256; ii. 77, 273
Larking, Mr., parish priest, i. 137
Latouche, David, his motion for removal of Irish petition from the table of House of Commons, i. 62
Lavau, General, ii. 353
Lecky, Mr., summary of the penal code in Ireland, i. 42, note, ED.; his "History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century" quoted, 92, note; on British cruelties in Ireland, ii. 344, notes

Leghorn, ii. 72
Legion Noire, The, ii. 138, 144
Leinster Bar, The, i. 75
Leinster, Duke of, i. 88 ; Tone's interview with, 126, 127 ; friendly to Catholics, 133; 146, 152, 279 ; ii. 83, 90
Lennan, Dr., Bishop of Dromore, i. 113
Letourneur, i. 256
Letterkenny, ii. 352
Lewines, mission to French Government of, ii. 227, and note ; 237, 272, 297, 349
Lewis, Sir G. Cornewall, quotation from his "Irish Disturbances," i. 84, note, ED.
Leyden, Van, ii. 263
Liberty Boys, ii. 131
Liège, ii. 194
Linen trade of Belfast, i. 85
Linsey, Mr., i. 114
Loftus, General, ii. 356, 358, 360
Londonderry, Lord, ii. 125
Louis XVIII., ii. 119
Louvet and Lodoïska, i. 243
Lowry, Mr., i. 104, 105 ; ii. 250, 252, 253, 259
Lube, Mr., i. 102
Lynch, speaks at Catholic Convention on the Catholic vindication, i. 168
Lynch, General, ii. 47
Lynch, Mr., i. 113, 137
Lynch, James, i. 139
Lynch, Patrick, i. 137
Lynch, Peter, i. 137, 139

MACABE, Thomas, Wolfe Tone's friendship with, i. 53 ; one of the founders of the United Irish Society, 54, note, ED. ; 76, 78, 96, 106, 115
Macdonald, General, ii. 62, 265
Macdonnell, J. J., seconds important motion at Catholic Convention, i. 165 ; 216
Mackintosh, Sir James, friendship with T. A. Emmet, i. 35, note, ED.
MacGuire, ii. 349
Maclaine, i. 87
MacSheehy, ii. 107 ; carries a message to Ireland, 135, 136, 179
Madden, Dr., i. 258, note, ED.
Madden's *United Irishmen* quoted, i. 209, note ; ii. 2, note
Madgett, his reception of Tone in Paris, i. 239 ; confers with Tone, 241, 242 ; approves of Tone's theory of invasion, 247 ; translates Tone's memorials, 263 ; assurances to Tone on the intentions of the minister, 269 ; tells Tone the decision of the Directory, 282 ; makes slow progress with the memorials, 291 ; reports his success amongst Irish prisoners, 314 ; reports the number of men and arms to be provided, 315 ; ii. 39 ; reports rumour of a French landing in Ireland, 40; Tone's opinion of, 59
Magee, i. 255
"Magog," nickname of R. McCormick, i. 72

Mahrattas, The, English Resident at the court of the Peshwa, i. 4; William Tone's book on, 4, note, ED.; Mr. J. Grant Duff's "History" of, 4, note, ED.
Malmesbury, Lord, ii. 129, 143, 245
Mantua, ii. 72
Marcou Isles, ii. 313, 314
Marescot, General, ii. 312
Marie Antoinette, ii. 38, 39
Marigny, Mr., gives W. Tone a commission in the Nizam's service, i. 3; put in irons, 3
"Marseillaise, The," in French theatres, i. 226, 232, 309
Marsh, Colonel, i. 119
Mason, Monck, i. 185
Maxwell, Renny, i. 96
McAughtrey, i. 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 87
McCormick, Richard, secretary of the Catholic Committee, i. 52, and note, ED., 65, 81, 88, 101, 142, 177; charged by the Government with fomenting disorder, 195, 213; ii. 2, note, 5, 251
McCracken, Henry Joy, United Irish leader, attacks Antrim, arrested, and executed, i. 110, 111, note, ED.; his ship the *Hibernia*, 115
McDonnell, Randal, i. 147, 176
M'Clokey, i. 118
M'Davit, Dr., Bishop of Derry, i. 113
M'Dermott, Mr., of Sligo, speaks at Catholic Convention, i. 166
McDonnell, Dr., i. 72, 77, 80, 81, 88, 96, 97, 101, 126
McKenna, Dr., i. 81, 88, 99, 100, 102, 103; speaks at Catholic Convention, 165
McMillan, Dr., Bishop of Down, i. 113
McNally, Leonard, barrister and informer, i. 203, note, ED.
McNeven, Dr., i. 70, 88, 89; ii. 5; his arrest, and removal to New York, 6, note, 250; arrest, 296
McTier, i. 76, 78, 81, 86, 87, 96, 102
Merlin de Douai, ii. 270, 297
Metternich, Count, ii. 44
Milan, Fall of, ii. 72
Mobs, Irish and French contrasted, i. 128
Moira, Lord, i. 98; interview with Wolfe Tone, 119; afraid of the Papists, 130; ii. 83; speech in Irish House of Lords on the severity of the British Government, 291
Monroe, American Ambassador at Paris, his reception of Tone, i. 235; advises Tone to appeal to the Directoire Exécutif, 248; ii. 40, 87; offers a loan to Tone, 94; recalled, 187
Montauban, ii. 124
Montauciel, quoted, ii. 73
Montenotte, Affair of, ii. 17
Moody, Dr., Dissenting minister, i. 120
Moore, Colonel, of the Irish Brigade, i. 302
Moreau, General, ii. 51, 61;

plan for crossing the Rhine, 61 ; 66, 70
Morin, Mr., ii. 62
Morlaix, ii. 122
Morning Chronicle, ii. 44
Mountjoy, Lord, i. 212
Moylan, Dr., Bishop of Cork, attends Catholic Convention, i. 170
Muir, Thomas, ii. 285, and biographical note, ED.
Murat, ii. 285
Muskein, General, ii. 313

NAAS, i. 1
Naples, King of, his war indemnity, ii. 46; concludes an armistice, 64
Neilson, Samuel, Wolfe Tone's friendship with, i. 53 ; biographical summary of, *ib.*, note, ED.; probable originator of the idea of the United Irish Society, and founder of the *Northern Star*, *ib.* ; imprisonment and defiance of the authorities, 54, note, ED. ; 77, 81, 84, 89, 96, 98, 100, 103, 104, 105, 109, 111, 115, 215 ; ii. 5 ; arrested for high treason, 125
Nelson, ii. 317
Newry, i. 114 ; feuds in, 115, 120
Nicknames of Wolfe Tone's friends, i. 72, Appendix
Nizam, The, W. Tone's commission in the service of, i. 3
Noël, ii. 241
Nootka Sound, i. 30
Norbury, Lord, his severity as judge, and his removal from the bench obtained by O'Connell, i. 56, note, ED.
Northern Star, its founder, i. 53, note, ED. ; its object, 71 ; letters from Wolfe Tone to, 98, 103, 108, 112 ; letter from Mr. Crito in, 127 ; letter of Tone to, 129

O'BEIRNE, Mr., i. 156
O'Brien, D. T., i. 148, 149, 152 ; seconds motion at Convention for total emancipation, 161 ; on mode of presenting petition to the King, 165
O'Connell, i. 56, 302
O'Connor, Arthur, biographical note, ED., ii, 88, 133, note ; arrest, 186, 263, 294, 305, 323
O'Connor, Owen, i. 177
O'Connor, Roger, ii. 263
O'Conor, Charles, one of the originators of the Catholic Committee, i. 44, note, ED., 81, 84
O'Donnel, General, i. 137
O'Gorman, of Mayo, i. 170
O'Hanlon, i. 119, 122
O'Hanlon, junr., Mr., i. 113
O'Keefe, General, ii. 47
O'Moore, Roger, a leader in the rebellion of 1641, i. 268, and note, ED.
O'Neil, Bernard, i. 149
O'Neil, Mr., of Cabra, i. 113
O'Neil, Mr., of Bannvale, i. 113, 114
"O'Neil, Owen Roe," Authorship of letters by, i. 32

O'Neill, Lord, ii. 226
Orange Boys (or Orangemen), formerly Peep-of-day-boys, i. 83, note, ED. ; ii. 99
Orange cockades, i. 112, 151
"Orellana," Authorship of letters signed, i. 32
Oriel, Baron (*see* Foster, John)
Orleans, Duke of, Secretaryship of Col. Shee to, ii. 115
Ormond, Lord, i. 279 ; ii. 8, 9
Osborne, Rowley, arrest for high treason, ii. 125
Ostend, English attack on, ii. 315
"Othello," as performed in Paris, i. 288

PAINE, Thomas, his "Age of Reason" criticised by Tone, i. 246 ; makes Tone's acquaintance, ii. 189
Paintings in the château of Versailles, ii. 38
Palais de Justice, Tone's description of, i. 319, 320
Palmer, Major, Resident at the court of the Peshwa of the Mahrattas, i. 4
"Pangloss," Allusion to, i. 32
Paris, Massacre of prisoners in, i. 128 ; pictures in, 266 ; the Pantheon of, 267 ; Botanic Garden of, 268 ; opera in, 274, 275, 306 ; "Othello" in, 288 ; Palais de Justice in, 319 ; Théâtre Feydeau of, ii. 19 ; arrest of conspirators in, 27 ; political feeling in, 31 ; *Fête des Victoires* in, 35 ; Fête de la Liberté in, 97, 98 ; Fêtes to celebrate the subversion of Royalty, 101 ; war with England desired by the merchants of, 279 ; Irish refugees in, 281
Parliament, English, introduction of Hobart's Bill for Catholic relief, and provisions of the Bill, i. 183 ; army vote (Feb., 1793), 185, 191 ; principle of parliamentary reform asserted unanimously, 188 ; passing of Bill for Catholic relief, the Gunpowder Bill, and the Convention Act, 189, 196 ; Lord Fitzgibbon's opposition to Catholic emancipation, 194 ; motion of George Knox for the admission of Catholics into, 199 ; war members in, ii. 46
Parliament, Irish, summoned by James II., i. 158
Parliament of William III. betrays Irish independence, 158
Parsons, Sir Lawrence, Friendship of Wolfe Tone with, i. 26 ; biographical summary of, 26, note, ED., 59 ; resigns the command of the militia, 306
Paterson, Mr., Judge-Advocate at Tone's trial, ii. 356
Patterson, General, i. 119
Peep-of-day-boys, origin of term, i. 83, and note, ED. ; 98, 103 ; at Rathfriland, 114 ; 117, 137, note, ED.
Pellew, Sir Edward, ii. 314
Peshwa of the Mahrattas, The, i. 4
Phipps, Benjamin, friendship

with T. W. Tone, i. 17; his liking for W. Tone, 18
Pichegru, General, i. 241, 242, 245; the ground of coolness between him and the French Government, 250; ii. 14; his appointment to lead the expedition to Ireland urged by Tone, 22; conspiracy of, 266, 267
Pignatelli, Prince, ii. 65
Pinckney, ii. 187
Pitched cap, The, ii. 344
Pitt, Mr., ignores T. W. Tone's memorial on forming a colony in the South Seas, i. 19; ii. 156; instructs Cockayne to accompany Jackson to Ireland, i. 203; manœuvre to negotiate peace with France, ii. 102, 112, 129; sends Hammond to Vienna, 211; said to have intrigued for the defeat of the Dutch fleet, 275, 313
Pléville le Peley, ii. 272, 327
Plunket (lawyer), afterwards Lord Plunket, i. 152
Plunket, Dr., Bishop of Meath, i. 113
Plunket, James, i. 137, 140, 255
Poles, Submission of the, i. 116
Pollock, John, ii. 125
Pollock, Joseph, member of Wolfe Tone's club, and author of letters by "Owen Roe O'Neil," i. 32, 88, 89
Ponsonby, George, one of the originators of the Whig Club, i. 23, note, ED.; introduced to Wolfe Tone, 24; biographical summary of, 24, note, ED.; fails to promote Wolfe Tone's interests, 25; 60, 61, 90, 155
Ponsonby, J. C., i. 25
Ponsonbys, The, their power in Ireland, i. 24, 146
Poonah, i. 4
Pope, The, Tone's proposal to secure the intervention of, ii. 57; armistice with Buonaparte, 65; his dethronement, 288
Portland, Duke of, and his reply to the Catholic Committee, i. 45, 209
Portugal, relations with France, ii. 103
Potash, its introduction for bleaching, i. 85
Potter, Mr., a Protestant leader in Dublin, i. 151
"P. P. Clerk of the Parish," nickname of T. Russell, i. 72, *et passim*
Press, Liberty of the, in Holland, ii. 219
Press, The, founded by Arthur O'Connor, ii. 88
Press-gang in France, for Irish expedition, ii. 117
Priestley, Dr., i. 89
Prieur, i. 295, 316
Prisoners of war, National characteristics amongst, ii. 139
Privat, ii. 124
Prosperous, Matthew Tone's cotton manufactory at, i. 29
Protestants of Ireland, their position in Ireland and con-

nection with England, i. 40; their monopoly of power and patronage, 51; their opposition to the Catholic Committee, 69; alarmed at the Catholic meetings, 105; defeated in a municipal election in Dublin, 151

QUANTIN, General, ii. 128, 133
Quiberon, Affair at, i. 245, 305; ii. 114, 120
Quigley, ii. 284, 294, 323, 335

RAPATELLE, ii. 132, and note by Tone's son
Rathfriland, Wolfe Tone's visit to, i. 104; second visit to, 113
Rawdon, Lord, i. 127, 128, 134
Raz, Passage of French fleet through the, ii. 160
Reilly, Dr., Bishop of Clogher, i. 113, 144
Reilly, Dr., Irish Primate, i. 113
Rennes, ii. 100, 104; review at, 109
Rewbell, member of the Directory, i. 284; ii. 21
Reynolds, Dr., i. 207; meeting with Tone in Philadelphia, 218; 227; ii. 66; Tone draws a bill on, 98, 188
Richelieu, Marshal, his cure for drunkenness in the French army, i. 311
Richery, Admiral, ii. 102, 111, 120, 141; reinforces the French fleet at Brest, 157
Richmond, Duke of, opinion of Wolfe Tone's memorial relative to colony in South Seas, i. 30
"Rights of Man," Allusion to, i. 38
Rivaud, Adjutant-General, ii. 312, 315
Rosse (Second), Earl of (*see* Parsons, Sir Lawrence)
Rouen, Cathedral of, ii. 300
Rousselois, Mdme., opera singer, i. 226, 227
Roussillon, i. 266, 267
Rowan, Archibald Hamilton, member of United Irish Society, i. 57; biographical summary of, *ib.*, note, ED.; takes the lead in protesting against the arbitrary measures of the House of Commons, 58; 127, 150, 207; his meeting with Tone in Philadelphia, 218; story of his imprisonment in France, and his representations to the French Government, 218; 235, 292; ii. 95
Russell, John, Characteristics of, i. 29
Russell, P., of Louth, addresses Catholic Convention, i. 166
Russell, Thomas, friendship with Wolfe Tone, i. 27–30, 36; biographical summary of, 27, 28, note, ED.; one of the founders of the Society of United Irishmen, and communications with Robert Emmet, *ib.*; description of his father

and his brother, 29 ; consulted by Wolfe Tone relative to plan for South Seas colony, 30 ; promoted to an ensigncy, and goes to Belfast, 32 ; letter from Wolfe Tone on the connection with Britain, 34, note by Tone's son ; a favourite in Belfast, 50; quits the army, 53 ; 90 ; nicknamed "P. P.," 72 ; 103, 177 ; farewell meeting with Tone, 211, 212 ; 227, 239, 243, 250, 256, 306 ; arrested for high treason, ii. 125, 325
Russia, Empress of, and Corsica, ii. 70
Ryan, Dr., i. 70 ; speech at Catholic meeting in Dublin, 149, 150

SALICETTI, letter to the Directory on the armistice with the Pope, ii. 65
Sall, Mr., and a municipal election in Dublin, i. 151
Sampson, William, his arrest in Ireland, ii. 126 ; biographical note on, 126
Sandys, Major, and the imprisonment of Tone, ii. 354, 363, 364, 368
Saurin, i. 115
Scherer, ii. 273
"School for Scandal" in Paris, ii. 30
Scotland, Suggested Dutch invasion of, ii. 254, 262, 264
Scott, John (*see* Earlsfoot, Lord)
Seward, Captain, i. 77
Shanaghan, arrested for high treason, ii. 125
Shannon, Lord, Keogh's proposal with regard to, i. 131, 146
Sharman, Mr., i. 119
Shee, Colonel, ii. 104, 108, 109, 110; discusses route of French expedition in Ireland, 113 ; former connection with Duke of Orleans, 115 ; with Tone at Rennes, 118, 120 ; suggests sham Portuguese proclamation, 120 ; parting with Tone, 149, 158 ; 180 ; meeting with Tone after the expedition, 183 ; appointment at Bonn, and receives a visit from Tone, 198 ; 270, 271
Shenstone, on the animal spirits, ii. 72
Sherlock, General, ii. 87
Siddons, Mrs., ii. 16
Sieyes, ii. 313
Simms, Robert, Wolfe Tone's friendship with, i. 53 ; one of the founders of the United Irish Society, 54, note, ED. ; 81, 101, 102, 106, 115 ; recommendations to General Committee, 117 ; 215 ; ii. 5 ; arrest, 187
Simms, Wm., Wolfe Tone's friendship with, i. 53 ; one of the founders of the United Irish Society, 54, note, ED. ; 97, 101 ; assists Tone in meeting the expense of his journey to France, 221 ; arrest, ii. 187

Simon, General, ii. 160
Sinclair, Wm., i. 76, 77, 79, 81, 82, 84, 85; his linen mills, 85, 86; 87, 88, 95, 96, 99, 100, 102, 103, 106
Sinclair, George, i. 99, 106
Skipwith, American Consul in Paris, ii. 94, 98
Smith, Lewis Ferdinand, his description of W. Tone, i. 4, note, ED.
Smith, Michael, i. 73, 125
Smith, Sir Sydney, Hoche's opinion of, ii. 78, 356
Society of United Irishmen, i. 28, note, ED., 33, note, ED., 35, note, ED.; formation of first club in connection with the, 53; probable originator of the idea of the, 53, note, ED.; some of its founders, 54, note, ED.; club formed in Dublin in connection with, 54; its constitutional character down to 1794–5, 59, note, ED.; Wolfe Tone's opinion of the members of, 82; its reorganisation on a rebellious basis, 209, and note (Madden's *United Irishmen* quoted), ED.; test of the reorganised society, 210, note, ED.; arrest of members, ii. 296; the main charge against, 306, 307
South Sea Islands, T. W. Tone's plan of colonisation, i. 18, 30, 31
Spain, rupture with England, and Wolfe Tone's views on Irish neutrality, i. 26, 27; relations with England, ii. 43, 45, 51, 102, 105, 120; declares war against England, 128; fleet at Toulon, 140
St. Brieux, ii. 125
St. Leger, Barry, ii. 136; volunteers for service in Ireland, 140
Stack, John, member of club formed by Wolfe Tone, i. 32
Stella, Swift's, allusion to, i. 91
Steuben, Baron, i. 302
Stevenson, John (*see* Wharton, John)
Stewart, A., i. 84, 85, 96, 98
Stuart, House of, and the "throne" of Ireland, ii. 12
Stokes, Whitley, member of Wolfe Tone's club, i. 32; biographical summary of, 33, note, ED.; Tone's admiration of, 36, 145; political opinions, 37; 95, 96, 97, 101, 306; ii. 303, 314
Stone, of Hackney, meeting with Tone in Paris, ii. 86, 87
Suicide, Tone's views on, ii. 349, 350
Sullivan (Madgett's nephew), i. 317, 318; ii. 7, 39, 347, 349
Swan, Captain, Peep-of-day-boy, i. 113
Sweetman, Captain, of Wexford, i. 144, 150; motion at the Convention for signing petition to King, 164; on the Catholic vindication, 169; 177; defends Devereux against attack of Keogh, 182; death in a duel, 264

Sweetman, John, member of the Catholic Committee, i. 52, and note, ED., 65, 150
Swift, Allusion to, i. 91 ; remark on dreams, ii. 72

TALLEYRAND, appointment to Ministry of Foreign Affairs, ii. 245 ; 272 ; approves of second expedition to Ireland, 277 ; confidence in Tone, 297
Tallien, Madame, ii. 272, 281
Tandy, James Napper, first secretary of the Dublin club of United Irishmen, i. 54, 55 ; biographical summary of, 54, note, ED. ; ordered into custody by the House of Commons, 57 ; 81, 82, 88, 89, 99, 126, 148 ; meeting with Tone in Philadelphia, 222; in Paris, ii. 284 ; boasts of his influence in Ireland, 291 ; his journey to Ireland and escape to Norway, 349
" Tanner, The," nickname of R. Simms, i. 72, *et passim*
Tate, Colonel, ii. 144, 145
Teeling Bartholomew, biographical note, ii. 347 ; bearer of flag of truce at Castlebar, and afterwards executed, *ib.*
Teeling, C. G., i. 215
Teeling, Charles Hamilton, ii. 5, and biographical note, ED.
Teeling, Luke, moves at the Catholic Convention the total emancipation of Catholics, i. 161 ; his amendment carried, 163 ; president of General Committee, 170
Temple, Middle, T. W. Tone enters the, i. 16
Tennant, John, ii. 249, 259
Theatres in France, i. 226, 232–234, 275, 288, 306, 321 ; ii. 19, 30, 56, 69, 71, 80, 85, 94, 96, 102
Thouars, Dupetit, i. 266, 297
Tighe, Mr., i. 104, 105
Toler (*see* Norbury, Lord)
Tone, Arthur, resemblance to his brother William, i. 6; goes to sea, and is afterwards sent by his brother Wolfe to Ireland, 6, 222, 292 ; subsequent history, as far as known, 7, note, ED. ; love of travel, 7 ; ii. 311
Tone, Captain, i. 127
Tone, Mary, characteristics and disposition, i. 7 ; accompanies her brother Wolfe to America, 7, 8 ; return from America, marriage, 7 ; ii. 286 ; death, i. 7, note, ED. ; at Hamburg with Mrs. Wolfe Tone, ii. 180
Tone, Matthew, characteristics and nickname, i. 5 ; love of travel and adventure, 5 ; imprisoned at Dunkirk, and afterwards goes to America a second time, 5, 7 ; poetical tastes, 5 ; his republicanism, 6 ; accompanies French expedition to Killala, tried by court-martial, and hanged, 6, note, ED.; ii. 348; commences a cotton factory, i. 29 ; 227,

236, 247, 284 ; sought for in France, 292, 294; 299, 315 ; ii. 95 ; joins Wolfe Tone in Paris, 276

Tone, Theobald Wolfe, reasons for writing his autobiography, i. 1 ; birthplace and parentage, 1 ; career of his brother William, 2–4 ; travels, and characteristics of his second brother, Matthew, 5, 6, 7 ; character and vocation of third brother, Arthur, 6, 7 ; characteristics of his sister, 7 ; first school and schoolmaster, 8 ; placed under the tuition of Rev. W. Craig, 9 ; his father's changed circumstances, 9 ; his division of the week for work and pleasure, 9 ; combines with schoolfellows in mitching, 9 ; inclination for entering the army, 10 ; dispute with his father, 10 ; enters as pensioner of Trinity College, Dublin, 11 ; is alienated from his studies and wishes to enter the British army in America, 11 ; returns to his studies, 11 ; second in a duel, 12 ; runaway marriage with Miss Witherington, 12, 13 ; successes at college, 13 ; breaks off from his wife's family, and settles at his father's, 13 ; birth of daughter, 14 ; his father's house entered by burglars, 14, 15 ; goes to London, and enters the Middle Temple, 15, 16 ; dislike for the Law, 16, 21 ; contributes to the *European Magazine*, 16 ; collaborates with Jebb and Radcliff in writing "Belmont Castle," 16 ; friendships with Hon. George Knox, John Hall (Wharton), and Benjamin Phipps, 17 ; is joined by his brother William, 17, 18 ; his sight-seeing, 18 ; impecunious, 18 ; conceives a plan to establish a colony in the South Seas, 18, 30 ; ii. 156 ; presents his memorial to Mr. Pitt, i. 19 ; determines to enlist in the East India Company's service, and refusal of his application, 19, 20 ; is assisted by his wife's grandfather, and returns to Ireland, 20 ; lodges in Dublin, 20 ; called to the Bar, and goes on circuit, 21 ; ruin of his father from a lawsuit, 21 ; death of his parents, 22, note, ED. ; enters politics, and writes "A Review of the Last Session of Parliament," 23, 24 ; elected member of the Whig Club, 24 ; attached to the Ponsonbys, 25 ; his views on Irish independence, 26 ; influenced by Sir Lawrence Parsons, 26 ; pamphlet on Irish neutrality in the rupture with Spain, 26, 27 ; breach with his wife's family, 27 ; friendship with Thomas Russell, 27–30 ; acquaintance with

John Russell, 29 ; amiable qualities of wife, 30 ; sends his memorial, relative to a military colony in the South Seas, to the Duke of Richmond, and writes to Lord Grenville on the subject, 30, 31 ; parting with T. Russell, 32 ; birth of eldest son, 32 ; forms a political club, 32–34 ; letter to Russell relative to the Club, 34, note by Tone's son, 34; opinion on assemblies of men of genius, 34 ; esteem for T. A. Emmet, 35 ; regard for G. Knox, W. Stokes, and P. Burrowes, 36 ; influence of the French Revolution upon him, 38, 39 ; survey of the state of parties in Ireland, 40–42 ; view of English policy in Ireland, 43 ; on the work of the General Committee of Catholics and John Keogh, 45, 46 ; on the withdrawal of the aristocracy from the Committee, 48 ; opinion of the efforts of the Dissenters of Belfast for emancipation, 46, 47 ; his *résumé* of the acts of the Committee and of the agency of Richard Burke, 48, 49 ; his objects in becoming connected with the Committee, 50, 51 ; his pamphlet addressed to Dissenters, "An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland," 51 ; invited into Catholic circles, 52 ; made honorary member of the Volunteers of Belfast, and assists in the formation of the first club of United Irishmen, 53 ; his friends in Belfast, 53 ; forms a club of United Irishmen in Dublin, 54; instinctive hatred of England, 55 ; loss of influence in the Dublin club, 56; appeals to A. Hamilton Rowan to maintain the standing of the Society, 57 ; officiates as pro-secretary in Tandy's absence, 58 ; attends the House of Commons, 59 ; asked to resume his connection with the Whigs, 60, 61 ; appointed agent to the Catholic Committee, 65 ; wins the confidence of Catholics, 66 ; admiration for his wife, and regard for her opinion, 66 ; corresponds with Richard Burke, 67 ; his work in the reorganisation of Committee, 67, 68 ; attacked by footpads, 68 ; his nicknames for friends, 72, Appendix ; idea of political sentiment in Ireland, 73 ; proposes to become a "red-hot Catholic," 76 ; visit to Belfast (October, 1791), 76–88 ; letters to wife, 89–91 ; his energetic co-operation with Keogh to secure the Parliamentary franchise, 93, ED. ; visit to Belfast in 1792, 92–106; writes to the *Northern Star* on Catholic Committee, 98, 103 ; takes part in volunteer review, 99 ; opinions on the declara-

tion in favour of the Catholics, 99; attends meeting at the Linen Hall, 100; urges organisation of Dissenting interest, 102; visit to Rathfriland, 104, 105; proposals to Catholics and Dissenters, 105; returns to Dublin, 106; visit to Grattan, 106, 107; sends another letter to *Northern Star*, 108; receives letter from Burke on French Revolution, 108; writes to Burke, 108; visits Grattan again, 109; expedition among the Peep-of-day-boys, 112; paper to *Northern Star*, 112; dines with Catholic bishops, 113; goes to Rathfriland, and refused accommodation at inn, 113; sees 150 Peep-of-day-boys, 114; asked by defenders to conduct their defence at the assizes, 115; hears a favourable report of Dissenting clergymen, 116; interview with Lords Downshire and Hillsborough, 117, 118; breakfasts with Lord Moira, 119; tries to allay the feuds in Newry, 120; goes to mass, 120; attends a meeting at Rosstrevor, and goes to Dundalk, 120; returns to Dublin, 121; writes an account of journey to the North, and a manifesto for Limerick, 122; takes Grattan's advice on the manifesto, 123; excites Keogh's jealousy, 124; the medium of communication between the Catholics and Parliament, 123, 124; cautioned against borrowing money from Keogh, 124; saluted by the soldiers, 125; calls on Duke of Leinster, 126; opinion of Conolly, 126; writes to the Corporation of Dublin, and to Catholics abroad, 128; opinion of an Irish mob, 128; contrasts French and Irish mobs, 128; his debt to Keogh, 128; letter to *Hibernian Journal*, 129; sends account of Wexford meeting to *Hibernian Journal*, 130; writes resolutions for Limerick Catholics, 130; his opinion of Keogh's scheme for the administration of Irish affairs, 132; suggestions for the treatment of an invading enemy, 134; opinion of Denis Browne, 135; visit to Connaught, 136–140; stopped by footpads, 136; his chaise breaks down, 136; meets Bishop of Elphin, 136; arrival at Ballinasloe, and dines with Catholics, 137; goes to cattle fair, 137; attends meeting of Mayo and Galway gentlemen, 138; opinion of his own oratorical powers, 138; his opinion of Lord Chesterfield and his Letters, 139; desires that his son should have better principles than Lord Chesterfield advises, 139; denounces hotel

charges, 140 ; returns to Dublin, 141 ; thinks volunteering will be the salvation of Ireland, 142 ; consultation with George Knox on proposal for a new ministry, 145 ; his nickname for Emmet, 148 ; singular effect upon him from taking "a sprig of watercresses," 150 ; a conversation with George Knox, 151 ; discussion with Keogh, 150 ; pretends to be alarmed at "inhuman Papists," 153 ; relies on the folly of the Government for the emancipation of the country, 153 ; buys a sword, and sleeps upon it, 153 ; prepares petitions to the King and Parliament, &c., 154 ; flattered by Keogh on the petition to the King, 155 ; fondness for home, 155 ; takes part in raising a new volunteer corps, 155 ; his account of the Catholic Convention, 158–175 ; attack on Fitzgibbon, 177 ; opinion of Keogh, 178 ; a battle of words with Keogh, 180 ; exasperated with Keogh, 184 ; losing ground amongst the Catholics, 183 ; thinks the measure for total emancipation entirely lost, 187 ; his story of Jackson's mission, 203–208 ; his candid statement to the minister relative to his share in Jackson's scheme of a French invasion, 208 ; prepares to leave Ireland, 212–214 ; cordial reception in Belfast, 215 ; leaves Belfast, with family, for America, 215 ; his services to fellow-passengers, 216 ; stopped by British frigates, 217 ; arrives at Wilmington, and becomes acquainted with General Humpton, 217 ; arrives in Philadelphia, and finds out Dr. Reynolds and Rowan, 218 ; waits on the French minister, and offers to go to France, 219 ; buys a plantation at Princeton, 220, 221 ; urged by Irish friends to petition the French Government to assist Ireland, 221 ; courage of wife and sister, 221 ; sends his brother Arthur to Ireland, 222 ; leaves America, and arrives in France, 223 ; impressions of hotel life, and theatrical performances at Havre de Grace, 224–228 ; an attempt to swindle him, 225 ; starts for Paris, and stops at Rouen, 228 ; description of scenery on the journey, 229 ; is impressed with the excellent wheat-cultivation, 229 ; arrives in Paris, 230 ; compares cost of travelling in France and England, 231 ; describes the performance at the *Grand Opéra*, and an exciting spectacle in the ballet, 232, 233 ; dines at the hotel of the Chancellor to the Duke

of Orleans, 234 ; received by Monroe, American Ambassador, 235 ; introduced to Charles de la Croix, Minister for Foreign Affairs, 236 ; opinion of grenadiers, 237 ; ii. 50–55 ; opinion of French women's periwigs, i. 237 ; introduced to Madgett, 239 ; opinion of his diary, 239 ; not satisfied with the French proposals, and urges a French landing in Ireland, 240, 241 ; confers with Madgett, 241 ; offered post of Irish Ambassador, 242 ; becomes acquainted with Louvet and Lodoïska, 243 ; delivers his memorial for the Minister of Foreign Relations, 244 ; Hoche offered to him as general of troops for Ireland, 245 ; ridicules Paine's "Age of Reason," 246 ; advised by Monroe to appeal direct to the Directoire Exécutif, 248 ; calls God to witness to the purity of his motives, 250 ; interview with Carnot, 252 ; another interview with De la Croix, who promises support, 257–262 ; his memorials to the French Government, 263 ; hears of Sweetman's death, 264 ; remarks on the pictures in the Museum, 266 ; visit to the catacombs, 267 ; discusses contents of the memorials with De la Croix, 270–273 ; describes military spectacle at the opera, 275 ; interview with General Clarke, 277–282 ; learns the number of men and arms the Directory intend to send to Ireland, 282, 285 ; second interview with Clarke, 286, 287 ; anxiety about his brother Matthew, 292 ; condemns proposed plan for debauching Irish prisoners, 294 ; prepares a manifesto, 297 ; dissatisfied with his manifesto, 299 ; asks for a veteran army, 301 ; desires to enter the French army, 303, 315 ; discusses with Clarke the points for attack in Ireland, 303, 304 ; affection for his wife, 305, 306 ; theatrical criticisms, 306, 307 ; ii. 56, 69, 71, 80, 94, 102 ; attends the *Fête de la Jeunesse*, i. 309 ; amongst the booksellers, 309 ; opinion of French troops, 310 ; attends the Council of Five Hundred, 311 ; opposed to system of "Chouannerie," 313 ; opinion of Fitzsimons, 318, 319 ; asked to find some one to go to France, but declines, 318 ; visit to the Palais de Justice, 319, 320 ; hears rumour of Keogh's arrest, ii. 1 ; hears that Dr. Aherne is to be sent to Ireland, 3 ; instructs Aherne relative to his mission to Ireland, 5 ; distrusts Clarke, 11 ; writes

a memorial on the strength of the British army in Ireland, 18; his second interview with Carnot, 21; promises Clarke a pension for life if the expedition succeeded, 25; finishes his proclamation, 28; has a tiff with Carnot, 30; thinks of settling in France, 32; writes for his wife and family to join him, 34, 48; visit to the château of Versailles, 38; shortens his proclamation, 40; in straightened circumstances, 43; discusses with Clarke the proposed expedition, 47; pros and cons for his taking arms in the French Republic, 48; birthday reflections, 49; suggests the uniform for an Irish corps, 52; opposed to agrarian revolution, 53; hears of preparations in Ulster for revolt, 57; to have a regiment of cavalry, 58; changes his opinion about Clarke, 63; castle building, 66, 114; private worries, 67; loneliness, 71; studies tactics, 73; interview with Hoche, 74–76; monetary embarrassment, 81, 92; receives his brevet for Chef de Brigade, 82; questioned as to the prospects of a monarchy for Ireland, 83; audience with Carnot, 84; opinion of Hoche, 92; claims compensation from the Republic, 92; declines a loan from Monroe, 94; prospects brightening, 97; puts on his regimentals, 101; leaves Paris, 105; arrives at Rennes, 107; on the desire of the Directory to humble England, 112; discusses plans of French expedition with Col. Shee, 113; writes Irish airs for his regiment, 116; writes an address to the Irish peasantry, 117, 123; made Adjutant-General, 122; hears of arrest of friends in Ireland, 125; arrives at Brest, 127; sees a review of the Legion Noire, 138; induces prisoners of war to join the expedition, 138, 139; on the tactics of the Spanish Government, 141; affection for his family, 143, 144; engages a boy-servant, 143; angry with Hoche, 147; scheme for landing in Ulster, 153; leaves Brest with the fleet, 159; reflections in a fog, 161; hopes and fears on nearing Ireland, 164; hopes defeated, 175; believes his ship is sinking, 177; returns to France, 177, 178; journey of his family to Hamburg, 178, note by Tone's son; goes to Paris with despatches, 179; hears news of his wife, 180; consents to his sister's engagement, 181; seeks to retire from the service, 181; interview with Hoche, 182;

meeting with Shee, 183 ; abused by Lord Clare in the Irish Parliament, 185 ; introduced to Thomas Paine, 189 ; receives a testimonial from the Directory, 191 ; sets off from Paris to join the army of Sambre et Meuse, 193 ; observations on his journey, 193–195 ; anxiety about his wife, 192, 196 ; arrival at Cologne, 197 ; visit to Shee at Bonn, 198 ; returns to Cologne, and receives an order from Hoche to go to Hamburg, 200, 203 ; sightseeing in Cologne, and his opinion of convents, 201, 202, 203 ; journey through Holland, 204–206 ; journey in a trakschuyt to Amsterdam, 207, 208 ; impressions of Amsterdam, 209 ; visit to the Hague, 212–222 ; returns to Amsterdam, 222 ; meeting with his wife, sister, and family at Groninguen, 224 ; confers with Hoche and Lewines on a combined French and Dutch expedition to Ireland, 230–232 ; confers with the Dutch Government, 232, 233 ; joins the Dutch fleet for Ireland as Adjutant-General in the service of the Batavian Republic, 237 ; his scheme for a Dutch invasion of England, 252 ; joins Hoche at Wetzlar, 264, 266 ; goes to Bonn, 270 ; joins his wife in Paris, 272 ; introduced to Talleyrand, 273 ; joined by his brother Matthew, 276 ; offers his services to Buonaparte in *l'Armée d'Angleterre*, 276 ; introduced to Buonaparte, 278 ; in Buonaparte's confidence, 281, 282 ; amongst Irish refugees, 284, 285 ; opinion of Lord Moira, and of Lord Clare's speeches in the Irish Parliament on United Irishmen, 291–294 ; appointed Adjutant-General in the *Armée d'Angleterre*, 296 ; interview with Talleyrand, 297 ; goes to Rouen, 299 ; his views of the objects of United Irishmen, 306–309 ; on furlough in Paris, 309 ; returns to Rouen, 312 ; offers to go to India, 317 ; sent to Havre, 318 ; opinion of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, 324 ; interview with General Kilmaine, 327 ; returns to Rouen, 332 ; interview with Grouchy, 333 ; departure for Paris, 337 [end of Tone's diary] ; his opinion of suicide, 149, 350, 355 ; accompanies Hardy's expedition to Ireland, 351 ; his courage on board the *Hoche*, 352 ; taken prisoner, 352 ; identified by Sir George Hill, put in irons, and taken to Dublin, 353, 354 ; tried by court-martial, 356 ; his address to the court, 357–360 ;

his plea for a soldier's death, 360; condemned to a traitor's death, 361; intervention on his behalf by Curran, 362, 363; wounds himself, 364; address to the Directory, 365; letters to his wife, 366, 367; death, 368; his jailers suspected of foul play, 368, 369; burial place, 370; his two memorials to the French Government on the state of Ireland, Appendix, 371–395
Tone, William, boyhood, i. 2; enters East India Company's service, but is stopped at St. Helena, 2; his culture and characteristics, 2; re-enters the East India Company's service, 3; quells a mutiny, and obtains a military command, 3; gets a commission in the Nizam's service, but is compelled to withdraw and return to Calcutta, 3; attacked by robbers, and wounded, 4; prospects in the court of the Peshwa of the Mahrattas, 4; ii. 280, 309; subsequent history, his book on the Mahratta people, and death, i. 4, note, ED.; joins his brother Wolfe in London, 17; favourite with B. Phipps, 18; his Irish humour, 18; residence at Prosperous, 29
Tone, William Theobald Wolfe, biographical note on, ii. 338
Tooke, Horne, on French generals, ii. 70
Toole, i. 90, 127
Treilhard, ii. 313
"Tribune, The," nickname of J. N. Tandy, i. 72
Trinity College, Dublin, i. 8; expulsion of students, ii. 314
Trogoff, Admiral, i. 267
Troy, Dr., i. 144, 154; attends Catholic Convention, 170, 302; ii. 56, 70
Truguet, ii. 77, 122
Tyrol, Fighting of peasants in the, ii. 288
Tyrrel, Admiral, of the *Buckingham*, i. 2

UNION, The, speech of Peter Burrowes against, i. 33, note, ED.
United Irish Society (*see* Society of United Irishmen)

VANDELEUR, Colonel, ii. 356
Vandyck, Picture by, in Château of Versailles, ii. 38
Vaudray, ii. 160
Versailles, Château of, Art treasures in the, ii. 38
Vestris, i. 306; ii. 16, 96
Vindication of the conduct of the Catholics, i. 167–169
"Vintner, The," nickname of E. Byrne, i. 72
Vischery, Adjutant-General, ii. 282
Volunteers of Ireland, i. 41, and note, ED.; their declaration in favour of the Catholic question, 50; their election of Wolfe Tone as honorary

member, 53 ; celebrate, in Belfast, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, 71, 82 ; affront received by the Dublin corps, 154; forbidden to march out in Dublin, 183 ; charge of disorderly conduct against them, 195

WAR, between England and France (1793), i. 3
Warren, Alderman, and the Dublin volunteers, i. 183
Warren, Sir John Borlase, ii. 351
Warren, Tom, i. 108, 109, 128, 135 ; a dinner given by, 150
Washington Club, Belfast, i. 85
Watrin, General, ii. 159
Waudré, Colonel, ii. 169
Weavers, The, ii. 131
Westmeath, Earl of, ii. 125
Westminster Hall, i. 16
Wexford, its gallant defence against the soldiery, ii. 343, 344 ; sends volunteers for the British army in Egypt, 345
Wharton, John (formerly Stevenson, and Hall), friendship with T. W. Tone, i. 17
Whig Club (*see* Club, Whig)
White, Dr., i. 95, 96
William III., Irish rights betrayed by Parliament of, i. 158
Williams, Helen Maria, authoress, ii. 86, and note, ED., 87
Williamson, i. 84, 96, and note
Wilson, Mr., befriends Mrs. Tone, and afterwards marries her, 366 and 367, note, ED.
Winter, Admiral De, ii. 230, 242, 243 ; proposes a ruse for evading the British fleet, and sailing for Ireland, 256 ; defeated by Admiral Duncan, 274
Witherington, William, T. W. Tone's father-in-law, i. 12
Wolfe, Colonel, ii. 356
Wolfe, General, ii. 49
Wolfe, John (*see* Kilwarden, Lord)
Women of England, ii. 28
Women of France, i. 237 ; ii. 28
Women of Ireland, Qualities of the, ii. 20, 29
Wyse, Mr., one of the originators of the Catholic Committee, i. 44, note, ED.

YELVERTON, Barry, i. 73, note, ED.
York, Duke of, suggested as future King of Ireland, ii. 83
Young, Rev. Matthew, tutor of T. W. Tone, i. 11 ; celebrity as mathematician, presented to the see of Clonfert, and death, 11, note, ED.
Ysabeau, ii. 7, 8, 9

The Gresham Press,

UNWIN BROTHERS,

CHILWORTH AND LONDON.

Date Due

181

104873
BOSTON COLLEGE
3 9031 01694804 4

Tone, T. W. 104873
AUTHOR
Autobiography
TITLE
DA 948.6
T6A3 Vol II

DA 948.6
T6 A3 104873

DOES NOT CIRCULATE

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

Books may be kept for two weeks and may be renewed for the same period, unless reserved.

Two cents a day is charged for each book kept overtime.

If you cannot find what you want, ask the Librarian who will be glad to help you.

The borrower is responsible for books drawn on his card and for all fines accruing on the same.